

THE

C H I L D ' S F R I E N D .

BROTHER AND SISTER.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THIS pretty little rural picture perhaps resembles some of the favorite resting-places of our little friends who live in the country, or who spend their summers there. That little stream of which we obtain a glimpse suggests beautiful lilies, and speckled trout, or tiny minnows; and the shade of that tall tree spreads very invitingly over the heads of those children.

But we especially observe one thing,—and that is the pleasure which this brother and sister find in each other's society. That boy never teased his sister; he never tried experiments with her favorite doll; he never laughed at her because she could not climb a stone wall or run as fast as he. And that little girl never wished her brother out of the way. She never said, "Here comes Willie; and he'll spoil all." She always has hemmed his flags and the sails of his boats for him; and he has made little tables, and three-legged stools for her dolls.

Now, how do we know all these things? Only from the

expression of their faces ; and just as we judge of the expression of faces in a picture, so we do of living ones. If you are gentle and loving, and try to follow the golden rule, gentleness and kindness will beam from your eyes, will play round your mouth ; and all will know you for little Christians, because even here the smiles of heaven will be upon your faces.

EDITOR.

AN EXCURSION THROUGH ETRUTRIA.

THERE is just enough known of the ancient Etruscans to excite our wonder and admiration, and to make us anxious to learn more of their early history. That they excelled the whole world at one time—Greece, perhaps, excepted—in some of the fine arts, and in many branches of mechanical genius, there is not the shadow of doubt. Their vases, to speak of nothing else, have never been surpassed, whether we regard the tasteful design of these articles, with their peculiar *bas-reliefs* and paintings, or their execution. But how and when these Etruscans derived the perfect knowledge of the arts which they possessed, and what nation had the honor of imparting this knowledge, are questions about which the *savans* disagree widely enough. It has been warmly contended that Greece herself received her knowledge of the fine arts from Etruria. Be that as it may, however, it is certain that Etruria was nearly at the zenith of her glory while Greece was in a state of semi-barbarism.

There are two modes by which the curious traveller can see the most noteworthy of the Etruscan ruins. One is, to land at Civita Vecchia, and hunt them up at that point;

and the other, to proceed directly through Etruria, from Florence to Rome. I chose the latter mode, and was rewarded for a very fatiguing excursion by a half-hour's gaze at some Etruscan tombs. I would tell the reader ever so much about these,— how they were constructed, and of what materials; what there was in them (that would not take long, as most of the articles of value found there are scattered all over Europe) besides bats and lizards, and what there had been in them. But, as I learned very little new myself of Etruscan life and manners, I presume that the sketch I might give would be but a *résumé* of what the reader knows well enough already; and so I will not run the risk of tiring him with my Etruscan researches. But he shall have a glance at the lights and shadows of this excursion through old Etruria, nevertheless.

There are two routes to Rome from Florence. One is by the way of Siena, the other by the way of Perugia. The best route, on most accounts, is the latter; though we — myself and my two Scotch friends — took the other. "And why not take the best route?" For the same reason, precisely, that Jack did not eat his supper. The first thing we did, on our arrival at Florence, was to apply at the office of the diligence for seats to Rome; but all the seats were engaged for some ten days ahead. It was on the eve of Holy Week; and all the world, with some exceptions, were pressing Romeward. We were obliged to hire a *vettura* at an enormous price; and as we had not time, after seeing the lions of Florence, to go by the way of Perugia (a route which requires more time than the other), without losing some of the exhibitions of Holy Week, we went by Siena.

A most remarkable personage was Francesco, the man of whom we hired our carriage. He was of truly alder-

manic proportions, and carried himself right regally. He had the finest *cavalli* in all Florence. Everybody would tell us so, if we would take the trouble to ask everybody. And such a *vetturino* as he would give us! — the greatest driver in Europe, by all odds. He knew all the best inns in Italy; and he would feed us as if we were three princes all the way. When Francesco had completed this puff of his horses, carriage, and driver, he went off in a perfect tornado of rhapsody on his own merits. He made himself out to be a man of most wonderful capacities. Since Adam's time, there had not been such an adept in the *vetturino* business, if we were to credit his story. And then, to complete the catalogue of his graces, he remarked, with emphasis, that he had the highest possible sense of honor, and that he would not do violence to the promptings of his conscience, in the slightest particular, for the whole world. He must have set a great store by that conscience of his, as he frequently interlarded his encomiums upon himself by the expression, "On my conscience, signore,—on my conscience!" lifting his eyes solemnly to heaven at the same time, and laying his hand on his capacious stomach, as if it were the shrine in which that inestimable treasure was preserved. This last attempt to "suit the action to the word," considering the physical developments of the worthy Francesco, set fire to some shavings of mirthfulness which were lying in the vicinity of his three auditors; and both the Scotchmen and the Yankee laughed so noisy, that a policeman came up to see by what means the peace and quiet of the Grand Duke's dominions were disturbed in that fashion:

We made a bargain with Francesco. He was to take us to Rome in four days and a half, and board and lodge us on the road, at a price somewhat above three times the sum which we afterwards learned he was in the habit

of charging in ordinary times,—the *buonamano* (drink-money) to the *vetturino*, to be graduated under the dictation of our own generosity, according to the manner in which his duties were performed. Then followed the filling-up and signing of a blank instrument, duly attested by the government, of which instrument two copies were made, one for the benefit of each party, and which bound all concerned with ever so much minuteness to observe the terms of the compact.

The day of our departure arrived. Pietro, the *vetturino*, was in due time installed over us. Now, Pietro is an innocent, red-faced, square-built little Italian, who prated much less about his honor and his conscience than his master, but who nevertheless impressed us quite as favorably.

There is a railway from Florence to Siena; and the lights and shadows of our *vetturino* ride did not properly commence until we reached the latter place. After dinner in a poor inn in this city, we committed ourselves to the tender mercies of Pietro, and set out. There was room enough in our carriage for half a dozen more passengers, so that we had an enviable amount of room. We had heard shocking stories of the robberies which had just taken place on the route. A prince had been waylaid, and robbed of an enormous sum. Another party, in resisting the robbers, had been killed, and robbed to boot. So my careful Scottish companions had purchased two huge horse-pistols in Florence, which they duly loaded with I know not how many balls, and left them within arm's-reach in the carriage. However, nobody robbed us, nobody killed us, nobody threatened to do either. True, our blood was shed pretty freely on the road; but the robbers had no hand in that.

The country, for much of the way between Siena and

Rome, is rather barren of interest. The people, for the most part, are ragged, dirty, and poverty-stricken. Countless beggars assailed us at every stopping-place ; and they ran after our carriage sometimes for nearly a mile, in the hopes of getting a few coppers. Donkeys abound in this quarter, and so poor that you can count each individual rib with perfect facility. Yet, poor and apparently inefficient as these beasts are, I saw one of them carrying a great over-grown man, a woman of the same type, together with a huge bag, from a hole in one end of which protruded a head that must have belonged to a girl in her teens, while the opposite end exhibited the horns and beard of a veritable live goat. A favorite mode of riding in these parts, where there are two men upon a donkey, is back to back. In going up a hill, you will not unfrequently see two lazy fellows riding in this manner, and a pedestrian helping himself along by grasping the poor animal's tail. The women in this Etruscan district are uninviting in their personal appearance and habits. The market-women, who carried vegetables and oranges to the little villages and larger towns on the road, had a very masculine mode of sitting on their donkeys, which would excite some merriment in Broadway, I am confident. These women belonged to the *better class*, you must understand. The females of the *lower class*, the real, unmistakable *lazzaroni*, were the most consummate vagabonds, in appearance. And such inveterate beggars ! They begged with every muscle in their sunburnt faces, as well as every tone and semitone in their squeaking voices. When we threw half a dozen small copper-pieces into a platoon of them, as we did once in a while, the Amazons scrambled, and fought, and pulled each other's hair (they never wear a bonnet, seldom a hat) at a terrible rate. When we did not give them any thing, which was the case in at least nine in-

stances out of ten, they poured out all the vials of their Italian wrath upon us, and uttered all the anathemas in their vocabularies.

The first night after leaving Siena, we slept, or tried to sleep,—the fleas allowed us to perform that somewhat necessary operation but imperfectly,—at La Scala. One of the most notable places on the route is Bolsena. This little village is pleasantly situated a little distance from the margin of a lake of the same name: it is on the site of the Etruscan city of Volsinii. Beautiful, however, as is the village, with the adjacent lake, there exists here the most virulent malaria; and it is dangerous for travellers, and even for the natives who are engaged in cultivating the soil, to visit the immediate vicinity of the marshes around the lake during the night. It was at Bolsena that, according to the chronicles of the Romish Church, was performed that astonishing miracle, in commemoration of which Pope Urban IV. instituted the festival of *Corpus Domini*. The miracle, they tell us, took place in 1263. A Bohemian priest, officiating in this place, doubted the real presence of Christ in the celebration of the Eucharist. He went one day, sceptical as usual on this head, to the Church of Santa Cristina; and, while engaged in consecrating the host, the blood flowed from the wafer, and dropped upon the floor. Of course, he was convinced of his error; and hence the origin of the festival of the *body of our Lord*. We went to the church to see where the blood fell. A monk was holding forth with great earnestness when we went in. After he had got through, we were conducted to a dark and dirty vault, and pointed to a space covered with an iron grating, which we were assured was the identical spot where the blood fell. Upon our expressing a slight doubt touching the miracle, the priest declared, that, if we had come a little earlier,—it

was the hour of the evening twilight,—he would have shown us the blood.

The lake is now, and from time immemorial has been, famous for its fine fish. Its eels are puffed by the Muse of Dante, who tells us that Martin IV. testified his admiration of them, by eating so many at once, that they were the means of his death.

Viterbo is another place of interest. It is situated in the Papal dominions, and contains a population of some fifteen thousand. The city used to be famous for its fountains and its beautiful women. The fountains we saw: the beautiful women did not show themselves. We spent a short time in the Cathedral, dedicated to St. Lorenzo, where we saw some fine pictures. It was at the high altar of this cathedral that Prince Henry of England, son of the Earl of Cornwall, was murdered by Guy de Montfort. We were shown the place, too, in the piazza of this cathedral, where Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever wore the tiara, compelled the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa to hold his stirrup while he dismounted from his mule.

At Ronciglione, a little dirty town, containing some four thousand inhabitants, and which is said to be the site of an Etruscan city, we visited a cemetery connected with a monastery of Capuchins. Here an old woman, for the sum of two francs, showed us into a room filled with skulls and other human bones, arranged in the most fantastic manner imaginable. It was a Golgotha, in the strictest sense of the term. Skulls grinned upon us from every point. The old crone who acted as our conductor took the money in a vessel formed of half a skull. Fancy-chapels, with a Madonna in the centre, were formed by an ingenious arrangement of innumerable bones. Even the Papal arms at the entrance of the building were repre-

sented by the same process. Many of the souls belonging to these dismembered bodies are supposed to be in purgatory still ; and the woman assured us, upon her honor, that the money we gave her would be conscientiously devoted to Masses for their benefit. It would not be her fault, she added, if they remained in that awful place. She expressed a great deal of surprise when one of my companions told her there was no purgatory in England. "I don't know what to make of it," she said, "for they tell me that there are multitudes of English people in hell."

The last night of our *vetturino* excursion we slept at a miserable inn, at a place which I will not dignify by giving it a name, and which was situated nearly in the centre of the crater of an extinct volcano. The breakfast provided for us at this inn, take it all in all, was quite a curiosity ; and, to one inclined to philosophize rather than to eat, it might have been tolerably acceptable. To us, however, who were hungry, it presented rather a cheerless aspect. I assure you, the best elements in it were a dozen native figs ; in eating which, we had to dispute the ground with worms.

Reader, if it should ever fall to your lot to travel between Florence and Rome, avoid the route by Siena. Heed the exhortation of one who wishes you well, and go by the way of Perugia. Make a note of that. And another thing : by all means, take the diligence, provided it will take you. If you trust to a *vetturino*, you are sure to be conducted to the most miserable inns, where you will be entertained after a fashion worse than (if you are the humane man I take you to be) you would entertain your dog. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

LETTER TO BERTHA.

MY DEAR BERTHA,— You must not be surprised if the letter I am now addressing you should creep into print; for there are many young people to whom I have often longed to utter certain things, if I had the opportunity. The press and the periodical furnish me the only, or certainly the least objectionable, opportunity I can expect. And, if your reception of an epistle so frank should be satisfactory, I shall be encouraged to approach others in a more indirect manner. To them and to you I would plead against the indulgence of a spirit of false independence.

I have already protested against the practice of idolatry. In young girls, it is a thing so common, that I only wonder it has not more frequently been made the subject of direct remonstrance among moralists. Few young females of strong affections and sanguine temperament grow up without putting themselves too exclusively, for a season at least, under the influence of some human being, and lavishing upon one the love and service which should be divided among others as near and as deserving; thus weakening their own characters, and committing a daily injustice, if they do nothing worse.

But another class, my dear Bertha, run to the other extreme. They pride themselves upon their “independence.” They boast inwardly, perhaps openly, that they think and act for themselves. The consequences are sometimes sad and serious enough. These young persons are apt to be the very ones who are quite incompetent to think or act wisely. Their hastiness, their impulsiveness, their impatient reluctance to wait till a matter can be

fairly examined on all sides, make it a painful thing for them to endure the caution of their elders; so they rush on. They give their opinions promptly; do what, at first glance, seems to them the thing that ought to be done; and dignify this mere impatient heedlessness with the name of independence.

To these, one chief grace of the Christian character is wanting,—*humility*. In spite of the stress laid upon it in the gospel, it is left out in their catalogue of virtues; and, even worse, I have known those who committed the positive sin of being proud that they were not humble. I once heard a rough and homely but appropriate answer made to a damsel of thirteen, who exclaimed that she “never asked or wanted anybody’s advice.”—“The more fool you!” said an old country-woman, who sat vigorously plying her knitting-needles. And she could hardly have needed a more decided indication of folly. The young lady betrayed her ignorance of her own ignorance; she betrayed that she did not know what a tremendous claim she was setting up: for surely she never would have dared to say in so many words, “God has made me a living wonder, a moral phenomenon; for, at an age when I have scarcely emerged from childhood, he has given me the wisdom, the knowledge of my own character and of human nature, which others have to learn by painful experience; so that I know at once, by a wonderful gift of understanding, exactly what to say and do. Stand in admiration before such a marvel of precocity!”

There is such a thing as true independence; and a noble element of character it is: indeed, there is no nobleness without it. The opposite is meanness, littleness, and servility: it is full of danger to the moral nature. But the spurious independence is almost as mean, and quite as full of peril. It loves the reputation

of independence, and perceives not, that, to win such reputation, it sometimes gives up the reality. I have known those who would do certain things only for fear it should be thought they dared not do them, — because they feared *somebody would say*, "She is afraid to do it!" Is not this a littleness, and an inconsistency? All who are not travelling in the right road are sure to blunder into inconsistencies; and, when these are detected, we should be ready to accept the warning, and get back to the strait and narrow path. What can prove a more thorough subservience to the opinions of others than to take a certain course for the sake of proving our independence? Yet many a boaster does this, consciously sometimes, more frequently unconsciously.

Then there are those who really care little for what the world may say, and actually do as they see fit on all occasions, heedless who may or may not know it. Their only consideration is, "What should I prefer to do? — what will give me most pleasure?" And to carry this out, without the least regard to any thing beyond, is their idea of independence. Again: we find things called by the wrong names. This is not independence, but recklessness, self-will. It is a shame to dignify with so noble an appellation that which is the child of selfishness and obstinacy.

There is no intrinsic difficulty, my dear Bertha, in distinguishing between the genuine independence of an upright mind and conscientious heart, and the foolish pride which assumes a name to which it has no claim.

If you are right-minded on this subject, you will have but one question to ask on all occasions; and that is not, "What will people think?" nor, "What should I like to do?" but, "What is right?" You will take all possible pains to ascertain that point. If the matter is of conse-

quence, you will consult others, whom you believe to be wise and good, because you will fear being misled by your own inclinations. He who has no respect for the opinions of the wise and good is usually far below them, either in wisdom or goodness.

Having satisfied yourself as to what you ought to do, looking at all the circumstances and probable consequences, then *you will do it*, laugh who may, frown who may, come what may. This is true independence, to do what is right, however unpleasant may be the result to yourself. Do it, not because of a proud "I choose," but because of a calm "I ought."

I will tell you, honestly, that I have been distressed by your inconsistency on this point, my dear young friend. I have known you to say things which gave great pain, which you were under no obligation to say, which you did not imagine would do any good, simply because you "were not afraid to say what you thought." Others were guarded, lest they should occasion unnecessary distress; you spoke out, because you were "independent." I have heard you utter crude, hasty, and irreverent opinions in your Sunday-school class, quite careless of the pain you gave your teacher, or the bad influence you might exert on others in the class.

I have known you to show your "independence" by violating deliberately the regulations of a reading-room,—laughing and talking loud enough to disturb those who came to read and study, and were quietly using the apartment for its only legitimate purpose. I have known you to show your "independence" by treating with rudeness certain persons, only because they were awkward and uninteresting.

And, on the contrary, I have known you to show a lamentable want of independence in a matter which I

should say was one of principle. It was at your earnest entreaty that your father was induced to have wine and punch at your late party. He was hesitating; and you exclaimed, "O father! you would not do such a mean thing!" — "Why, my child, you may expend the same amount of money in hot-house flowers, or any thing else you please: but I really have got to be something of a teetotaller; and I have seen some of the young men a good deal the worse for wine at your parties lately." — "Don't use that vulgar word teetotaller, please, father. And, as to the young men, it is none of our business what they do: nobody minds their being a little lively after supper." — "But people ought to mind it, my dear; and I hardly feel as if it were right to put temptation in their way." — "Now, father, that is really being too fastidious. Everybody has wine; and we should make ourselves perfectly ridiculous if we did not have it too. I would rather have no party at all; and certainly I should be ashamed to invite F—— and H—— to a supper, with nothing for their throats but ice-cream or hot chocolate. How they would laugh and swear at you for an old miser!"

Then your father grew a little warm, for him, and exclaimed, "Those are the very young men whom I wish you would not invite. They ought not to be invited into any respectable house."

"But they are invited everywhere, father; and I can't be the only one to leave them out. I can't be so odd as that."

And so the colloquy went on; and the indulgent father yielded; and the condition in which those young men left the house you cannot but remember, as well as the fact that your young brother drank punch for the first time, and has seized every opportunity of drinking it since.

O Bertha! had you but been blessed with *real* inde-

pendence, looking only to the right, what an opportunity for its exercise !

So, too, in regard to a species of dance, which seems to me decidedly indelicate. Ungraceful and vulgar it is, to a degree which makes me marvel how it ever came to be adopted at all in refined society ; though, if that were all, I should not have a word to say. But, when I first saw the dance, the wonder was greater and sadder. And how did you answer my expostulations ? You did not say it in so many words ; but the inference was this, — that you would rather subject yourself to that personal familiarity, and shock the sense of propriety in many of the spectators, than risk being called a prude by certain young men. Where was your independence then ?

I have known a fair and charming woman, who, with a singular modesty and gentleness, united great decision on all these points ; and her influence was like some subtle, invisible fluid, — it attracted no attention, but was felt with a mysterious power.

She said little of her views or purposes ; but, born as she was in a family which lived much in society, she neither rushed into a bold eccentricity, rebuking and scorning the habits of those about her, nor did she compromise her conscience in the slightest instance. She knew exactly how far to conform to the world around her, without the sacrifice of one principle. How had she cultivated this nice discrimination ? By making every thing a subject of religious consideration ; and so her conscience had been trained from childhood to such habits of vigilance and activity, that it was no longer a perplexity and struggle for her to see and do what was right. Conscience, like the organs of sense, can be educated to a high degree of efficiency, — a fact of the deepest importance in self-culture, — and its growth is just in proportion to the degree

of obedience yielded to it. Thus she saw at a glance how much of her time she could yield to society, in compliance with the wishes of parents, whose comfort she was bound to consider, and how she could secure enough for the cultivation of her moral and intellectual nature. And thus she blended the various-lives she led in one harmonious whole.

In society, she steadily declined dancing with any young man who was considered dissipated. I heard a lady say to her, "I should think you would be ashamed to have young men think that you know who is dissipated." Her answer was, "The shame is theirs, not mine."

No temptation could induce her to remain past midnight in any gay scene: it was only in the sick-room that she kept late hours. Thus she preserved not only her bright eyes and blooming cheeks,—beautiful for what they indicate,—but the steadiness of her nerves, the freshness of her faculties, for all duty. She had no occasion to lose the morning hours in sleep, or drag through a day in exhaustion and lassitude, because of the "parties" of the week. Neither parent nor servant was obliged to sit up till exhausted by waiting her return from a ball; no young man felt himself justified by her example in tasting a glass of champagne; no profligate received any further notice from her than the coldest bow. At her own parties there was no extravagance, yet no want of hospitality. And, at home and abroad, the unattractive and uninteresting were drawn towards her by that Christian feeling of hers, which taught her sympathy for all who experienced the deep pain of neglect.

She was a thorough Christian lady; and, Bertha, she was a woman of the highest, most genuine, uniform *independence*. She is now an angel.

You, my dear girl, are now approaching a period of

life when questions will thicken upon your mind; and it is of the greatest importance that your convictions of duty should be settled, your plan of living clearly defined, so far as the uncertainty of human events will permit; and your determination to maintain the independence of a conscientious Christian should be beyond the influence of censure, ridicule, or temptation of any kind. There is no girl who may not lead a noble life in this respect,—few who study and understand the subject. There is not only a great deal of real, but a great deal of assumed, irreverence around us, springing from false views of independence; and if you err on either side, my dear Bertha, let it not be because you have not carefully examined this whole field of moral responsibility.

Affectionately your friend ever, L. J. H.

INSECT FUNERALS.

THE animals below man have their customs and manners as well as we. Some build houses, some spin, others weave; and so on. None of the animal tribes, however, are more remarkable in their customs and manners than the honey-bee. Who has not observed its activity, knowledge, skill, and industry? Who, that is wise, has not learned to profit from its example?

I was at work last summer, say in June, in my garden; with my son; when suddenly he turned to me, and said, "Father, what insects can these be, up here, near the house? Why, the air is full of them! They look like bees." And bees, sure enough, they were,—a whole

swarm of them,— evidently looking for a place to alight, where they could take up their residence.

We soon saw they were gathering round the house, and beginning to alight on one of the chimneys. It was a chimney whose fire-places had been for some time unoccupied. They were determined on making it their future home. A doubtful home, indeed, you will say; and so did I,— a curious bee-hive, open at the top, and exposed to all the peltings of the storms. But a poor dwelling-house is better than none, we sometimes say; and so, perhaps, the bees may have said to themselves,— if, indeed, their reasoning powers ever go so far.

They were soon all quietly settled in the chimney. There had been a little drumming, &c., on tin-pans and kettles, to divert them, and draw them away from the chimney; but it had been to no effect. There they were in the chimney; and, now, what could be done?

We consulted with a neighbor, who had kept bees, who told us to take an empty hive and set it over the chimney during the night, and the bees would probably come up into it, especially if we made a temporary fire, so as to annoy them a little by the smoke. But this did not succeed. Either with the smoke or without it, they clung to the chimney. When the smoke troubled them, they would crawl to the outside of the top of the chimney; and, when the smoke was gone, they would return to the inside again.

Another plan was resorted to the next day, or rather the next evening. Waiting till it was almost dark, we then took a common watering-pot, and, after sprinkling water over them till they could not use their wings, a neighbor came, and, with a square pan for a ladle, scraped them all out of the chimney, or nearly all, and put them

in the hive. The hive was set in as good a place as we had, and the bees were left to their own reflections.

It was rainy a day or two ; but the bees remained in the hive, except a very few who were left behind at the chimney. They neither attempted to gather honey or to escape.

When the storm had passed away, and the weather became fair and pleasant, they issued from the doors of the hive, and collected outside of the hive in great numbers. Before this, however, we noticed many dead bees lying about. The thought had at first struck me that they were preparing to leave the hive ; but, when I saw that the dead bees were being removed one by one, I concluded that what was going on was an insect funeral. Mary smiled at the expression ; but I am not quite sure I was wrong in my conjecture. Certain it is, that in a few hours all the dead bees had disappeared, and we never saw them more, and that the living ones returned to the hive at evening, and proceeded to occupy and build in it, according to the usual rules of their art. And what, now, is more natural than the belief that they were summoned together by their queen, on the day above mentioned, to perform the office of removing and disposing of the bodies of their dead companions ?

It is true, they did not flourish in their new residence ; for, before winter, they had all disappeared. But we found worms and moths in the hive ; and we had no reason for believing that the disappearance of the bees had any thing to do with the events of the day to which, in the above remarks, I have alluded.

W. A. ALCOTT.

A DUCK-MILL.

ALL young persons should take pains to inform themselves concerning the manufactures of our country, which form so important a source of its prosperity. They should never neglect an opportunity of visiting a manufactory, and seeing the wonderful operations which are carried on within its walls. The city of Lawrence, which we visited a short time ago, and which within ten years has sprung up into being and activity, is one instance of their importance and growth. We propose to give our young readers a sketch of the process of making duck, which, as you know, is a kind of coarse cloth, chiefly used on board ships.

The mills at Lawrence are all turned by water, conveyed from the Merrimack River into a canal, and from thence by underground channels to the lower part of the mills, where it turns the immense water-wheel which sets the whole machinery in motion. From this wheel a shaft runs horizontally, and is connected with the bands which move the different machines.

The cotton, when taken from the bales, is very dirty, and mixed with sand and dust. It is placed in a large frame, with a bottom of fine wires, and shaken, in its passage across them, till the greater part of the dirt is removed. The current of air from the machinery then carries the cotton up through a box, which runs the whole length of the room, and communicates with the story below. The same process is again repeated in another room, and still again in a third. From this third sifting, the cotton is carried, in the form of soft flakes, into the carding-room.

Here are a number of large, horizontally placed cylin-

ders, of the size of a large drum. These are composed of pieces of wood about an inch and a half wide and several feet in length, on the inside of which wire needles are set, several thousand to every square inch. The cotton being enclosed in these cylinders, which revolve rapidly, is subjected to the action of these wires, which card or comb out the curled and matted fibres of the cotton. From every twelve of the carding-machines the cotton is conveyed to a machine, which draws it into a rope of perhaps half an inch thick, beautifully white and soft. This cotton-rope is received into upright tin cylinders, which are made to revolve so that the cotton may be equally piled in them. Women remove them as fast as they are filled, substituting empty ones.

The rope from three of these cylinders is then acted upon by another machine, which makes of the four a thread of about half the size of one of the former strands. Of course, this reduction in size is accompanied with great increase of length. This process is repeated a second time, four of the threads being now combined. It is then, instead of being received into cylinders, wound upon iron bars of perhaps a foot in length, which are placed in rows one above another, and so set into narrow shelves that they can be removed when full.

The thread is now of the size of a pipe-stem, and resembles strands of wicking, as it is perfectly soft and untwisted. The process of twisting is carried on in an upper room by similar machines to those employed below; and the same combining of several spools, to make a longer and finer thread, is repeated. The first thread is here wound on wooden spools placed in rows, as the bars of iron were. Each spool revolves upon an iron rod, which passes through the hole in its centre.

The process of *doffing*, or removing the spools, is quite

curious to witness. Suppose a machine on which a row of thirty or forty spools, some three or four inches in length, are revolving. Immediately above these revolving spools, upon which the thread is being rapidly wound, is a row of stationary and empty ones, each exactly over the one which is filling beneath it. When the lower row becomes full, the turn of a crank stops the machine. Then three or four little girls, with a rapidity perfectly marvellous, break off the thread, and lift the spool from the rod with one hand, while the other hand seizes the empty spool above, places it on the rod, and twines the end of the thread around it. The full spool is thrown into a little box on wheels, which these children push before them. The whole number of spools is thus taken from the machine in less time than it takes to read this description.

A number of these smaller spools are now placed in drawers, and the thread is wound from them upon others of perhaps a foot in length. Women are in attendance here to join the thread from the separate spools together. The next process is to prepare the thread for weaving. This is done in still another apartment. Upright frames, eight or ten feet in height, with rows of narrow shelves about a foot apart, contain numbers of the large wooden spools which were filled in the other room. From each, a thread runs to a machine which conveys them to a horizontal cylinder. They are placed side by side so as to touch each other, and are wound upon the cylinder. Each thread, before passing over the cylinder, passes under a little piece of bent iron, shaped like a lady's hair-pin, except that it is very short, and perhaps a quarter of an inch in breadth. Should a thread break, this little pin, not having any support, but being hung on the thread, falls to a lower part of the machine, and stops it instantly. When the thread is repaired, it is again set in motion. The

purpose of it is to unite the threads, and make them of still greater length.

The thread is then wound on another cylinder the width of the cloth which it is proposed to make; and one thread near each edge passes through a preparation of indigo, which gives it a deep stripe in the edge when it is finished. From this lower cylinder the thread passes to another on the ceiling of the room, which communicates, by means of apertures or slits in the floor, with the weaving-room above.

To this room we now propose to conduct our young readers. Here the noise of the machinery is deafening, and the sound of the human voice, even when raised to the highest pitch, inaudible at the distance of a yard. The threads come up from each cylinder at the ceiling of the lower room to a separate machine, about the height of a low table. It is arranged to divide the threads so that every alternate one shall be above the shuttle as it passes, and the others beneath.

When the shuttle flies back, the order is reversed, and those which were before uppermost are now below. The shuttle is of wood, not unlike those used in making tatten, except that it works sidewise. To each end of this shuttle a leathern strap is attached; and the machine, now pulling one, and then the other, sends it between the threads so rapidly that the eye cannot follow it. To our minds came the lamentation of the holy man of old, — “ My days are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.” Should the shuttle stop between the threads, the machine instantly stands still.

When the duck is woven, the remaining operations are performed by hand. A girl with a small hand-broom dusts each piece carefully, and, with a pair of scissors, cuts off the knots which are made by the joining of the threads. A man then measures it; another folds it into compact

bundles ; and a third marks it with the width in inches, length, names of the mill and owners.

Here, too, we saw the twisted thread wound off into balls, as balls of cord are wound ; and it was curious to observe the ball change its place on the iron rod on which it was, as the symmetry of the ball required the thread to be wound on the upper or lower part.

It almost seemed as if some of these machines must have an intelligence of their own, instead of being only combinations of wood, steel, and leather ; and the most wonderful reflection of all was, that the human mind had invented all these different machines, each adapted to its own work, each performing it with incredible rapidity and accuracy, and each capable of being stopped by a slight motion of the hand.

Our thanks are due to the kind and courteous superintendent of the mill, who took care to explain every process in the clearest and best manner, and called our attention to every thing worthy of note. We visited another mill to observe the operation of printing calicoes ; but we must reserve our account of this visit until another number.

EDITOR.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

"WILL you come, mother ? — will you ? "

Mrs. Mayhew was reclining on a sofa, reading, and gave no heed to her son's eager question. The child looked towards the half-open door, where his sister, older, but more shy and timid, stood waiting the result.

"Ask her again, Bertie : she did not hear you."

Thus urged, the boy ran to the sofa, and, interposing his bright, rosy face between his mother's eyes and the book, began again. "There is a poor woman down stairs in the kitchen, mother, with a baby; and she has a sick child at home, she says, and no food or medicine for her; and she had to leave another girl to take care of her, while she came out to beg for something. Come and see her, mother, and give her some money,—will you?"

Mrs. Mayhew gently put aside Egbert's curly head. "And you believe it all, I suppose?" she said, smiling, and feeling for her purse. It was not in her pocket, however; and it was too much trouble to go after it. "Well, run away, Bertie, love: tell Esther to give the woman enough to eat and drink, if she is hungry."

She had already resumed her book, when the girl, who had come close to her brother, spoke. "But, mother, I wish you would come and see her. Or, if we might"—

"Oh, run away, Estella! don't trouble me any more," answered Mrs. Mayhew, hastily; and the timid child stole off again.

Egbert kept his place more resolutely. "Estella has a half-dollar, and I a quarter; and all she wanted was to know if we might give them to the woman."

"No—yes—I don't care."

The two children left the room, in their eagerness forgetting to close the door. Their mother heard their rapid steps, then Estella's soft voice, saying, "Mother is lying down; but she said I might give you this." Then followed Egbert's eager tones. "And I, this; and she says Esther must give you enough to eat."

"God bless her! she is very kind," replied the poor woman; and Mrs. Mayhew, who heard the words, knew how little they were deserved, and was half disposed to go down herself. Then a voice said, "O Lizzie! — here

comes Lizzie ! " And Mrs. Mayhew resumed her reading, saying to herself, " Lizzie will see to it."

But, for some reason, the fictitious sorrows which had before brought tears to her eyes failed to interest her now : her thoughts wandered from the book to her boy's simple story, and the book dropped unheeded from her hand. She had been up late the night before, and was weary ; and, while still thinking of the woman, her eyes closed, and she fell asleep. Her last waking thoughts probably formed the groundwork of her dream, — a dream so vivid as to seem reality.

Her kind husband was dead ; her fortune entirely lost ; herself and her children reduced to poverty. In a miserable room, scarce able to keep out the wind and rain, she struggled to support her darlings, and struggled in vain. Her fair, delicate Estella lay sick, perhaps dying, and she could do nothing to save or help her ; her bright, joyous Egbert pined and drooped with cold and hunger. What could she do ? Beg ? Alas ! there was no other resource ; and sadly she took her boy by the hand, and, entreating a pitying neighbor as poor as herself to sit with the sick girl, went forth on her errand. Turned away rudely from house after house, scorned and almost insulted by the servants, dismissed with cold indifference by the mistresses, her heart died within her ; and when, at last, Egbert, wearied with the long walk and faint with hunger, lay down upon the steps of her own former residence, sobbing that he could go no further, he must die, the anguish of the mother's heart was so great, that, with a sudden cry, she awoke.

She looked around, for a moment bewildered ; for the dream had been too like reality to be at once dispelled. Seated side by side on the carpet were her darlings, bending over a book of prints. Models of childish health and

beauty, it seemed as if sorrow never could come near them. And at a little distance, a young girl, some sixteen years old, with a sweet, placid face, had dropped her sewing to listen to the children, and answer their questions.

Mrs. Mayhew contemplated the scene a few minutes, while tears of mingled gratitude and penitence rose to her eyes; then she softly called, "Estella! Bertie! come here!" Springing up at the sound of her voice, both children ran to her side; and, as she clasped them to her, she said, "What were you telling me a while ago about a poor woman? Is she gone?"

"Gone? Oh, yes, mother!" answered Estella; "but Esther gave her and the baby plenty to eat first; and, you know, you said we might give her our money. And Lizzie came in, too, just as she was going, and asked her name, and where she lived, and told her that either you or herself would see her soon."

Lizzie, still sitting by the fire, colored, and gave a quick glance at Mrs. Mayhew, who said nothing. Egbert took up the story.

"And I was naughty, mother. Forgive me, and kiss me, and then I'll tell you. I was cross with you because you wouldn't come down; and I said you wouldn't go,—you'd rather lie on the sofa and read."

"And what did Lizzie say to that?" asked Mrs. Mayhew, half smiling.

"She said you were tired to-day, and I was naughty to speak so; and she told the woman, that, if you were not well enough to come, she would. Then, when we came back here, you were asleep, and Lizzie said, 'See, Bertie, how tired poor mother was!' Oh, I was so ashamed of my cross speech!" And, as if to atone for it, he threw both arms round his mother's neck, and kissed her repeatedly. "Lizzie is always good: I wish I could be."

"Yes, Lizzie is always good," repeated Mrs. Mayhew, with a glance of fond affection at her eldest daughter,—hers (though Lizzie Mayhew had had another mother), if the tenderest care and affection for twelve years could make her so. Mrs. Mayhew herself was yet young, and Lizzie was now more like a sister than a daughter to her; and, though the young girl herself could see no fault in this, the only mother she had ever known, Mrs. Mayhew was willing to acknowledge that her Lizzie's beautiful unselfishness and steadfastness to principle were often an example and lesson to her.

Mrs. Mayhew was by no means indolent or selfish; it was but a temporary fit of lassitude that had induced her to deny the request of her children; yet, had it not been for her dream, she might have contented herself with allowing Lizzie to visit the poor woman. With that vivid impression on her mind, however, she went herself, and saw that present wants were relieved, and measures adopted for the woman's future welfare. Nor did the effect pass away: she taught her children, both by precept and example, to feel that the poor are our brethren, children of the same Father, and have a claim upon our compassion and benevolence.

A. A.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No one, who has not listened to the song of the nightingale, can give any idea of the sweetness of his melody. I heard this music first when driving through a miniature forest not many miles from Florence; and the peculiar delicacy and tenderness of the strain completely enrap-

tured me. I stopped a long time to listen to the music ; and afterwards, while travelling in Europe, I never failed to be deeply affected by the repetition of this astonishing melody. The nightingale is a wonderful bird, it would seem, apart from his vocal powers. A somewhat enthusiastic Englishman, who has long studied the habits of these birds, has told us some things about them which I must repeat to you. The following is from his pen :—

“ The first time I became fully aware of the extraordinary power and expression of a nightingale’s eye, was upon the occasion of my pursuing and catching one in my aviary ; not my Peri, but one which had been previously given to me full-grown, and which accordingly made its escape very soon after. It struggled wildly against my hand for a moment ; but, when finding itself hopelessly a prisoner, never have I thought without pain, though it happened years ago, of the look of intensely reproachful but gently reasoning inquiry which it sent, purposely, consciously, — sent through my eyes into my very soul, — saying most intelligibly, ‘ How can you justify this to yourself ? ’ I let it go at once. Another more agreeable instance occurred to me. A person with whom I was conversing, looking towards the nightingales I now have, observed to me that one of them had a blade of grass growing, as it were, out of its beak. I took no notice until my friend repeated his observation, adding that the bird seemed gasping. I then took it into my hand, which, though very unusual, it did not at all resist ; and, as I perceived it really was gasping, I drew out the blade of grass from its mouth, of which it had swallowed nearly half a finger-length, with its bulbous root, but of which it could not manage the rest ; and once again was shot into my soul a soul-proceeding look of gratitude, which absolutely startled, not only me, but my companion ; and nothing in this world could now persuade

ime that nightingales are not very much more highly organized than is generally supposed. Another peculiarity of theirs — at least, so far as my experience goes, it is peculiar to them, in the manner and extent of it — is, that while other birds, when hesitating whether or not to trust the hand that offers them food, keep looking at the food as they advance to or recede from it, — at most, casting a shy, furtive glance at the offerer, as if to see whether they are observed, or may safely steal, — the nightingale, when he begins to think of trusting you, looks up openly, candidly, inquiringly into your eyes, and asks if he may indeed trust you. I am perfectly convinced that every one, who has studied the real, unadulterated nightingale with sympathy and affection, will confirm all I have said upon this subject. Such persons will also, no doubt, have observed what I call ‘the ecstasy’ of nightingales; that is, after having been taken in the hand or otherwise much frightened, they become fixed, as it were ecstatic. They remain perfectly still, looking out on vacancy, and neither heed the voice nor the offer of food, or even the attempt to reseize them; and this state continues sometimes for half an hour or more after the cause of alarm, or, as I believe it to be, of offended delicacy or dignity, is past. The first time I saw this, I thought the bird was about to drop dead. I afterwards came to understand it better; and then it became to me inexpressibly affecting, as intense silent emotion always is. Seeing a human being thus, we should suppose him rapt, absolutely rapt, in prayer or inspiration. No intimacy, no domestication, prevents this strange seizure. Peri flew constantly upon my hand, upon my shoulder, or my lap; would eat out of my mouth, and, when I placed a worm under my hand, would force his beak between my fingers to get at it; and yet, if I seized him unawares or against his will, he would

fall into that ecstatic state, and more than once remained in it on my bosom, where I had placed him in order to let him fly away. What I am about now to say I do not give on my own authority, but I believe it without difficulty, from the equally curious things which I have seen, from the universality of the belief of it here, and from the assurances of those on whose words I rely, and who themselves have seen it. It is, that, when the nightingale who is hatching her young brood finds out, by her marvellous instinct, that the nest has been profaned by the hand of man, she immediately poisons her offspring, preferring their death to their slavery. But how does she know that slavery will ensue? I am told, however, that this Roman heroism is not confined to nightingales.

" Again, nightingales are the only birds which I have ever observed to endeavor, untaught, to make themselves understood by us through sounds. Nightingales positively do. The first time I observed this was when I put a strange nightingale into the cage with Peri. He was excessively annoyed and alarmed, and for some time fluttered and flew wildly through his cage, as birds generally do on such occasions; but, as if recovering his presence of mind, he presently flew upon the upper perch, and putting his face close up to mine, which was peering over him, and looking his look of intelligence and *communication* into my eyes, he rapidly uttered what we should call a *jabbering* remonstrance or entreaty, just raising his voice to what we should call the speaking-tone; and I could no more have resisted that appeal than if he had uttered it in English! He repeated the same thing on another occasion.

" Leo was in one of his tyrannical moods; for he was rather of a fitful temper. Dear bird! — of whom I may truly say, ' I loved thee for thy virtues, and for thy faults

I believe I loved thee still more,"— he took it into his head to break the thread which prevented his passing into Peri's cage, drove him out, and took possession of it. I knew nothing of this, as it occurred during my absence from the aviary ; but no sooner was I within the door, on my return, than Peri, who seldom went upon the ilex-branch, started out from the centre of it, and thus arresting my attention, and fixing his eyes upon mine, once more repeated his most peculiar, rapid, jabbering complaint ; and, although I cannot tell how or why, I perfectly understood in one moment all that had occurred. No sooner had I chased Leo out of the cage, and replaced its temporary hinges, than Peri, who had anxiously watched the whole process, flew down from the branch, and, with their peculiar, noiseless, mouse-like mode of escape, slipped into it, and remained there until, doubtless, he believed the giant's wrath had evaporated. And what became of this intelligent, beautiful, and pleasure-giving creature ? I sent it, also in its own cage and with all its appurtenances, to another friend, whose villa was about a mile distant, through a winding, woody road, and on a different elevation from mine. Notwithstanding all this, he, who scarcely ever left his cage even when it was open, made his escape, came home, and was taken in his old, but then empty, aviary. Are domesticated birds not happy, then ? He was consigned to the kind old priest already alluded to, thoroughly skilled in the management of birds, and by whom he also had been nursed in his infancy for me, and who, I am convinced, would have sacrificed a finger to have been able to bestow him upon me a second time ; but, alas ! who can minister to the mind diseased ? My Peri died in a few days of a broken heart." — *Youth's Cabinet.*

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Boys, most of you feel very enthusiastic about the Fourth of July. For weeks beforehand, you begin to save your spending-money to buy crackers and little pistols and torpedoes,—in fact, any thing which makes a loud noise,—in order to celebrate the day. Some among you cannot wait for it to come, but begin two or three days in advance to make your noisy demonstrations. We have nothing to say against all this, provided you are careful not to disturb sick or aged persons, or to throw your crackers in front of horses to frighten them.

We have nothing to say against these things, if you are trying to cultivate a spirit of true patriotism.

Do you know what this spirit is? In order to find it, we must go back to the men of the Revolution,—to the men who made the Fourth of July a day of honor and glory. What made Washington a patriot? He did not spring up at once into the character when his country demanded such a one: no, that character had been ripening from his boyhood. It showed itself when he cut the tree, and scorned to tell a lie; it showed itself a few years after, when, in accordance with his mother's wishes, he gave up his commission in the British navy. Think you, if he had denied his exploits with his hatchet, he would ever have become the "Father of his Country"? Think you, if, in the too-prevalent spirit of the present time, he had felt, or pretended to feel, his mother's counsels of no value, he would have been fitted to govern others when he came to man's estate?

Little as you may feel disposed to believe it, my boys, all true patriotism springs from obedience and truth. If

you are not obedient now to those whom God has commanded you to respect, you will not obey his laws when you are men; and if his call comes to you to stand up nobly for the right, in face of opposition and in peril of your life, you will shrink back in cowardice.

Good and true men are looking now upon the state of our country with deep grief. Shall these things be always so? Shall Freedom cry in vain? From those now on the scene of action there comes no reply: it is left for the next generation to answer.

Boys, will you respond to this call? Will you come nobly forward on the side of right? Will you refuse *now* to do any thing which you know to be wrong, however much you may expose yourself to the ridicule of your companions by your refusal? Will you yield to the wishes and commands of those wiser than yourself? The spirit of "Young America" has been a source of much laughter. To us, it seems to call for serious thought and serious endeavor. Let "Young America" live with the fear of God before its eyes; let it be trained up in the spirit of true courage and true humanity. Then iniquity in high places will no longer be winked at; then laws will be just, and impartially enforced; then shall we fulfil the promise of the earlier days of our republic, and be "a glory and a praise" among all the nations of the earth.

EDITOR.

A GLIMMERING LIGHT.

Do you remember what we told you about Japan,— how she hates foreigners, and has barred her doors against Christianity? Then we told you about Commodore Perry's

visit, and we bade you to see how the gospel would get in there: for the gospel must go everywhere; God has said so. From what I shall relate, you will see that the gospel *actually* has pressed in and got a little foothold on one of the Japanese islands.

In the spring, a vessel bound from China to London was damaged at sea, and put into the Island of Bermuda for repairs. As it would take some time to make them, one of the passengers, a gentleman, instead of waiting, concluded to visit the United States. He landed at New York, and introduced himself as Dr. Bettelheim, of the Japanese Mission. "Ah, indeed!" people said, "*is* there a mission at Japan?" Yes, a little one: the gospel has been preached nine years; and a few of the dusky natives have thrown away their idols, and become worshippers of the true God. This is good news; and who dared to go and do it?

Dr. Bettelheim, a converted Jew, was sent out from London, by some pious officers of the English navy, to establish a mission to the Jews in China. On his arrival at Hong Kong, the providence of God directed him to the Loo Choo Islands, which you will find, by the map, are on the eastern coast of Asia. These were supposed to have been Chinese; but they are dependencies of Japan. He arrived there in an English brig, May 1, 1846. The natives tried to hinder his landing: they threw some of his goods into the water, and behaved in a very threatening and angry manner. But the missionary family would not turn back; and they were not frightened, for they trusted in God to take care of them.

Their firmness and kindness seemed to make the natives believe they were superior beings; for when the vessel left, and they were alone in the midst of a great heathen people, they could have been easily killed: but they were

not killed, though they suffered a great deal of ill treatment. The government built eight huts round their hut, and put five spies in each hut, so that they were surrounded by forty spies; and, when they went into the streets, the women and children fled before them as if they were wild beasts. From the spies, the missionary learned the language of the country; they little knowing all the while how he was getting words from them to preach down their idols with, and to preach a Saviour from heaven.

The hearts of this pious family were very much drawn out towards the little children of the country: they longed to take them by the hand, and lead them to Jesus, just as pious parents in Christian lands do. "And how can we make them lay aside their fears, come to us, and love us?" they said; for I told you the children ran away and hid themselves when the good doctor and his wife and little girl walked down the streets. At last they hit upon a plan; and a very good one it proved. The doctor built a brick oven,—there were no such ovens in Loo Choo,—and his wife baked nice sweet cakes; and she used to fill a large bright chintz bag full of cakes, and go and toss them on the ground for the children to pick up. The cakes tasted very good; and I suppose the little Japanese began very naturally to think this did not look much like wishing to harm them. The doctor says he dates the success of his mission from the *first kiss*, which he received from a little child; and that was not until five years after he had been there. Let people who are disposed to complain, because they do not immediately see the fruit of their labors, learn from this a beautiful lesson of patient continuance in well-doing.

Dr. Bettelheim, by great perseverance and diligent study, has mastered the Loo Choo and Japanese languages, made a grammar and dictionary, and translated

Genesis, the four Gospels, and the book of Acts, into them both. Thus has this solitary mission family for nine years been shut up in a distant island, almost unknown to the great Christian world, steadily and prayerfully at work making instruments for converting a nation. The Loo Chooans have no intercourse with other nations ; and they were once four years without hearing from England. The gospel is in the native tongue : it only needs wings to fly all over Japan, and light in every grove. They will try to kill it ; but it has a heavenly life, which cannot be killed. The printing-house furnishes wings ; and we hope, before long, the gospel in Japanese will be printed. And this is one object which Dr. Bettelheim had in leaving Napa, where his station is, and going to England, or, as it turned out, coming to this country ; for he supposes all Christians are equally interested in this great and good work.

The doctor numbers but few converts in Loo Choo, and one of these has already died a martyr's death : but the good seed is planted ; the Saviour of sinners has been preached ; a little band of praying disciples are there ; and the Lord Jesus *himself* is there, for he has promised to be with his disciples ; and so the blessed light of Christianity has begun faintly to glimmer on the dark borders of Japan. Let us watch its kindling rays. — *Child's Paper.* H. C. K.

PICTURES FROM LIFE.

IT is Sunday — cold, snowy, and blustering. Let us peep into that darkened room. It looks attractive, with its bright-green walls, carpet, and curtains. A pretty baby-house occupies one corner, filled with all necessary housekeeping

articles. There is the music-room, containing a tiny piano, with noiseless keys; there the parlor, dining-room, and chambers; the kitchen, too, with tiny range, sink, closets, and roller of spotless white, and black Dinah presiding in conscious dignity.

In another corner of the chamber stands a neat little bedstead, with white coverings. On the walls hang two bright pictures of children gathering fruit and flowers; and beneath one of them is an image of Samuel, with folded hands, in the attitude of prayer. In one window hangs a cage of canary-birds; but their song is hushed now, for a handkerchief is thrown over the cage. See! the bed is occupied. A little child of four years old lies there: flushed cheeks, and dark eyes of lustrous brilliancy, reveal full plainly the raging fever which is wasting her little frame. Her mother sits by her side, clasping one little hand: her face is sad, and deeply anxious. The doctor comes: he watches and examines the child with deep concern,—orders prompt and powerful remedies. She is very ill; human aid can avail little. She is in God's hands: let us trust and wait.

A week passes. This sabbath is bright and beautiful. The pretty green room is less shaded to-day. Fresh flowers are scattered on the pillow, and a few choice toys from the child's "treasury" are on her couch. Look! she even takes them in her tiny hand, and shows them to the doctor for his approval. The kind doctor smiles: by God's blessing, his skill has triumphed; the fever has gone, and he pronounces his little patient convalescent.

A week later. The little girl is listening to her mother's usual Sunday teachings. "Two weeks ago, darling, you were very, very ill: mamma even feared you might die."—"Why, I did not know I was so sick, mamma; but, if I had died, I should have gone right to my heavenly

Father, you know. I should have been very happy."—
"Yes, darling, and have waited for mamma and papa and brothers," answered her mother, with a swelling, grateful heart,—grateful that the precious one was restored to her; and grateful, too, for her trusting faith. A. M.

WILD FLOWERS.

"Born to blush unseen."

THERE are flowers that grow in the untrodden glade,
'Neath the long-tangled grass or the vine-woven shade,
Whose smiles to man's vision are never unveiled,
Whose fragrance no mortal has ever inhaled:
Not created for nought is their beautiful bloom,
Nor lavished in vain their delicious perfume.

For the messenger spirits from regions of light,
As earthward they speed on their love-guided flight,
Pause on their swift pinions to gaze on the flowers,
That blush all "unseen" in the wilderness bowers:
Delighted they bend o'er the blossoms so fair;
For the finger of Him whom they worship is there.

Then happy the flowers of the unexplored wood,
Undreamed of, unsought, in their wild solitude:
Too pure for humanity's eye to behold,
'Neath the bright glance of angels their petals unfold.
Oh! blest is the boon to Humility given;
The unnoticed of earth are the favored of Heaven.

Selected.

THE TALE-BEARER.

"How do you like the new scholar, Janet?" asked one little girl of another on their way from school.

"I don't know: I did not speak to her; did you?"

"Yes. Emeline Day says the family moved into the house next to hers about a week ago; and Emeline knows her a little. She says she is very full of fun; and she must be a good scholar, for she is younger than any girl in the class where Miss Wilson has placed her."

"I hope I shall like her as well as Maria Erving. I was so sorry when she went away! I think she was the best girl I ever knew."

"Always excepting me, Janet."

Janet laughed. "I shall not even except you, Elsie, though I do love you so dearly."

"It is almost as much of a compliment not to be excepted; no, it is a greater one. You loved Maria without her faults, and you love me in spite of mine. Aha, Janet!"

"As you like, Elsie; but be cautious in forming an intimacy with the new scholar. Remember Harriet Dyer."

"Yes, yes, I shall remember: but you know Miss Wilson likes to have us try to make new scholars feel at home; so I shall just play a little with her."

"Did not Miss Wilson call her Delia?"

"Yes: her name is Cordelia Van Ness. Emeline Day says she has just come from New York. Perhaps that is the reason why she has such a funny name. Dutch, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. And now good-by. Remember my advice."

Janet entered her own house ; while Elsie Fisher, whirling her satchel in the air, danced down the pretty village street.

Cordelia Van Ness gained rapidly the affections of her schoolmates and those of her teacher. She was diligent, obliging, and lively ; and even Janet Temple forgot her caution to Elsie, and was soon on terms of intimacy with her.

"Come and play with me this afternoon, Janet," said Cordelia to her one morning, when school was over. "You can learn your lesson for to-morrow before dinner, and then we shall have a nice time to play. Do say yes!"

"I should like to come, but it must be as my mother says. Perhaps she may want me at home, or may have an errand for me to do. You need not expect me if I do not come before half-past three."

The afternoon came, and Janet went to her friend's house. Mrs. Van Ness was very much pleased with Janet's quiet, gentle manners, and spoke kindly and pleasantly to her. What a nice time they had in the barn! Janet's father had no barn ; and she enjoyed all the more a romp upon the fresh sweet hay, and swinging adventurously on the beams.

"I wish Elsie Fisher were here," she said, at length ; "she enjoys a game on the hay so much."

"She is a wild little thing ; don't you think so, Janet?"

"Yes — no — I don't know. I suppose she is a little bit of a romp ; but, then, she is so generous and truthful that she is a great favorite. Poor Miss Wilson ! she wants to laugh at Elsie so much sometimes ! I can see the corners of her mouth twitch ; but she either speaks very gravely, or gives Elsie a bad mark. And then Elsie cries so."

"I think she is quite a baby. I should never think of crying in school."

"Oh! that is nothing; a great many scholars do it. I know it troubles Miss Wilson; and so I try not to cry when I feel badly."

"Have you known Elsie long?"

"Oh, yes! ever since I was a very little girl. We used to live side by side."

Here Cordelia, who had been rolling on the hay, suddenly uttered an exclamation on discovering a nest of hen's eggs carefully hidden in the hay. This put an end to all further conversation regarding Elsie; and very soon the little girls went towards the house, carrying the eggs very carefully in their aprons.

Janet Temple was detained at home after the hour of commencing school the next morning. After giving her excuse for tardiness to the teacher, she went to her seat beside Elsie Fisher. Elsie never looked toward her or smiled, but her whole thoughts seemed to be engrossed by her examples in arithmetic. Janet knew that the arithmetic lesson was a hard one, and that, owing to her tardiness, her time for arithmetic was very short; and she was soon as busily at work as her neighbor. She thought it rather strange that Elsie never turned toward her; but, being of an unsuspicious nature, she studied attentively till recess. When the bell rang, she said, "O Elsie! how I wish you had been at Cordelia's yesterday! We had such a nice time upon the hay!"

Elsie made no reply, but, taking her luncheon from her basket, went to Emeline Day, and began to walk up and down the room with her, talking in a low voice.

"What is the matter with Elsie? Elsie, why don't you speak to me?" cried Janet. But Elsie maintained a dignified silence, and answered only by a little consequential

toss of the head. Janet sat down in her seat, looking very much distressed.

"I wouldn't care," said one and another of her school-mates. "I dare say it is some little foolish thing, which will soon pass over."

"But she was never angry with me before," replied Janet, sadly.

"I'm sure I should think it no great loss if she were always to be angry, if I were you, Janet. I should not wish to be intimate with anybody that talked about me as she talks about you." Cordelia paused, waiting for Janet to ask her what Elsie had said. But Janet could scarcely believe that Elsie would say any thing against her; and she shrunk from hearing it repeated, if it had been so. She sat in silence, therefore; but one of the group near the desk asked, "What did she say, Delia?"

"Why, she told me this very morning that Janet was always meddling with what did not concern her, and giving her advice whether it was wanted or not."

"Did she *really* say that?" inquired Janet, her eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, indeed, she did."

"I am sure I do not remember meddling," said poor Janet. "What can have made her so unjust?" And, hiding her face beneath the desk, she indulged in a hearty fit of crying, uncomforted by the various tempting pieces of luncheon, the consolatory expressions, and the kisses, of her friends who gathered round her.

Mrs. Temple was unable to suggest any satisfactory cause for Elsie's behavior when her daughter related the story to her. "I would not feel unhappy about it, Janet," she said: "it will all come right, I am sure. It is a school-girl's trial, and you must bear it patiently."

Janet had hurried home from school, and Cordelia

joined Elsie for their homeward walk. "Janet feels badly enough," she said.

"She ought, I'm sure," rejoined Elsie. "It serves her right. I can tell her I am no more of a romp than herself."

"Oh! she has said something worse than that to-day: she has said she thought you were unjust."

"Unjust? What does she mean by that? I'll ask her this very afternoon."

"No, no! you must not do that. The best way is to be very dignified, and say nothing at all to her: that is the only way to make touchy people come to their senses."

"Touchy, you may well say! I don't see what has come over her."

"She is to blame, and she ought to tell you so."

"Well, I don't care! I can live without her, I suppose." And, with an air which was intended to express great indifference, but which, in reality, betrayed both injured and indignant feeling, Elsie bade her companion good-by.

In this way, or in a worse way, matters went on for a week. Each child considered herself the aggrieved person, and each heard repeatedly of unkind things said of herself by the other. Emeline Day was involved in the matter too. She had taken Elsie's part, and Janet was reported to have said unkind things about her. In fact, the affair had begun seriously to affect the well-being of Miss Wilson's school. Little notes were privately written, and slipped into each other's hands, thus taking up the time which should have been devoted to study; and, when the eyes of the pupils were on the books, their thoughts were wandering. Miss Wilson had not been unobservant of what was passing; but she had resolved to wait till the

end of the week, and, on Monday morning, to use her influence and authority to terminate the difficulty.

On Friday morning, Cordelia was absent from school, and Elsie Fisher said she was sick. On Saturday, she was still absent; and Miss Wilson, having occasion to send for something needed in school, gave Janet and Emeline leave to go for it. Neither child liked to refuse to go with the other; so they walked some steps in silence. At last Emeline said,—

“I did not think, Janet, that you would ever say I was proud.”

“I did not say so, Emeline.”

“Did not? Cordelia Van Ness says you did.”

“No, *indeed*, Emeline. She herself asked me if I did not think so; and I told her that a person might think so who was not well acquainted with you. Upon my word, that is all I said.”

“I’m glad to hear it, for I’m sure I want to be good friends with you again. Cordelia must have misunderstood you; and I dare say she misunderstood what you said about Elsie. Did you tell Delia that you thought Elsie was a romp, and afterwards that she was very unjust?”

“Oh, what a wicked girl!” cried Janet. “Now I see the cause of all this trouble. A week ago, when I spent the afternoon with Delia, she asked me if Elsie was not a romp; and I answered, that I supposed she was a little bit of one, but that she was so generous and so honest that we all loved her. And then, when she told me that Elsie said I was always meddling, I said, ‘How can she be so unjust?’”

“Why, she must be a real mischief-maker. Elsie never said you were always meddling. When Cordelia told her that you thought she was a romp, she replied, ‘Well, I

wish she wouldn't meddle,' just as any of us say if we are a little cross. One thing is certain,—I shall be on my guard when I am with Miss Cordelia. I do not wish to be drawn into any more quarrels."

In recess, Emeline immediately began her explanation of the quarrel; and, in two minutes, Janet and Elsie were sobbing for joy in each other's arms. Cordelia was surprised to see them pass her window together, and still more surprised on Monday to find herself shunned by all her schoolmates, and to hear all conversation stop when she drew near.

Miss Wilson talked to her very kindly after school upon the trouble she had already caused, and the unhappiness such a fault would occasion to herself and others. Cordelia promised to try to reform, and she actually did so; although it was a long time before she recovered the confidence of her schoolmates, who, on their part, learned that it is not always best to trust to first impressions.

EDITOR.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

THIS is one of the largest and noblest of all those birds that have received the name of Eagle. The length of the female is three feet and a half: it weighs from sixteen to eighteen pounds; but the male seldom weighs above twelve pounds. Its bill is three inches long, and of a deep blue, and the eye of a very brilliant hazel color. The sight and sense of smelling are very acute. The head and neck are clothed with narrow, sharp-pointed feathers, of a deep-brown color, bordered with tawny ones; but

those on the crown of the head, in very old birds, turn gray.

There are numerous species of eagles, all of which are generally found in mountainous and ill-peopled countries, and breed among the loftiest cliffs. They choose those places most remote from man for their residence, and build their nests on the inaccessible cliffs. These are sometimes protected by a jutting crag, but are frequently wholly exposed to the winds; for they are flat, though built with great labor. It is said that the same nest serves the eagle during life; and the pains bestowed in forming it would seem to authorize that belief. When a male and female have paired, they remain together till death.

The eagle is at all times a formidable neighbor. He carries away hares, lambs, and kids; often destroys fawns and calves, to drink their blood, and carries a part of their flesh to his retreat. An instance is related in Scotland of two children being carried off by eagles: they fortunately received no harm by the way, and were restored unhurt out of the nests to the affrighted parents.

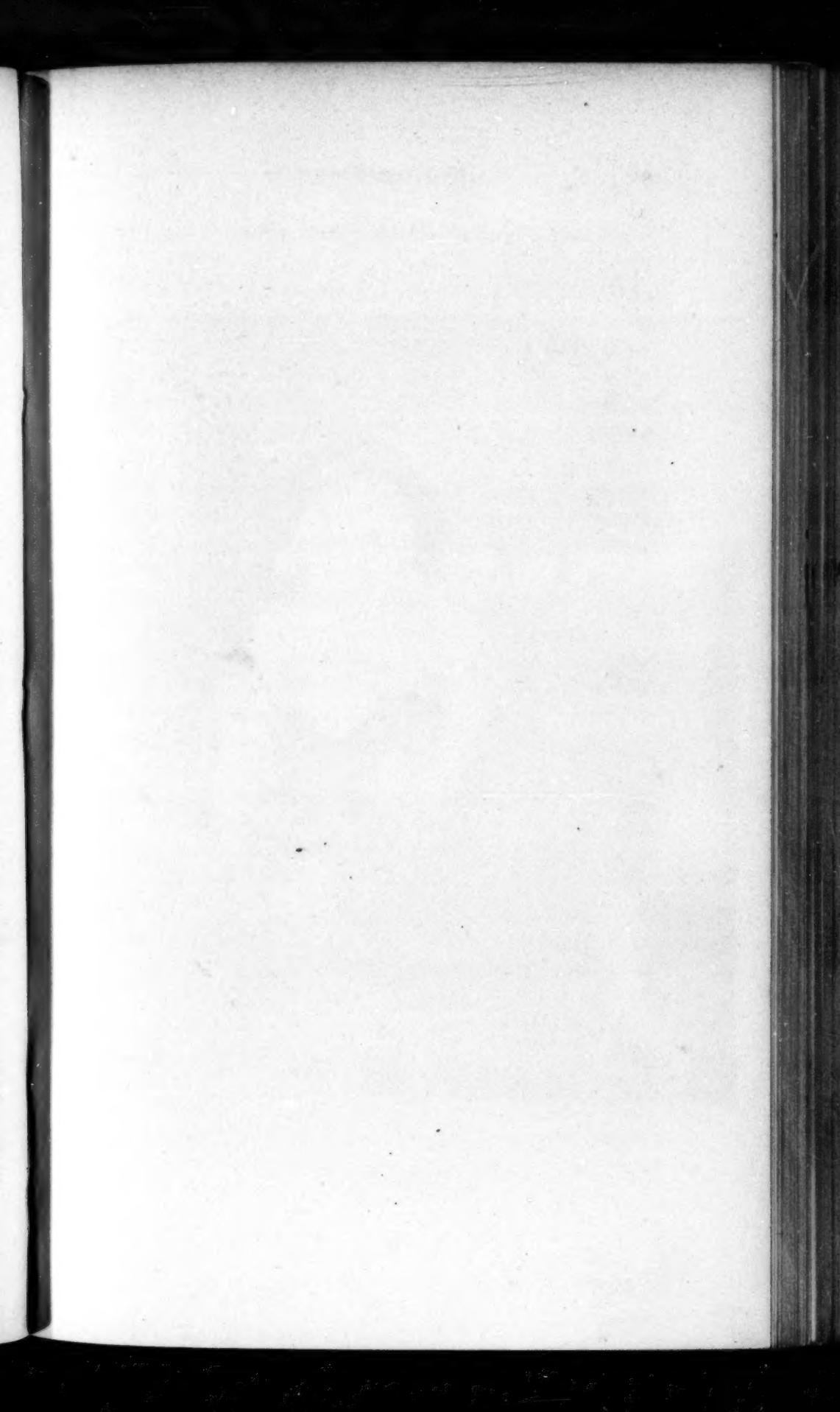
Some time ago, it happened that a peasant resolved to rob the nest of an eagle that had built in a small island in the beautiful Lake of Killarney. He accordingly stripped, and swam in upon the island while the old ones were away; and, having robbed the nest of its young, he was preparing to swim back with the eaglets tied in a string. While he was yet up to his chin in the water, the old eagles returned, and, missing their young, quickly fell upon the plunderer, and, in spite of all his resistance, despatched him with their beaks and talons.

Of all animals, the eagle flies highest; and, on this account, he was called by the ancients the bird of Jove. Of all birds, too, he has the quickest eye; but his sense of

smelling is far inferior to that of the vulture. His principal aliment is raw flesh.

The plumage of the eaglets is not so strongly marked as it is when they come to be adult. They are at first white, then inclined to yellow, and at last light brown. Age, hunger, long captivity, and diseases make them whiter. It is said that they live above an hundred years, and that they at last die, not of old age, but from the beak turning inwards upon the under mandible, and thus preventing their taking any food. They are indeed equally remarkable for their longevity, and for their power of sustaining a long abstinence from food.

The descriptions of the golden eagle given by systematic authors correspond but little with the name. Willoughby says that "the small feathers of the whole body are a dark ferruginous or chestnut;" Linnaeus, that "the body is variegated with brown, and rusty;" Latham, that the "head and neck are deep brown, the feathers bordered with tawny, hind-head bright rust color, body dark brown;" Bewick, that "the general color is deep brown, mixed with tawny on the head and neck;" Fleming, that "the acuminate feathers on the head and neck are bright rust color, the rest of the plumage dusky brown;" Baron Cuvier, that it is "more or less brown;" Temminck, that "the young, at the age of one or two years, have all the plumage of a ferruginous or reddish-brown, clear and uniform on all parts of the body;" and, in proportion as they advance in age, the color of the plumage "at first is white, then faint yellow, and afterwards it becomes a bright copper color." — *Merry's Museum.*





J. Andrew & H. H. Smith

WATER LILIES.

WATER-LILIES.

SEE ENGRAVING.

WATER-LILIES! The very thought of them is cool and refreshing during the days of this sultry, summer month ; and therefore we have chosen a picture of them for our August number, and hope you will like it as much as we do. But water-lilies are often very difficult to be gathered ; and, in general, there is no friendly plank, like that upon which the little girl in the engraving is seated ; so that little girls *out* of pictures are forced to call upon some brother or cousin, who can go boldly wading into the pond or the brook to take them from their fresh cool home.

How white those inner leaves are, and what a delicious fragrance they exhale ! This flower always reminds us of the young spirit just as it comes from God's hand, and before any sin has stained its spotless purity ; and its fragrance is like the love which a pure spirit feels towards its Father in heaven.

Suppose your souls were intrusted to your care, not, as now, enclosed within, and shining forth from the casket of the body, but in some white and beautiful form, like the lily. Every act of sin would spot and stain the white leaves. Sometimes a leaf would grow entirely brown and withered. It would be no longer beautiful, but a scentless, dying, unpleasant thing, and you would wish to throw it away. Just so ugly, just so sad and fading, looks the sinful soul to that Holy One who is of "purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

I have seen children try to restore faded flowers ; placing them in the sun or in the shade, and watering them. And

when the human soul is dying ; when its white leaves are no longer white ; when it droops and fades, — God has provided a way to bring it to a new and better life. In his own good time, he makes that soul feel its own sinfulness, and see how ugly and how deforming sin is ; and, when it begins to weep over its own departure from God's law, then every tear of true repentance, every tear that is accompanied by a fresh struggle against temptation, helps to take away the stain from the leaves of the spirit.

Perhaps you will say that this is a very sober way to speak of the lilies, and that they do not suggest to you such thoughts. It is not often natural to children, perhaps, to let the things of nature suggest to them the things of the spirit ; but it would be well if all children would learn to see in all things types of spiritual life, and to listen to the "living preachers" that spring up by the brook and by the wayside.

And now you shall have a verse from a fairy-song of the water-lilies, which well suits their graceful forms and their snowy whiteness : —

" Come away, elves ! while the dew is sweet ;
 Come to the dingles where fairies meet :
 Know that the lilies have spread their bells
 O'er all the pools in our forest dells.
 Stillly and lightly their vases rest
 On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,
 Catching the sunshine through leaves that throw
 To their scented bosoms an emerald glow ;
 And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,
 A golden star, unto heaven looks up,
 As if seeking its kindred where bright they lie,
 Set in the blue of the summer sky.

 Come away ! for the midsummer sun grows strong ;
 And the life of the lily may not be long."

EDITOR.

EXTRACT FROM AN ACCOUNT OF "THE LAST
VOYAGE OF THE 'RESOLUTE.'"

HERE we must stop a moment to tell what one of these sledge-parties is, by whose efforts so much has been added to our knowledge of Arctic geography, in journeys which could never have been achieved in ships or boats. In the work of the "Resolute's" parties, in the spring of 1853, Commander McClintock travelled one thousand three hundred and twenty-five miles with his sledge, and Lieut. Mecham one thousand one hundred and sixty-three miles with his, through regions before wholly unexplored. The sledge, as we have said, is in general contour, not unlike a Yankee wood-sled, about eleven feet long. The runners are curved at each end. The sled is fitted with a light canvas trough, so adjusted, that, in case of necessity, all the stores, &c., can be ferried over any narrow lane of water in the ice. There are packed on this sled a tent for eight or ten men; five or six pikes (one or more of which is fitted as an ice-chisel); two large buffalo-skins, a water-tight floor-cloth, which contrives —

"A double debt to pay, —
A floor by night, the sledge's sail by day."

And it must be remembered that "day" and "night," in those regions, are very equivocal terms. There are, besides, a cooking apparatus, of which the fire is made in spirit or tallow lamps; one or two guns, a pick and shovel, instruments for observation, pannikins, spoons, and a little epitome of such necessaries, with the extra clothing of the party. Then the provision, the supply of which measures the length of the expedition, consists of about a

pound of bread and a pound of pemmican per man per day; six ounces of pork, and a little preserved potato; rum, lime-juice, tea, chocolate, sugar, tobacco, or other such creature comforts. The sled is fitted with two drag-ropes, at which the men haul. The officer goes ahead to find the best way among hummocks of ice or masses of snow. Sometimes in a smooth floe, before the wind, the floor-cloth is set for a sail, and she runs off merrily, perhaps with several of the crew on board, and the rest running to keep up. But sometimes, over broken ice, it is a constant task to get her on at all. You hear, "One, two, three, *haul!*!" all day long, as she is worked out of one ice "cradle-hole" over a hummock into another. Different parties select different hours for travelling. Capt. Kellett finally considered that the best division of time, when, as usual, they had constant daylight, was to start at four in the afternoon; travel till ten, P.M.; *breakfast* then, tent and rest four hours; travel four more; tent, dine, and sleep nine hours. This secured sleep when the sun was the highest and most trying to the eyes. The distances accomplished with this equipment are truly surprising.

Each man, of course, is dressed as warmly as flannel, woollen cloth, leather, and seal-skin will dress him. For such long journeying, the study of boots becomes a science; and our authorities are full of discussions as to canvas or woollen, or carpet or leather boots, of strings and of buckles. When the time to "tent" comes, the pikes are fitted for tent-poles, and the tent set up, its door to leeward on the ice or snow. The floor-cloth is laid for the carpet. At an hour fixed, all talking must stop. There is just room enough for the party to lie side by side on the floor-cloth. Each man gets into a long felt bag, made of heavy felting literally nearly half an inch thick. He brings this up wholly over his head, and buttons himself in. He has a

little hole in it to breathe through. Over the felt is sometimes a brown Holland bag, meant to keep out moisture. The officer lies farthest in the tent, as being next the wind, the point of hardship, and so of honor. The cook for the day lies next the doorway, as being first to be called. Side by side, the others lie between. Over them all, Mackintosh blankets with the buffalo-robés are drawn, — by what power this deponent sayeth not, not knowing. No watch is kept, for there is little danger of intrusion. Once a whole party was startled by a white bear smelling at them, who waked one of their dogs ; and a droll time they had of it, springing to their arms while enveloped in their sacks. But we remember no other instance where a sentinel was needed. And occasionally, in the journals, the officer notes that he overslept in the morning, and did not "call the cook" early enough. What a passion is sleep, to be sure, that one should oversleep with such comforts round him !

Some thirty or forty parties, thus equipped, set out from the "Resolute," while she was under Capt. Kellett's charge, on various expeditions. — *Boston Daily Advertiser.*

HENRIETTA.

A FEW years ago, my husband and I found it advisable to live on an island near the mouth of a beautiful New-England river, in a fine old farm-house built by his father. We had no children, but are both fond of young people ; so I was quite pleased with the contents of a letter I received in the spring from an old friend and schoolmate of mine, living in the city of New York. She had heard

of our plan ; and, being just about to sail for Europe with her husband and an invalid son, she wished to leave her only daughter under my care for the summer,— a school-girl of thirteen. The young lady was to visit some other friends first, and come to us about the end of June.

In the innocence of my heart, I rejoiced greatly for Miss Henrietta, blessed with the opportunity of escape from the crowded, noisy, dirty city, to the quiet and beautiful retreat, which, to my partial eyes, seemed a perfect paradise. If I had not been very busy throughout May, I should have been really impatient for her arrival. I had been attached to her mother when we occupied the same double desk at school, from the ages of ten to fourteen ; and she was then a gay, affectionate creature, not very fond of reading or thinking ; in fact, somewhat lazy and volatile. But, somehow, your more sedate schoolgirls often conceive a strong affection for such lively companions ; and I did for her. We scarcely ever had a "miff" or a "spat," to use the elegant phraseology of our circle. By the way, I heard lately of an excellent practice in a private school, which I wish were universal. If any of the little maidens utters an ungrammatical, inelegant, or improper expression of any kind, even in the recess hours, it is immediately corrected by her companions and transcribed upon a slate, with her name opposite. The quantity of unmeaning, ungrammatical, vulgar, and even slang phrases, poured forth by the whole race of American schoolgirls, is astounding. I have known some who grazed on the edge of *swearing* a dozen times a day.

If we had no miffs, we also had no sentimentality between us ; but there was a wholesome touch of romance in the constancy with which, in spite of a separation wider than that of mere miles, we retained our mutual interest. She married a wealthy New-Yorker when

scarcely eighteen. Her position in life was quite unlike mine; but we wrote to each other twice a year without fail, and talked of visiting one another. But she went twice to Europe, and three times to Niagara, without being able to find time for a trip to Maine; and, as for me, I think New York seemed as much out of my way as Paris.

So we never met; and I remembered her pretty face with the bloom of fourteen upon it, and her frolicsome ways, and never could make her any older in my imagination. Just such a girl I expected to see in her daughter Henrietta.

There was a little romance, too, in the way I thought of my friend's child while fitting up the good old farmhouse. My husband had built out an additional room for a bookroom, and over it a snug bedroom looking to the east; and Henrietta Carlisle was in my mind while I was putting up the snow-white curtains and arranging the neat painted furniture. I rejoiced that she would have such a fine view of the river's mouth, opening broad into the ocean like a bay, and that she would see such a sky at sunrise; while directly under her lay the garden, more carefully and ornamentally laid out than farmers' gardens usually are. There was only a small matted entry between her room and mine; and I fancied that when she brought her work or lessons into my chamber, or when we walked along the shore or in the woods, I strolling sedately, and she scampering about in the exuberance of youthful spirits, the days of my youth would return. To put the finishing touch to the bedroom, already dear to me because appropriated to her, I hung up two good engravings opposite her bed,—the young Raphael, and the Madonna della Seggiola; while on an hour-glass table of home manufacture, in the corner, I placed a plaster

cast of Thorwaldsen's Guardian Angel, brought from the distant city with great pains. I had a vague idea that these things were rather common, but I thought they could not be too common. When all was ready, I took my husband up to see Henrietta's room, and wished I were a young lady coming there to pass the summer on a visit. He did not seem to believe that I really wished so! The pleasure of such preparations with one's own hands is greater than any can conceive without experience: there is a satisfactory mingling of the actual with the imaginative.

"At last the 18th of June came; and my husband went to meet the visitor at a town on the mainland, about five miles from the shore. A friend of her father's was to bring her so far by railroad, and then pursue his journey northward. Our horse and chaise went over in the ferry-boat; for it was only by a ferry, crossed once a day, that we had any intercourse with the mainland. We could see the whole coast opposite from our west chamber-windows, as well as the little pier near our own fields where the boat landed her passengers. A few houses were near it; but the whole island did not contain twenty families.

Up at the highest western window was I stationed, as the clock struck eleven on a beautiful June day. I thought that sky, land, and water never looked more lovely. A few white, floating clouds glided slowly overhead; our orchard was as green as recent rains could make it, and as if it had no knowledge of drought or canker-worm or caterpillar,—which was true enough; and the water was smooth as if the sunshine had polished it into a mirror. I had my husband's spy-glass. I watched and watched: foolish woman! half an hour too soon did I begin my watching, so impatient was I to see the young creature who was coming to supply the only thing want-

ing in our home, and whom I hoped to make so happy. At last the well-known chaise-top appeared wagging along over the hill-top on the opposite shore : it came down the yellow road to the landing. Then there was a very long delay. I saw something that looked like a large bouquet taken out of the chaise ; but it walked about a little. A few stragglers from the village gathered round as usual, and one or two people got into the boat. But I could distinguish my husband's light coat and white Kos-suth, apparently in earnest conference with the big bouquet ; and by and by, to my great surprise, I perceived him leading our peaceable old Gray with the chaise, not into the ferry-boat, as usual, but into a neighboring shed. Still there was another long delay, and then some articles were put on board ; and at last, with many pauses, my husband and his companion got in, apparently just as the impatient ferryman, wielding his long sweeps, was about to push off.

I hastened down to the piazza, and, with some strange misgiving, roused our great dog Hero from his nap on the door-mat, and sent him off to the barn ; then I took a look into the parlor again, untied and tied up the climbing rosebush by the steps, and fidgeted about in a style to which I was little accustomed, until the sound of my husband's voice behind the shrubbery gladdened my ears. He appeared at the gate, leading a young girl so completely over-dressed, that I could hardly look at her for her clothes.

A French hat, trimmed with costly flowers, lay on the back of her head : her dress, of some delicate material, flowered all over, had three flounces, and was torn by the sweetbrier as she came in ; for she was petticoated to a circumference perfectly hideous to my unsophisticated eye. Her face had a slight resemblance in the features to her mother's ; but she was very shallow, and the expression

was so different ! She had a look of utter discontent, which seemed habitual, though I tried to account for it by heat and fatigue. I gave her a warm reception, which was coldly received, and then scolded Mr. Temple for letting her walk up from the water.

"Why, my dear," said he, with a look of some amusement and some annoyance, "I could not persuade your friend that it was at all safe to let old Gray come into the same boat with us."

I could hardly help laughing; for our sedate steed was not one whose nerves could be excited even by the approach of a locomotive; and he was almost as much at home in the ferry-boat as in his stall. I looked again at the childish figure and old face beside me with no small pity, and took my long-desired niece to the room so carefully adorned for her. She glanced her eye about with the same dissatisfied expression; sat down by the window; and, while I was pointing out the various beautiful points in the prospect,—a headland here, a sweep of white curving beach yonder, woods coming down to the water's edge near us, and half a dozen white sails specking the blue surface of the water,—suddenly my guest laid her head down, and began to cry outright.

Now, with all my natural love of children and young people, I wanted experience; so, having an unaccountable sympathy for that dreadful malady called home-sickness, I was moved to utter all the consolations I could think of. But I might have spared my breath. Not a word of reply could I obtain, or even a look. The weeping mounted into sobbing, and then sunk into a sullen weeping again, till a wiser instinct told me I had better leave this unchecked and uncourteous sorrow to itself. Something whispered me that it was not wholly grief at parting with the parents and sick brother.

L. J. H.

(To be concluded.)

VIE N N A.

VIENNA is a large and fine city ; but the streets are mostly narrow. Its Cathedral (St. Stephen's) is a grand building, in its exterior ; dark and solemn inside. Its high pillars dark with age, Gothic vaultings, and fine painted windows, give it an imposing aspect. There is a deal of good carving in wood in the choir ; and the pulpit is all of stone, very elaborately carved. It is three hundred and forty-five feet long, and two hundred and thirty wide in the widest part. It was begun in 1359. The roof is very pointed, and covered on the outside with tiles of different colors, forming a colossal Austrian eagle. We were in Vienna on a Sunday. I went into the cathedral at seven o'clock in the morning, and found Mass going on at four different altars ; and again at ten, when I went, the High Mass was being celebrated. Here, as at several other churches we visited, there was good singing, and all were filled with apparently devout worshippers. In the afternoon, the gardens in the vicinity were filled with men, women, and children. The garden of the emperor's palace, at Shonbrunn, is always open to the public ; and this was one that was thronged with happy families enjoying its pleasant walks ; the same people who in the forenoon filled the churches. There is a very handsome fountain in these gardens ; but, like all the fountains in the city, it lacks one important thing,—water ! Here at Vienna, as in all Catholic cities, Sunday is *fête* day. In the morning, all is quiet, and everybody goes to Mass ; in the afternoon, ice-cream saloons, *cafés*, &c., are all open ; the streets and gardens are thronged with people. Boys were flying kites, and the air was full of them. Almost every city has a fine drive. Paris has its Bois de

Boulougne; Florence, its Cascine. Vienna has its Prater,—a fine drive, four miles long, through alleys planted with trees. In the *season*, it is said to rival Hyde Park in the splendor of its turn-outs; for in Vienna are congregated not only the Austrian, but the wealthiest of the Hungarian and Bohemian, nobility. But now is not the season: everybody was out of town, and the court was at Ischyl. A few steps one side from the *Aristocratic* Prater is the *Wurstl* Prater. Here I got out and walked through; for the crowd was so dense, no carriage could get through. Here are the common people; and here all sorts of amusements were going on,—swings, fandangoes, and those circles where horses go round, and boys get on and ride. Here were not only horses, but wagons, and the whole circle was filled. Not only children, but men, women, great burly soldiers, were there, and went round as grave as could be; while a band of music enlivened the place; for nothing can be done without music in Germany. In another direction was a *café* of the better sort, surrounded with hundreds of little tables, at which were seated coteries of men, women, and children, sipping tea and eating cake; while a fine military band discoursed excellent music. Eating and drinking were going on, in fact, all over the place; but I saw no signs of any intoxication. And all this was of a sabbath afternoon.

I shall not bore you with any description of the paintings in the Vienna galleries, simply because there were but very few good ones.

We went through the imperial stables, where are five hundred horses, all groomed in the best manner, and the place kept perfectly neat and clean. Above is the room where the carriages are kept, of which there were any quantity and all kinds, from the tom-fool things called *state* carriages, to the comfortable chariot and buggy.

Then we went to the harness-rooms, where we saw the saddle-cloths used at coronations, very rich and costly, with gold embroidery, &c. : each new emperor has one. The harnesses too: we saw one set for six horses, that cost twenty-four thousand dollars ! The exterior of this whole establishment had every appearance of an extensive palace. Then there is the imperial riding-school, a very fine affair, with a roof which is considered a masterpiece of carpentry. Court *fêtes* on a grand scale are given here; and concerts, composed of eight or nine hundred musicians, have been given in it.

There is a fine collection of ancient armor, founded in 1560 by the Archduke Ferdinand. They are the *bonâ fide* armors and arms borne by distinguished captains and others, and form one of the most interesting historical collections in Europe.

In the court-yard of the arsenal is festooned all round the great chain of eight thousand links which the Turks threw across the Danube near Buda, in 1520, to interrupt the navigation of the river. In the building we saw a vast amount of old arms, and new ones too. There are also relics and memorials of distinguished individuals, among them the hat and sword of the notorious butcher Haynau,— very appropriate, and characteristic of the government.

In the vault of the Capuchin church are the sarcophagi of the imperial family: some of them are very splendid, such as those of Maria Theresa and her husband, which are of bronze painted, but with most elaborate ornaments. That of Joseph I. is of silver. Latterly, however, they are only simple bronze coffins; Joseph II. having had the good sense to abolish the custom of so much useless expense. The Duke of Reichstadt lies here in a plain coffin.

Not far from him is that of the Emperor Francis. They say the young Napoleon was his favorite grandson.

There is an enormous establishment, nearly finished, called the New Arsenal. It forms a hollow square. Within this square are numerous other large buildings for workshops, manufactories of arms, depot of military stores, &c. There will be barracks for ten thousand men, a park of artillery, &c.

I have said that the streets are narrow: but this applies to the *old* city only; and this is a small part. Extending entirely around this is the Glacis, a broad and open space, with trees. Formerly it was a part of the ramparts; now it is turned into gardens, walks, and drives, forming the lungs of the city, as well as adding immensely to its beauty. Beyond this is the new city; and here the streets are wide. Some of the finest buildings and palaces face the Glacis. The shops are handsome; but Paris fashions prevail. There are many handsome fountains. The cafés and restaurants are numerous and extensive: half the people seem to take their meals there. Every evening, there is a concert in some of them. We went to one establishment, where Strauss's band were playing for the evening. It was a very large hall, filled with small tables, around which were ladies and gentlemen, sipping their beer or coffee, or taking supper, and listening to the music. As a matter of course, the gentlemen were smoking: the only place where they do not smoke is the church; and I wonder they do not smoke there. The hostler smokes as he curries down the horses; the drivers smoke; the blacksmith smokes as he shoes them; the wood-sawyer smokes as he saws wood; and it's nothing *but* smoke everywhere. We liked the music; but the smoke soon drove us away from that concert. An admission fee of about ten cents is

charged, which is the pay the musicians get. The proprietor finds his advantage in the refreshments he sells.

I was surprised to learn that a system of national education exists second only to that of Prussia; and the number of people who cannot read and write is far less than in Great Britain. — *Ladies' Repository.*

THE SUMMER WOODS.

WE hope, children, that you all enjoy rambles in the woods, and that you use your eyes in these rambles, and see all the wonderful and beautiful things which the woods contain. We shall invite you to take a walk with us to-day, and show you some of the beautiful things that we meet with in the woods where we often go.

In the first place, do you see that neat two-story house, with its great barn and long wood-shed? It is not far from the ocean; and we have spent many happy days there. We will leave that behind us, and, crossing the road, push open a gate, which leads us into an open pasture, across which is a cart-path, leading to a pair of bars. We prefer climbing the wall in a gap close to the bars. You can climb over the bars, or crawl under them, or we can take them down for you. Now, do you see that angle of the stone-wall, nearly opposite? We must direct our course for that; and then, turning the corner, we find ourselves near three tall and beautiful walnut-trees, that stand like sentinels to our wood.

Another set of bars. We must take these down, as they are too high to climb. This is only the outskirts of

the wood; and yet we can observe something here, if we listen. Do you hear that bird-note on your left? Hark! there comes the answer to it, from the trees on the right. How that sharp, clear, exquisite note rings through the stillness of the place! That must be the call and reply of the bird and its mate. What a pity that we are too ignorant to give you any information respecting these inhabitants of the "dark, green woods," or even to tell you their names!

More bars now; and then we walk up this pretty lane, with the dark pine-trees on one side, and a corn-field, with its waving tassels, — a corn-field on the very edge of the woods, — on the other side. And now we are fairly in the woods. Look down into that little glade, and see how beautifully the sunlight dances on the ground, and how the shifting leaves show of all the shades and varieties of green! Here is a bright scarlet mushroom; and there, farther on, is a yellow one. Do not be in too much haste, or you will fall; for these pine droppings, as they are called, — these dead pine needles, — make the path very slippery. Look at that pine-tree on the other side! See how the moss hangs from it! We always repeat Longfellow's lines here: —

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand, like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic, —
Stand, like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

And, as the wind sweeps through the boughs, you may hear the "voices sad and prophetic," so like the roar of the neighboring ocean as scarcely to be distinguished from it.

Look at that beautifully green soft moss on which you

are treading! Each piece is like a little star. How exquisite is its formation, when you examine it! and, when you place your foot on it, it is softer than the most luxuriant carpet. Now we leave this cart-path, which we have followed until now, and strike into the thick woods. But, just in the centre of the open space into which we turn, observe that old tree-trunk! How overgrown it is with moss! Thus Nature converts the most unsightly objects into beauties. See that fine red moss! That is the coral moss; and it will keep its color for a long time. On this account, it is very pretty to put into those little baskets which are put on card-board and filled with moss.

Now for a scramble beneath these low boughs. It is but a step or two, however; and here we are, at the base of a huge rock three or four feet in height. Just at the foot of this rock, we once partook of a picnic entertainment. A few steps farther onward, and the place looks as if the children of some brother of the Dorchester giant had been flinging, not only rocks about, but trees. See that immense root which is upturned! That must have been done long ago, and its bark stripped off by the lightning. Here are innumerable little pine-trees springing up, wherever, in this rocky soil, their little roots can find a place. Try to pull up that little one, which seems no larger than a peach, and you will find, that, even in its infancy, it is firmly planted in the ground.

Do you notice that tall tree, which is, for sixty or seventy feet, tall and straight, without a single branch, and then is crowned by what looks, from this distance below, like a mere tuft of foliage? Behind that tree is the rock where we will sit and rest: but we need not climb up near the tree; there is an easier place of access, farther to the left. This is a hemlock-tree, growing here, just at the ascent. Look on the lower side of the twigs, and you will see

the tiny cones. Pick your basket full, if you like: they are pretty little things. And now do you wish for rest? Here is a moss carpet, as soft as the other, and free from any dampness. In drying, it has bleached so that it is perfectly white. Throw yourself down near that tree, and look up through its leaves into the sky. You will gain a better idea of its distance than you can acquire in any other way.

Do you not like our walk? We thought you could not fail to do so. On this rock, we have held many a Sunday service, with eight or ten children around us; and many a pleasant week-day afternoon have we brought our sewing here, or our book, while two or three little friends amused themselves with building bowers, or picking moss and hemlock berries.

It is time for us to go home now. Our return will have one or two pleasant additional features. The birds are just flying home to their nests, and uttering their quick notes; and, when we reach our sentinel-trees, we shall see the blue ocean stretching away to the horizon, and dotted with white sails.

On some fine, cool day, we will take another walk in the woods; and perhaps we may make some new discoveries. But we can still find delight in what we have seen before; for Nature is always fresh and new, and wears an everlasting charm to her attentive observers.

EDITOR.

“OH, LET ME RING THE BELL!”

A MISSIONARY, far away
 Beyond the Southern Sea,
 Was sitting in his home one day,
 With Bible on his knee ; —

When suddenly he heard a rap
 Upon the chamber-door ;
 And, opening, there stood a boy
 Of some ten years or more.

He was a bright and happy child,
 With cheeks of ruddy hue,
 And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled,
 And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect,
 In boyish sturdiness ;
 But on his lip you could detect
 Traces of gentleness.

“ Dear sir,” he said, in native tongue,
 “ I do so want to know,
 If something for the house of God
 You'd kindly let me do ! ”

“ What can *you* do, my little boy ? ”
 The missionary said ;
 And, as he spoke, he laid his hand
 Upon the youthful head.

Then bashfully, as if afraid
 His secret wish to tell,
 The boy in eager accents said,
 “Oh, let me ring the bell !

“Oh, please to let me ring the bell
 For our dear House of Prayer !
 I’m sure I’ll ring it loud and well,
 And I’ll be always there.”

The missionary kindly looked
 Upon that upturned face,
 Where hope and fear and wistfulness,
 United, left their trace.

And gladly did he grant the boon, —
 The boy had pleaded well ;
 And to the eager child he said,
 “Yes, you shall ring the bell.”

Oh, what a proud and happy heart
 He carried to his home !
 And how impatiently he longed
 For sabbath day to come !

He rang the bell ; he went to school ;
 The Bible learned to read ;
 And in his youthful heart they sowed
 The gospel’s precious seed.

And now to other heathen lands
 He’s gone, of Christ to tell ;
 And yet his first young mission was
 To ring the sabbath bell.

S. S. Gazette.

SUNSHINE BEHIND CLOUDS.

LITTLE Amy Thurston stood by the window, dressed for a walk, and only waiting the return of the attendant. Presently Margaret entered the room, but without her bonnet.

"Your mother says, Miss Amy, that she thinks it will rain soon, and we had better wait a while and see."

Amy slowly untied her hat, and, without speaking, laid it on the table, and turned back to the window to watch the dark clouds that, slowly gathering, spread over the lately clear sky. At length the last streak of blue vanished; a large raindrop fell on the little hand which rested on the window-sill, and was followed by another and another; and then the rain poured down so fast that Margaret came to shut the window. Amy turned away; and the tears, that had gathered in her eyes, began to fall.

"I did want to go so much!" she said; "and now the sun is gone quite away."

"Oh, no!" answered Margaret, gently; "the sun is not gone, Miss Amy; it shines as brightly as ever behind the clouds; and, as soon as they pass away, we shall see it again. It is nothing but a shower; and, if we could look through the clouds, we should see sunshine above there."

Amy stood considering. "Is it always so, Margaret, even when it rains all day?"

"Yes, always. The sun always shines, though we cannot see it; and the clouds always go away after they have done their work. God sends the clouds, you know, and the rain, to do good to the earth."

"Yes, I know; I will wait patiently then." But Amy did not leave the window; she stood watching the bright

drops until the brief summer shower was over, and the sunlight broke through the parting clouds. "There, it is shining!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Now we can go."

"As soon as the sidewalks are dry," answered Margaret, smiling. And in half an hour they set out on their walk.

Two years after, a sad change had come over Amy Thurston's prospects. Her kind and indulgent father had died suddenly, leaving his affairs unsettled; and, though sufficient property was left to support his widow and child, they could no longer afford the luxuries to which they had been accustomed. Not that Mrs. Thurston grieved much for this: her sorrow for the loss of her husband took away all power of heeding other losses; and Amy was yet too young to appreciate the change.

On a dull November afternoon, when the rain had been falling slowly and steadily all day, and the withered leaves dropped with a mournful sound, Amy, who had been employing herself as she best could, grew weary of the silence of the room, and went to the window to look out. The prospect was cheerless enough, and her involuntary sigh caught her mother's ear.

"It is a dreary day, indeed, my poor Amy," she said. "But it is like our life: our sunshine has left us." And the words were followed by a burst of weeping, which brought Amy instantly to her mother's side.

"But, mother dear," she said, softly putting her arm around Mrs. Thurston's neck, and kissing her, "the sun is not really gone, you know; it shines behind the clouds just the same. It is only that we cannot see it now. It may be pleasant to-morrow."

"And it may not for many days, my child," replied the mother, despondingly.

"But the sun is always there," persisted Amy, gently; "and, if we wait patiently, we shall see the sunshine again. The clouds and rain must do the work God gives them to do. I always love to think of that on stormy days."

Mrs. Thurston wiped away her tears, and pressed her daughter to her heart. "My best comforter!" she said. "My darling Amy! I will trust, and be patient; and, if not in my life, yet in yours, the clouds may roll away, and the sunshine of happiness return to you. I will be cheerful for your sake."

She kept this resolve. Amy's childish trust had aroused a new spirit within her; and the sunlight of cheerful submission soon gladdened their pleasant home. Year after year passed away in peace and happiness; and Amy Thurston, now a lovely girl of fifteen, was the joy and pride of her mother's heart. Mrs. Thurston rejoiced in her beauty, her amiability, her capacity for learning, in the admiration and affection excited in all who knew her, by the gentle loveliness of her character; and, while she thanked God for this her chief treasure, she forgot all her sorrows in Amy's happiness.

One bright spring afternoon, when the soft young grass had covered the fields with its green mantle, and the blossoming trees shed fragrance all around, Amy went to walk with some young companions, bounding back, as she reached the door, to give her mother a parting kiss, and promise her a May nosegay on her return. Some hours passed; and Mrs. Thurston was beginning to think the time long, when she saw Amy's favorite companion and cousin, Hope Lindsay, approaching alone, "Amy must be close by, then; she will soon be here," thought the mother.

The young girl reached the house, hesitated a moment, and then came in. She looked pale, but spoke firmly and without agitation. "Amy wished me to come, Aunt

Thurston, and tell you that she should soon be here. She has met with an accident. I hope it is not a very bad one." Mrs. Thurston could not speak; but she caught her niece by the arm, and looked eagerly, almost wildly, in her face. Hope went on in the same quiet tone. "A runaway horse came round the corner upon us, before we could know it; and Amy and Harriet were thrown down. Harriet's arm is broken. I do not know how much Amy is hurt; but she begged me to come to you, lest you should be too much alarmed. Papa is with her; he will bring her safely. Can I help you to make things ready?"

The last words aroused the unhappy mother from her bewilderment, and she hastened to make all necessary preparations. Amy was soon brought home by Dr. Lindsay, to whose office, close by the scene of the accident, she had at first been carried. She was very pale, and neither moved nor spoke for some minutes; then, as her mother hung over her, weeping, she opened her eyes, and, with a faint smile, said, "Don't be frightened, mother dear! I hope I am not much hurt." She could say no more: the sickness arising from intense pain came over her again, and her eyes closed wearily.

Dr. Lindsay beckoned to his daughter. "Run over for Dr. Grey, Hope; he is at home;—quick!" Hope went, and, in a space of time that seemed short even to the impatience of Dr. Lindsay, returned with the surgeon. There was a brief colloquy between the two gentlemen, and then Dr. Grey begged to examine Amy's injuries. It was most gently and carefully done; yet her suffering was great; and, though she strove to remain silent, that she might not add to her mother's distress, she could not repress an occasional cry of pain.

"There are some broken bones in this poor little foot," said Dr. Grey. "It will be better to set them imme-

diately." And, with the greatest skill and tenderness, the operation was performed. Another consultation followed between the two physicians; and then Dr. Lindsay returned to the bedside.

" You are not in so much pain now, I think," he said in the softest tone, as he bent over the young girl.

" Not quite, thank you," she replied.

" And Amy, my pet, do you think you can bear to be told the truth?"

Amy opened her eyes, and looked earnestly at him. " Am I going to die, uncle?" she asked; and, though her voice did not tremble, Hope, who held her hand, felt her own grasped tightly.

" No, no, I hope not; not so bad as that," answered Dr. Lindsay, hastily. " But this poor little foot was terribly hurt; and, though Dr. Gray has set it so nicely, he is afraid it will be a long time before you can use it again; and, even then, you may be a little lame. We cannot tell yet what other injury there may be; but the bruises will soon be well, and I trust the worst is over. Good-by, love! I shall come again to night." He gave some directions to Mrs. Thurston, and turned to leave the room, accompanied by the surgeon.

A. A.

(To be concluded.)

M O S S.

READER, what stories are you most delighted to hear? Generally, I believe, those stories are preferable which treat of giants, savage and mischievous, who finally get punished for their mischief; or of the little work-thimble, which,

after many sad accidents, was at last fortunate. But let me tell you that in the vegetable world there are likewise powerful giants, with great thick heads and strong arms; which roar and bluster as soon as the wind begins to contend against them. The great oaks and firs, the mighty beeches and palms,—they are the proud rakes, that stretch their arms even to heaven, and are able to seize hold of the clouds with their hands. They take every thing to themselves. “He hears us!” they exclaim, and lay hold of every ray with their broad leaves. Underneath them it remains dark: only little sparklets of sunlight are able to pass through, between the leaves, to the bottom of the wood. The raindrops rush down out of the cloud. “Here with you!” haughtily roars the tree, and sucks in the water with its thousand leaves and buds, and ever so many little roots. Only small pearls of this refreshing beverage of heaven hasten to the other little plants modestly standing between the trees. Yet this arrogance and avarice do not go unpunished. Out of the swarthy storm-cloud darts a lightning-flash. The crown of the trunk falls shattered; the storms roars on, and breaks the insolent stem; and in winter the woodman comes, with his sharp axe and polished saw, and fells the haughty trees. Headlong like giants are they thrown down, their branches crashing as they fall. Their dead bodies are sent to the sawmill.

Beneath, on the floor of the wood, lives a little family, meek and harmless,—the moss. Its plants are the dwarfs of the vegetable world. The largest of them are not larger than the finger, and the most are much smaller; indeed, many of them are not larger than the head of a pin. How neatly they cover the floor of the wood with their variegated turf! Here swells up a thick bolster of dark green, with long golden threads crossing it, and little heads with crowns of gold on them; it is the golden hair

of girlhood. Near by stand others, in bright shining garments, which modestly hang up their fruit like little bells. It is star-moss. Here little yellowish-green plants, with many branches, swell up into a soft seat, representing little delicately ornamented arcades; while other kinds, in colors no less fresh and gay, are scattered meanderingly about on the dark ground of the wood. More than a hundred different kinds live quietly in wood and swamp, on trunks of trees and steep cliffs, on walls and upon roofs.

And yet how weak is such a little plant! Its rootlet is hardly noticeable, so fine are its threads. Its stalk is closely enveloped with tiny leaves, and is hardly as stout as a linen thread. The leaves themselves,—how soft and tender are they, how delicately and beautifully formed! Weak and fragile, it is hardly possible for such a puny plant to stand alone. The wind dries it, and the sun bakes it, and the footstep of a little bird turns it aside; yea, a beetle, running past, would knock any one standing alone to the ground. For this cause, the beneficent God has always let it grow in company. Thousands upon thousands of the little plants stand together. Now, as soon as the rain or dewdrops fall, the whole turf sucks up a great many of them, although no single plant could contain any quantity of the so-indispensable water. The wind rushes along powerless over the turf. But if it does, indeed, dry the outer leaves a little, still the inner ones are sufficiently provisioned, so that much will be left remaining for a very long while. The little dwarflings, which would fall for very feebleness if left to stand alone, erect themselves very well in company with the many. They are the industrious good spirits of the shady wood. When, in rough autumn, the leaves of the haughty trees are falling, yellow and withered, to the ground, when all seems life-

less and inanimate, then is the moss most beautifully green, and growing right industriously. It catches up the acorns and the nuts of the beeches and hazels, and wraps them around soft and warm. These are the little children, and the moss is their mother. The cold winter blows through the dry and naked thicket with its sharp wind. The dwarfs rattle against one another shudderingly. The strong trees, which in summer looked down so haughtily upon the little moss, shiver and freeze in the driving snow. The soft moss creeps up along on their trunks, and covers them about. It is a warm winter coat for them.

No flowers are blooming in the field; seldom glances a sunbeam through between the gloomy snow-clouds. It is a most obscure path which leads us between the cliffs. Something shines singularly out of a black crevice in the rock. We approach it. The inner side of the cavity is covered with a wonderful kind of moss, that shines like a cat's eye in the dark. The tiny grotto appears as charming as a fairy temple or a palace of microscopic miners.

The myriad little insects of summer flew off and sought concealment when the autumn winds came. "Whither shall we fly, now that the bitter frost has come?" they cry. "Come to me!" answers the moss. So they creep into the soft, warm couch, and sleep the whole long winter through. It is a capacious bed for the numerous little animals. Here lie little round heaps of spiders; there, similar heaps of butterflies. Here a caterpillar has sought her winter couch, and sleeps till the coming of spring; there, rolled up together, reposes a blind-worm. Now thaws the snow, and the bright drops haste eagerly toward the brooklet, and thence into the river, and out of this into the open sea. "Stop!" exclaims the moss to the fugitives, and with its hundred little arms holds many of

them fast ; "I have many children who need morning drink." So now here the acorn, and there the hazel-nut, receive a good portion of the same. Between yonder leaves waits the little seed kernel of the chickweed ; between those others that of the dogweed, or the scabious, or the blooming flax. The moss presents each of them its little drop. They wake up, and drink and bud. But the tender sprouts would easily succumb to the cold breath of March, which is still blowing through the thicket, did not the moss, like a faithful nurse, carefully spread out all its leaves and shelter the delicate babes. The little plants now burst forth everywhere ; the beetle creeps out ; the snail slides into daylight ; and from the chrysalis come forth beautiful butterflies. Out of distant lands come robin-redbreasts and nightingales again, and begin to build their nests. They carry twigs in among the newly leaved bushes, and weave them into one another. Nothing now is wanting, except a soft little bed for the egg and for the future young birdling. So the old ones fly away to the soft moss and request its aid. It willingly gives up its tiny plants, with which the others thickly line their nests ; and now these have a snug, warm bed for their children. Soon the hare and the doe come seeking a safe and familiar covert in which to rear their young leverets and fawns. They spread out the moss like a soft carpet, upon which they have all a beautiful bed. Near the wood is a swamp. There the moss makes a thick white-and-red bolster. Up above grows the peat-moss continually further and further ; underneath, it dies out and makes peat. Then the turf-digger cuts it up, dries it, and sells it as material for fire. Thus the peat-moss warms us, warms the room, and helps to cook the food. It clothes the hillside with a beautiful covering of fresh green sod. It makes resting seats and soft sofas, and invites children, who are

weary with seeking strawberries and bilberries, to take repose. Then the latter gather some of the handsomest tufts of the green moss, and weave garlands and wreaths of it, at home, for their mother's birthday, which continue verdant the whole year long. And thus the moss proves to us, by its life, that even the least can effect something by association. It teaches feeble man to unite cordially with others, when he feels himself too weak, and thus in partnership carry out the great work which even the most powerful could not accomplish single-handed.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

"LAY NOT UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES UPON EARTH,
WHERE MOTH AND RUST DOTH CORRUPT, AND WHERE
THIEVES BREAK THROUGH AND STEAL; BUT LAY UP
FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES IN HEAVEN."—MATT. VI. 19.

EARTHLY treasures! What are these? You all, perhaps, possess something which you value very highly. For a little while, it looks as nice as when you first obtained it; but soon, if you use it, it becomes defaced. The colors fade, or the metal rusts, or the wood breaks, and the possession is no longer a treasure. Perhaps your careful mother has put away, in the spring, some nice winter garment which you have taken pleasure in wearing. When the cold weather comes on again, it is taken from the drawer or the closet; but it is unfit to wear. The moths have eaten into it, and it is full of holes. Nothing lasts long here. Every thing is changing. The leaves even now are beginning to lose their bright green, and to change to the most brilliant scarlet, orange, and yellow hues.

But is there nothing which lasts? Yes, one thing. The human soul, and all connected with it, will last for ever. The treasures which you lay up there must be heart-treasures. They must be the recollections of good deeds, of kind words, of good thoughts. Most children are fond of reward. Suppose, then, that a child was offered a reward for every kind deed and every gentle word. Do you not think he would be anxious to obtain as many as possible?

But our heavenly Father has offered a reward, just as surely as if we could see it with our eyes. Our memories are a part of our souls, and every good deed is engraven on them. We may not here be able to recollect our past lives; but, in another world, every thing which we have done in this will rise distinctly before us; and, in that retrospect, our treasures, the only things which will give us pleasure, will be the memory of those things which have given others happiness, or have enlarged and purified our own souls.

In this view, then, no act is trifling, because it will become inscribed on our memory. Do we wish to have many treasures in heaven? We cannot begin too early to lay them up; we cannot have too many pleasant memories. Sad ones enough there will be, even for those who have tried the most to do right; and, in thinking of these, only the sense of God's forgiveness can give us peace.

The gentle reply, when the angry thought has risen to the lips; the soft answer, that turneth away wrath; the courage that dares to say 'No'; the truth which will never swerve to escape punishment; the generosity which will bear blame rather than condemn another; the magnanimity which rejoices at another's success, even though it may have been attended with your own failure;—these, and such

as these, are the treasures which we shall carry with us from this world, and which, even now, we may be laying up in that to come.

EDITOR.

A TALK ABOUT CORAL.

YOU have heard a great deal about the wonders performed by little animals called coral insects ; how, in-making their houses in the ocean, they gradually make islands, that at length come to be inhabited by men. Suppose, now, that we have a short talk about these curious creatures.

I want to correct an error into which you may have fallen concerning these animals. I said, at the outset, that you had probably heard much about these little creatures, which are called coral insects. Now, they are not insects, though they are sometimes called so, any more than starfish or oysters are insects. The order of animal life, which naturalists have distinguished by the name of *insect*, is extremely well marked. The fly, the bee, the wasp, are examples. The coral animal is as unlike these insects as possible.

The animal which makes the coral islands belongs to the order called *zoöphytes*. They are sometimes called *radiated* animals, because they have organs, placed like the rays of a daisy, around their mouths. There are a great many of these radiated species. Among them, all those that are made in the shape of a cone or a tube, and have a fringe of arms around the mouth, are called *polypes*. The coral animal is a *polype*, it being a jelly tube with arms. These arms are called by naturalists *tentacula*. All the polypes are an extremely interesting and remark-

ably busy race of creatures. They are pretty low in the scale of animal life, it is true; but they know when they are touched, and try instantly to hide themselves. They cannot have much sensation. Properly, they can hardly be said to have any at all. Think of a polype being cut into half a dozen pieces, and then each one of these pieces becoming a complete animal in itself, and going straight to work on its own hook! One would not suppose that such a strange creature had a very high and intense degree of feeling.

The coral polypes are the *stone-masons* of their race. They build, for the most part, of chalk. They do not walk about much, but are accustomed to spend their days in one place. These animals are great scavengers. Do you know what a scavenger is? Perhaps you have seen men sweep dust and dirt and straws away from the streets of a city: such men are called scavengers; and we are greatly obliged to them for the work they perform, since decayed animal and vegetable substances, when they become putrid, injure the air we breathe. Impure substances also injure water; therefore, to assist in cleansing the seas, the Lord God has seen good to make the polypiferous family the great scavengers of the ocean; and a very numerous and happy set of workmen they are, ever delighting in their appointed labors. They have no brooms to sweep with, no carts to hurry away what they collect; but every bad morsel of decaying substance that floats past them they fold in their arms; and, with joy, they pour the offensive bits of refuse into their living tubes, where the juice in their bodies turns what they take into part of their own living substance.

The chalk-making polypes do not all rear the same kind of habitation; indeed, the homes they build are so different, that men have given them different names. There are

the corallines, the madrepores, the sea-pens, the sea-mats, and many others. The builders of these substances are generally all of them very small-tube polypes, with delicate tentacula. Some of them are not so large around as a hair of our heads, but some are a great deal larger. In some kinds of coral, each polype makes for itself a hard chalk or horny tube to live in; others live in a thick gluey skin that is over the chalk; and thousands upon thousands, joining their tubes together side by side, form masses of wall, miles and miles in length.

If all the barns, houses, churches, and castles, men ever built in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, were put together, we should find that the delicate worms of the polypiferous order have built a far greater amount of solid wall than all the men on earth ever reared. Navigators tell us, that in the South Pacific Ocean, near the coast of New Holland, there is a ridge of coral wall one thousand miles long. The beautiful group of islands called the Society Islands seem to be one mass of rock, formed by the coral and madrepore families. Their work was silently carried on under the boisterous waves of the sea; and, when they had finished it, God lifted up the crust of the earth, and brought their labors from under the waters. Seaweeds soon gather upon these raised coral rocks; and, when a little mould is formed, birds come and often drop seeds. Floating pieces of timber, and matted portions of vegetables, from other islands, are dashed upon their shores, bearing grass and other seeds; and it is wonderful how soon, by these means, a coral island becomes a land of plenty and of beauty for man to inhabit. Though coral reefs sometimes look like solid walls, yet the coral polypes more frequently pile their cells together in the shape of large trees, with huge branches. Whole forests of these living trees are to be seen under the waves of the sea.

The true corallines make the walls of their houses white. There is, however, another species of polypes, generally called coral animals, but which naturalists classify as *asteroids*, which build black and red habitations. These animals make that beautiful coral which is worn as ornaments. I have often seen men dredging for this valuable article in the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas. The polypes of the black and red varieties make their cells in a thick, fleshy jelly, that is deposited over the solid chalk wall, both the chalk and the jelly being formed by their own bodies.

Among these asteroids there is one called the *Alcyonian* coral, pieces of which are often thrown up on the sea-shore. This coral looks so much like dull, yellowish, tough seaweed, that a great many people would pass by it without a suspicion that it belonged to the coral family. But if we take it up, and place it in a glass of sea-water, provided it still be alive, the strange little animals that live in its fleshy substance will push out their arms, which look like stars, through the little holes that cover its surface. Then, all brilliant with starry flowers, the whole mass becomes a beautiful sight.

But we must glance at another of these asteroids, called the *tubipore* coral. This species has no jelly-flesh of any kind belonging to it; but all the little polypes live in separate pipes, as distinct from each other as separate reeds in a bundle. Because of its form,— something like the pipes of an organ,— the tubipore is sometimes called the *musical coral*. The tubes are often of a fine crimson color, and the polypes of a bright green. I need not tell you that, when they are arrayed in these colors, they are extremely beautiful. How can we help admiring, not only the wisdom, but the goodness, of God, in arranging the works of his

creation in such a manner that they are pleasing to the eye ?

These polypes often draw themselves entirely into their tubes, and close up the opening with a little fold of skin. As their bodies grow upwards, the tubes follow them ; and every now and then the whole colony of polypes, thus growing up side by side, take it at the same time into their heads to make a little knot, which knot divides the mass of tube-coral into a sort of floor ; and from the top of this floor the polypes start up with fresh tubes, and again work on till they deem it suitable to make another floor. Every floor is wider than the one beneath it, because a number of new little polypes have begun their tubes in it, so that the whole mass is larger at the top than at the bottom, just as a loaf of sugar would be if it were turned upside down.

I have one more group of these asteroid corals to describe to you ; and that is the extraordinary one called the *pennatula*, or sea-pen genus. This name is given because the sea-pen has a hard, chalky stick, like the stem of a goose's quill. One end is blunt and naked, like the part of the quill we make into a pen ; and, just where the goose-quill becomes feathery, the *pennatula* also becomes feathery. But the down of the *pennatula* is not like the insensible down of the bird's feather ; for that which looks like down on the sea-pen is all alive ! Each separate little bit of the feather which our fingers can brush upon the side of the quill, is, in the *pennatula*, a long line of polype-houses, each fine line having many polype tubes arranged along it. Row after row of these peopled streets rise up on both sides of the stick, to its very finest top ; and really the whole thing looks as if the polypes had been trying to make their habitation as much like a large goose's wing-feather as possible.— *Youth's Cabinet.*

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NO. V.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

I LIKE this commandment best of all, mother," said Annie, as our mother came into the library the next Sunday evening. "It is the easiest to obey; or, at least, I do not find it very hard to honor *my* father and mother!" And the child laid her head affectionately in mother's lap, and lifted her blue eyes to her face. I did not think it difficult either, as I glanced out from my window-recess upon the pretty group, and noted, more fondly than ever before, the graceful dignity of my mother's form, clad in its usual summer dress of white, and the lovelight in her pleasant eyes.

"Thank you, dear," she said, with a smile, and stooping to kiss Annie's open brow. "And yet are you sure you *do* always honor and obey us? We know your little heart is very warm with love for us, and that you have a general reverence for our authority; but is our little daughter always obedient,—unquestioningly and unmurmuringly so?"

Annie colored in confusion. "I know, mother," she began; "but then it is so hard sometimes to have to go to school when you don't want to, or to sit still in the house sewing long seams when every thing is so lovely out of doors, or to get up in the morning when you are *so* sleepy, or to keep from doing any little thing you want to do so much, just because you are told not to, without knowing why. Oh, dear, mother! little girls have so many troubles!"

Mother laughed heartily, as she passed her hand over and over Annie's auburn curls, at the child's comical tone of anxiety ; and Annie, aggrieved by her merriment, added, pettishly,—

" Ah, well ! it is easy for you to laugh, now that you can do exactly as you please, without any control or punishment ; but, when you were a little girl, perhaps you didn't like it so well."

Mother looked grave,—not displeased; for Annie's tone was not at all disrespectful. "Have I no control, no punishment, no obedience to render to a Parent,—no obstacle to my wishes?" asked she, seriously. " You have the same idea, Annie, that most children have,—that you need only to be *grown* to be entirely your own mistress and perfectly happy; but you will discover your mistake, and see one day that your childhood's days were your happiest. You have simply to obey us: we have hours of care and thought and anxiety of which you know nothing; our duties are far more arduous, our troubles more enduring. Often, when we oblige you to go to school when you had rather take a holiday, we also oblige ourselves to remain at our duties, when *we* would like to walk or talk or read. And for the fulfilment of those duties we are responsible to a Parent far higher than any *earthly* father or mother; and he often punishes us for neglect. But we are older than you, and have learned to prize this discipline; to feel that, without it, our feet would wander from the strait path which leads to the heavenly home, and we would stray away and be lost; so that we would not, for the world, give up the watchful and loving control of our Father. And would you, Annie, be willing that we should leave you entirely to yourself,—to suffer you to do exactly as you please, and never to restrain you in any way? Do

you think you would be happier? Would you like to try it, Annie?"

Mother had spoken very earnestly, and Annie listened intently. Now she nestled closer to her, and said, eagerly,—

"No, no, indeed, mamma! Why, I should never be ready for breakfast, if I did not know I should have no coffee nor butter if I was late; and I should grow up sadly ignorant, if you let me stay from school as often as I wish it; and I should never know how to sew, unless you obliged me to sit still. I never thought about it before; but now I know I couldn't do without you, mother: though yet it is a little hard sometimes. But then, when you smile, I forget it all."

"I should be sorry to have you so dependent upon me as that, Annie,—that you could never do any thing, except from my authority. That is a very poor spirit which requires to be *made* to do every thing. You must learn to perform your duties because they *are* duties, and to be courageous and resolute and persevering. However, my daughter, I do not fear very much trouble from your disobedience: you love me too well not to honor me. You have never grieved me yet as I once grieved *my* mother." And mamma's tone grew sad.

"O mother!" said Annie, deprecatingly; "but do tell me about it!"

"It cost me a great deal of suffering afterwards," said mother; "and I never forgave myself, though mother did freely. It happened the very May that I was twelve years old; and it was most charming weather,—far too delicious, we girls thought, for us to be shut up in school. The woods were green and fragrant, the gardens and meadows a wilderness of flowers, and the skies blue and cloudless. We decided that a picnic would be a most enjoyable thing

at such a season ; and yet, as we only had half-holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, we did not see how it would be practicable, unless our parents would allow us to remain from school a whole day. ‘ We could but ask,’ said we. So we selected our party ; and about a dozen of us went home that evening, determined to use all our persuasive arts to obtain the desired permission. Some of the girls, whose parents were very indulgent, succeeded ; some others failed,—and I was among the latter. My mother thought it would be very silly to lose my place in my class just for a day in the woods. I was very much disappointed ; and felt still worse, when, on going to school next day, the successful girls sneered and laughed at us for having such ‘ strict mammas,’ and declared ‘ they would not, for the world, be such slaves ! ’ We had not sufficient independence to disregard such contemptible speeches, and, deeply mortified, asked what they would do if they were in our place.

“ ‘ Why, go without permission ! ’ exclaimed Virginia Rawson, a bold, forward girl, who boasted she could do as she pleased with her parents. ‘ I should like to see myself so afraid of *my* mother ! She won’t whip you, will she ? ’ she asked, sneeringly.

“ ‘ No, indeed ! My mother says I am too old to be punished in that way. She is very gentle and affectionate,’ said I, reddening.

“ ‘ Well, then, I shouldn’t care for any thing else,’ responded Virginia ; ‘ besides, she’ll never know but that you were at school.’

“ She added many more arguments ; and they all descended upon the delights of the arrangement, until, at length, I was weak enough to consent, and, on the next day, took my way to the confectioner’s shop in the village, instead of the schoolhouse. This had been appointed as

our place of rendezvous ; and here I found the girls busy in laying out their pocket-money in dainties for the feast. I added my share ; and we then turned down the street, and across meadows and fields, until we reached the woods, and the particular spot where our dinner was to be spread, upon a large flat rock. The woods were lovely ; the air laden with perfume ; the birds, the breeze, the brook, most musical ; yet I was not happy. We did every thing usually done at such parties, — roamed the glens in search of wild flowers ; swayed to and fro in grape-vine swings ; waded with naked feet in the cool, clear water, to gather up pebbles and shells ; and returned from an expedition to the wild strawberry-beds, in the fields beyond, laden with crimson-pouting fruit. We had brought sugar, and cream in bottles ; and we laid out a charming repast, using broad, green leaves for dishes and napkins alike. We ate cakes and candies and fruit till I was sick of them ; we laughed and talked and played till I was weary of it : there was nothing to mar our enjoyment ; and yet I was miserable. The thought of this, my first act of positive disobedience, haunted me all day, and made my laugh forced and my step heavy. I longed to go home and tell mother all about it, and beg her to love me still. It seemed as though evening would never come ; and when, at length, I was at home, sitting on my little ottoman at my mother's feet, hiding my ashamed face in her lap and sobbing out my story of a wretched day, I vowed never again to disobey her. My heart had ached all day in its attempt to escape from control ; and I determined that henceforward it should rebel no more. And it never did openly, Annie ; though it sometimes murmured and fretted a little, as yours does, pet ! ”

SISTER KATE.

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANDREW'S.

WE had often talked of visiting St. Andrew's, a quaint old city in the east of Fifeshire ; so, one beautiful summer day, we set out on our excursion. The castle and cathedral in ruins, and the many historical events connected with them, render St. Andrew's deeply interesting to those who love such things. As we wished to see as much as possible, my father, while we passed along one of the streets, said, "Don't you think, to save time, we should get a guide ?" "I'll gang wi' ye, sir," said an old man near us, who had overheard him. "Do you know the city well ?" my father inquired. "I might ken't," was the answer ; "I've lived seventeen years in't." Well pleased at obtaining such a treasure, we proceeded to see the lions ; but, alas ! we soon discovered that our guide, albeit a very pleasant, nice old body, could only tell us that "there was the castle, and the cathedral was owre yonder," and did not know where the other places we wished to see were situated. So, giving him a *douceur*, we told him that we thought we could now find our way without making him further trouble. He was such a kind-looking old man, that it would have been barbarous not to have parted from him kindly. He seemed to have conceived a warm affection for us ; for he kept in our wake almost the whole day ; and, when any of us looked his way, he bowed and smiled most benignly.

Of all the places we visited that day, the castle, I think, interested me most. It was founded by Bishop Roger, in 1200, as the Episcopal Palace of the diocese. James I., of Scotland, was educated in it by Bishop Wardlan ; and James III. is supposed to have been born in it.

At the time of the reformation in Scotland, it was here that the sword of persecution, so long unsheathed, was first drawn. Cardinal Beaton, Primate of St. Andrew's,

was a merciless persecutor. The *keep* or dungeon of his castle was filled with persons accused of heresy. This dungeon is thirteen feet in diameter. From the centre of it descends a dark and horrible chasm, cut out of solid rock, to the depth of twenty-seven feet; seven feet in diameter at the top, and gradually expanding to the diameter of seventeen feet at bottom. The keeper of the castle let down into it a flickering taper, that we might see it. I could not help shuddering as I looked down and thought of the martyrs who had been immured there, and of the groans and prayers which must have been uttered in it. Sometimes the captives were starved to death; others were thrown into the bay; and many, who lived unknown —

“Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven,”

suffered martyrdom in front of the castle. Among the latter were Patrick Hamilton, aged twenty-three; Walter Mill, a priest, aged eighty, and so infirm that he was unable to walk without help to the place of execution; and the famous George Wishart. In order that the cardinal and prelate might enjoy the spectacle of Wishart's dying agonies, the front tower of the castle was hung with tapestry, and rich cushions laid for their ease.

After addressing the people, the martyr said, “O Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me! Father in heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands!” Then, just before expiring, he exclaimed, “This flame hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit; but he, who from yonder high tower beholdeth us with such pride, shall, within a few days, lie in the same spot as ignominiously as now he is seen proudly to rest himself.”

This prediction was actually fulfilled. The numerous acts of cruelty committed by the cardinal so infuriated the nobles and people, that they ardently longed for an opportunity to rid themselves of him. About fifteen months

after the death of Wishart, Norman Leslie, eldest son of the Earl of Rothes, Kirkaldy of Grange, James Melville, and several others, formed a conspiracy against Beaton ; and on the 29th of May, 1546, they put their design into execution. Early in the morning, they proceeded to the castle ; and, when the drawbridge was lowered to admit the workmen engaged in fortifying the building, they effected an entrance without interruption, and made their way to Beaton's chamber. Alarmed by the noise, he had barricaded the door. The conspirators, however, soon gained access ; and the trembling cardinal knelt before them, imploring mercy. This they refused, reminding him of the tortures he had inflicted upon others, and how merciless he himself had been. Then they stabbed him with their swords, so that his body was covered with wounds. The news of his death soon spread throughout the city ; and the citizens rushed to the castle, where, to convince them that their enemy was really dead, his body was suspended from the same window where he had witnessed the martyrdom of Wishart. I am sure you must all agree with Sir David Lindsay, that,—

“ Though the deed was foully done,
The loon was well away.”

We spent a pleasant day admiring the castle, cathedral, and colleges ; wandering in the churchyard, reading the epitaphs, and moralizing upon them ; and strolling on the sea-shore to see “ the stately ships go by,” till near the hour of starting, when my father counted his flock, to make sure that none were missing, and then hurried us off to the railway-station. The train was about to start, when our *guide* made his appearance, with a bunch of heather in his hand, which he smilingly presented to my mother. We gave one long look at St. Andrew's, waved an adieu to our old friend, and were whirled rapidly homewards.— *Youth's Cabinet.*

SERF-LABOR IN POLAND.

POLAND, you know, is among the European countries which suffer vastly from the tyranny of the Russian aristocracy. Mr. Allen, a recent traveller in the Russian country, gives us the following painfully interesting facts about the extent of this tyranny over the common people : "In every village is an overseer, whose duty it is to call in the evening at each hut, and notify the inmates as to the part of the plantation where they are to meet the following morning, and be ready to start for work. Men, women, and children are included in this order, of course: they assemble as directed, and are then driven like so many oxen to their labor. Of whatever kind the work may be, the women are obliged to toil as the men. The children are assigned lighter tasks, such as picking stones, &c. Over each division is placed an overseer, having in his hand a whip of braided strips of leather ; and, should any one presume to stop even for a moment, the lash is unmercifully applied. Children are not exempt from this infliction ; and, whoever may be the object of punishment, he or she is obliged to kiss the hand of the inflicter. Should any one refuse to do so, as is sometimes the case, the poor creature is laid upon the ground, and receives forty additional stripes ; then, with blood trickling from his back, returns again to work. In some instances (the overseer being in an unusual passion), children, perhaps a son or a daughter, are required to hold down a parent, while another member of the same family is made to administer the lash with his utmost strength. These things seem heart-sickening to relate ; nevertheless, they are true, and not a day passes without many individuals being subjected to such

treatment. When they leave their miserable homes in the morning, each peasant carries upon his back a coarse cloth sack, containing the dinner of its bearer. This consists of a loaf of brown bread, having the appearance of baked sawdust ; and, if the bearer has been so fortunate as to have recently killed a pig, he takes with his bread a piece of raw pork. Before commencing work, these sacks are deposited in heaps upon the ground ; and at noon, when the signal is given, they rush with the speed of half-starved animals, every one for his bag ; and then commences a devouring of bread and salt in the most ravenous manner. Each gang is allowed a mug of water ; and this is passed from one to another until all have been served. Such is the manner in which these poor creatures toil on through their period of existence, without a ray of hope to cheer or a single solace to alleviate their woes.” — *Youth’s Cabinet.*

“ AND WHY TAKE YE THOUGHT FOR RAIMENT ? CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD HOW THEY GROW ; THEY TOIL NOT, NEITHER DO THEY SPIN. EVEN SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE.” — MATT. VI. 28, 29.

DRESS is becoming, even among very little children, an all-absorbing subject ; and the evil is spreading to such an extent, that we think a word in our pages will not be unseasonable. The Pharisees thought much of outward adornment ; and it is probable that our Saviour saw some of them before him while he was uttering the words which we have chosen as a text. He commands us to care but

little for our dress, as distinctly as he bids us do to others as we would have them do to us.

What a life for an immortal being is the spending of all the years which should be devoted to preparation for a future state, only to the decoration of the body, which after a little while, at longest, must be laid aside in the grave! Children think too much of the difference in dress between themselves and those who are either better or worse clad than themselves. Many a child has been grieved and mortified by unkind remarks upon his dress, and the vanity of many another has been increased by the remarks of playmates upon its beauty and becomingness.

But think for a moment how small these distinctions are. The prettiest dress that was ever seen cannot give its wearer one half so much pleasure as the sense of an approving conscience. If we spend our time and attention upon the perishing things of this life, instead of cultivating those virtues which shall make us happy hereafter, and filling our minds with the knowledge that shall make us useful here, what account shall we have to render to God in the day of judgment?

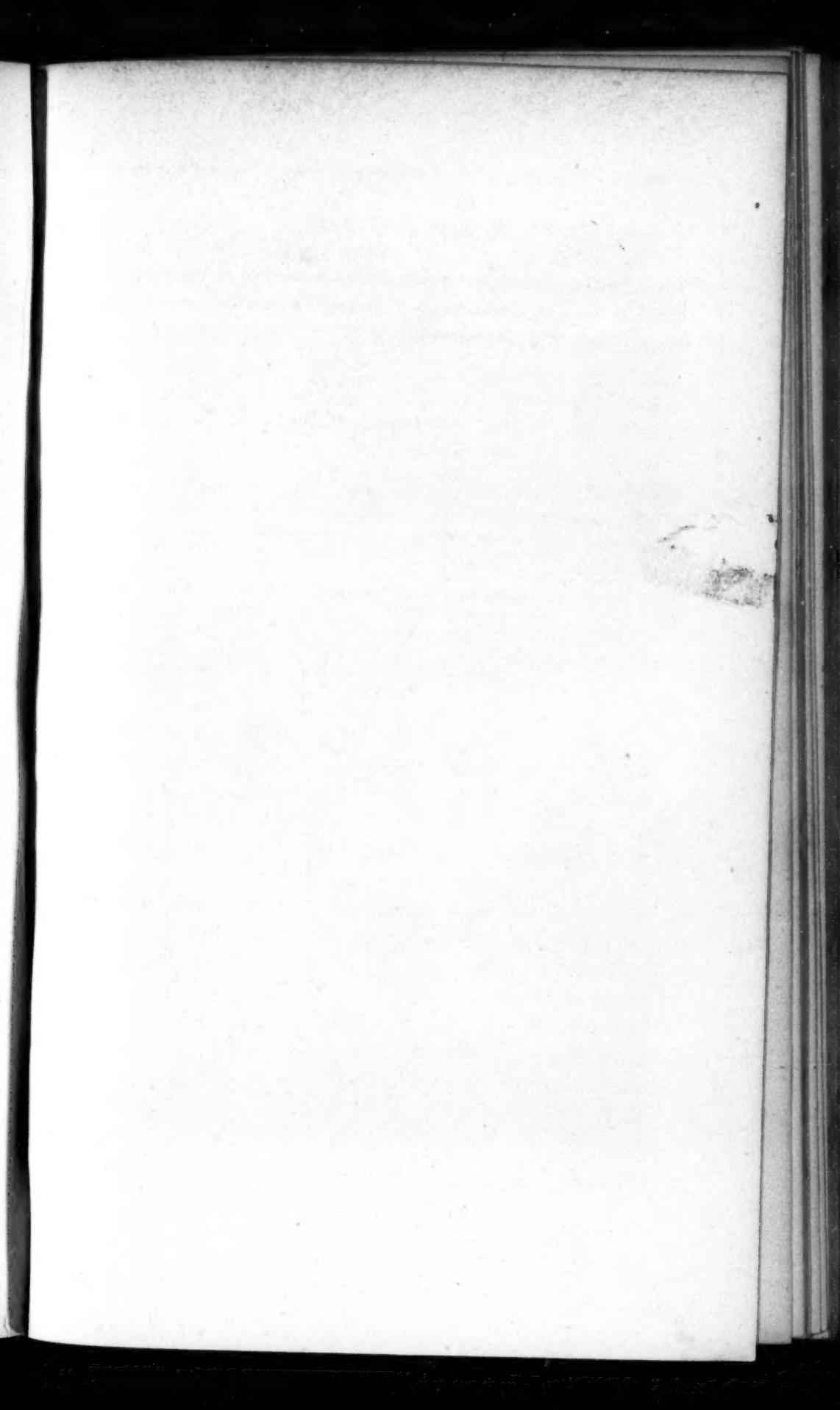
God will not ask us then whether our dress has been coarse or fine, shabby or good. He will ask us how we have improved our talents. And if we have suffered the faculties of our spirit to lie buried in a napkin, if we bent the energies of our minds to the things of this world, God will say to us, and the Bible declares it clearly, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness!"

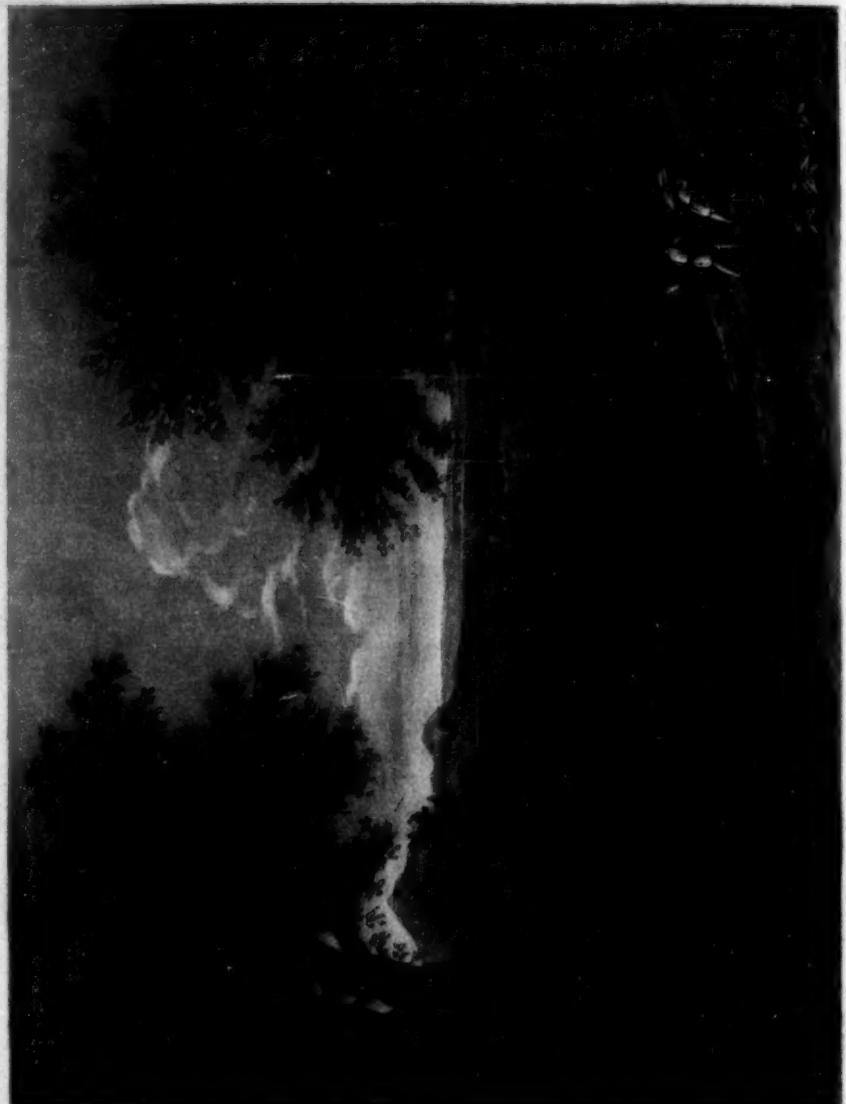
Think of these things, children, when you are disposed to be vain of any thing new in your clothing; think of them when your companions wear any thing that is not according to your taste. Let them check your disposition to ridicule them, and let it check the impulse you may

have to praise the dress of another. The tongue, in this case, greatly aids the sin ; and, if you cease to talk of it, you will soon cease to set an undue value on it. Those whose opinion in this world is really worth having will not think of you according to the clothes you wear ; and, in another, the garment of the spirit, and its whole array, will be fashioned, as we believe, by the deeds of truth and love which we have done here. Let us, then, strive that the spirit may be adorned with all that shall make it fair and lovely ; and, whatever our dress may be, that spirit will so ornament us that it will not be noticed how we are dressed, and we ourselves shall care only to be shielded from the cold of winter or the heats of summer.

EDITOR.

A MUSICAL OWL.—Mr. Jenyns relates a good owl-story. He knew a tame owl that was so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perched on the shoulder of one of the children, listen with great attention to the tones of the piano-forte, holding his head, first on one side, then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly spreading his wings, as if unable to endure his rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and, driving away the fingers of the performer with his beak, began to hop about upon the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution. The pianist's name was Keevie : he was born in the woods of Northumberland, and belonged to a friend of Rev. Mr. Jenyns.—*Selected.*





H. W. Stratton

Galaxy Photo Art

LANDSCAPE WITH ABRAHAM & ISAAC.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THE painter of the picture from which our engraving was taken was a man famous among the old painters, who are considered masters of the art. He has certainly made a very beautiful landscape; and we do not need to remember, in looking at it, that Abraham "rose very early in the morning;" for the light of the picture could belong to no other than the early part of the day.

This story used to be one of the favorites of our childhood. We were never tired of reading the beautiful answer of Abraham, in reply to Isaac's question, "Where is the lamb for the burnt-offering?" — "God will provide himself a lamb, my child." Nor the truthful and natural simplicity with which the narration concludes: "And, lo! God's angel stayed him; and he fell upon his face, and wept."

In these days there are few, who, with Abraham's faith, are willing to give up to God the thing they hold most dear. There are very few children who are willing to give up any cherished plan which their parents do not consider best, even when the reasons are explained to them. Such children are making but a poor preparation for after-life. God will try their faith in many ways, and they will be found wanting; and as Abraham's faith "was counted to him for righteousness," so their want of it will be counted to them for sin. Learn it now, in your youth, by unquestioning obedience to the commands of your parents, and the full confidence that they know what is best for you;

then, in after-years, when God calls upon you to do some great thing, you will be ready to say, with the pious man of old, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth good."

EDITOR.

THE OLD ABBEY OF FOWRE.

IN the central part of Ireland are the remains of an ancient abbey, which is well worthy the attention of those who take pleasure in examining relics of antiquity, and wandering among the ruins of former days. With those mementoes, Ireland abounds. Castles, round-towers, monasteries, or ancient churches, are to be met with in almost every country; their ivy-covered ruins arresting the attention of the traveller, and inviting him to stop, and make acquaintance with those venerable survivors of past ages.

Connected with those ruins are legends and stories innumerable, which the superstitious and imaginative peasantry have received by tradition from their forefathers, and relate with a full conviction of their authenticity. These foolish legends embrace pots of gold, buried under ground within the walls of old castles, over which cocks have been heard to crow at certain hours of the night; mysterious boxes, found on the summit of mountains, the covers of which no mortal hand dare raise, without suffering the penalty of instantaneous death; celebrated trunks of trees, by embracing which serious evils may be averted; and cavities in rocks, approached at the risk of life, but which, having once succeeded in reaching, will purchase for the adventurer a safeguard through some of the most imminent dangers to which humanity is subject.

The ancient name of Fowre was Balogne, or the town of books ; the abbey having at one time possessed one of the most extensive libraries of the olden times, both in print and manuscript, from which it derived its name. The town is approached through a mountain-pass, and is surrounded by a natural fortification of not inconsiderable hills.

The place where the abbey stands, which, with its chapel, monastery, and other buildings, covers about two square acres, is literally a large table-rock in the centre of a bog, or morass, and only accessible by a narrow road made of broken fragments from the neighboring rocks. The architecture of those buildings is considered to be admirable, and constructed with such strength and durability as to be for some time formidable even to the devastating army of Cromwell. Even now, it presents one of the finest specimens of monastic ruins. What remains of the walls is covered with ivy, but through its beautiful dark-green foliage the east windows can be plainly traced. The stone staircase is still perfect, and, here and there in its windings, leads to dark, square, tunnel-shaped chambers, reaching from top to bottom of the building, and seeming to have been intended as places of confinement.

Tradition relates that this abbey was, in ancient times, made the stopping-place for all the religious orders, as they travelled from the metropolis towards the west, being situated about mid-way. From its castellated walls they could look out in security, during troublous times, till a favorable opportunity for departure should occur.

Among those who came to make a pilgrimage to this sacred retreat, was, it is said, the celebrated St. Cuthbert. When he had arrived at a certain distance from the abbey, the first toll of the vesper-bell sounded in his ear ; whereupon he immediately fell upon his knees to perform

his devotions, the marks of which, we are told with great gravity, are still visible, being two hollow indentations, on which no grass since then has been ever known to grow. Great virtue is attached to kneeling in the identical spot, which, of course, has attracted great numbers ; and one poor woman was seen by a passer-by, endeavoring, with the utmost precision, to place herself on those knee-marks, for the purpose of averting some anticipated evil.

St. Kevin was another of those worthies for which the "Queen Isle" was, at one time, so famed, and was probably included in the list of pilgrims to the abbey. It is recorded of him, among many other things strange and wonderful, that having at one time retreated to a little hut in the desert to enjoy meditation, reading, and prayer, and while engaged in an act of devotion before an open window, having raised his hand towards heaven, a black bird perched upon it, and deposited her eggs in the open palm. The compassionate saint pitied the bird, and neither closed nor drew in his hand till the season of hatching arrived, and the young brood had emerged from their shells. This act of benevolence has been transmitted to posterity by the images of St. Kevin being represented with an extended hand, and a bird sitting on it. Is it not strange that such ridiculous stories as these should find anybody stupid enough to believe them ?

Pigeons are now the only inhabitants of this once-famed building, who find in its ruins an undisturbed retreat, and flock there in great abundance.

There are what the neighboring peasantry call "four wonders" connected with the ancient town of Fowre,—an abbey in a bog, a mill without a mill-stream, an anchorite cell, and water that will never boil. This last wonder is so fully believed, that to put it to the test would be considered an act of sacrilege. A young lady, who requested a

bottle from her guide to carry home some of the water for the purpose of proving the truth, or rather the falsehood, of the assertion, was looked upon as an unbelieving heretic; and the guide went so far as to say, "Troth, Miss, if you were to do such a thing, you would never have a day's luck after." This unboilable water is found in a beautifully transparent well in the limestone rock on which the abbey stands.

Near the entrance of the causeway leading to the monastery is a mountain, presenting an almost perpendicular face, from a small fissure in which bursts forth a gushing torrent of water. Under the mouth of this stream a simple mill was once constructed, which, contrary to all modern improvements in machinery, had but *one* wheel, horizontally placed, having the grinding-stones in the upper end of the shaft. The stream has its origin in a beautiful lake, surrounded by mountains, about three miles distant, from whence, having forced a subterranean passage through the rock, without being at all visible at the lake-side, it rushed through the before-mentioned fissure, and turned the wheel of the old-fashioned mill which ground the corn, in centuries gone by, for the solitary inmates of the monastery.

The mill, like its other dependencies, has fallen into total ruin; but the stream still finds its way through its dark and hidden passage in the rock, and falls, with a deep murmuring sound, unheeded at its foot,— a voice from the past, a speaking memento of other days.

The anchorite cell, where have been known to dwell, for many years, two or three successive hermits, is a natural cavity high up in the rock, immediately over the mill. There, in his eyry-like abode, having reached the summit of superstitious ambition, he could slumber within sound of the busy wheel as it performed its unceasing revolutions, and wake at the tumbling fall of the

mountain-stream to renew his devotions when the morning sun had lighted up the walls of the rocky dwelling-place; —

“ Where, at the last, his weary age
Found out a peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where he could sit, and nightly spell
O'er every star the sky doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew.”

The ground beneath the rock has, since the desertion of the hermitage, been occupied as a burying-place, which adds additional sanctity to the neighborhood. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

LEWIS DAMON'S SOLDIERS.

LEWIS DAMON was the eldest of a family of ten children, seven of whom were boys. He was a well-disposed youth, and a thoughtful one; and it often puzzled him when he noticed the difference between his own family and that of Samuel Drew, his most intimate friend. The brothers of Lewis seemed to him to be continually quarrelling and crying. They were never ready for school at the right time, and never sat down to meals at the proper moment. Samuel's five brothers, on the contrary, seemed, though full of fun and mischief, always kindly disposed towards each other; and punctuality, at the house of Mr. Drew, was held as one of the virtues.

Where lay the difficulty? Lewis asked himself this question again and again. He was sure that his mother did all in her power for the good of the household; and his father's slightest word was law. What could it be?

He had half a mind to ask Samuel ; but that would involve the relation of home-affairs, and make him a tell-tale,—a character which Lewis heartily despised. He resolved to watch narrowly every time he went to visit his friend.

It happened, that, the very day after this resolve, Lewis, on his way from the store in which he was employed, called at Samuel's house to leave a book for him.

"Come in!" cried Samuel, who heard his voice at the door. "Where have you been hidden for the last two days? Come, I want to talk to you about learning Spanish this winter. You know it is quite important now in some lines of business ; and a clerk who can write in foreign languages always commands a good salary."

Lewis drew a chair near Samuel ; and the latter began a narration of his plan.

"Now, Lewis, you see, our fathers would give us the funds, if we asked for them ; but then I don't want to do that : I begin to feel independent now that I have fifty dollars a year. I have found, to-day," —

Here a little fellow of about five years old, who had been in the room all the time Samuel had been speaking, suddenly fell, and hit his head against the rocker of the rocking-chair. The servant was, at that moment, entering the room in search of him ; but, before she could reach him, Samuel had raised him from the floor, had placed him on his knee, and was talking to him.

"It hurt you, didn't it, Fred? Yes, I know it did, or you would not have cried. You are my little man, you say. Tell Lewis who it is that you are to drill for a soldier."

Freddy smiled through his tears, and said, "Number One."

"Yes, Lewis, you don't know what a famous company we are raising here,—all volunteers. Each boy has to

drill one soldier,—‘Number One,’ and part of the drill is not to cry for trifles; and another part of the drill is”—And Samuel made a pause, and looked at the child on his knee, who answered, promptly, “To mind in a minute.”

“And another?” asked Samuel.

“Not to quarrel.”

“Ah! you will make a fine little soldier. We shall have you in drill very soon.” And Samuel placed his brother on the floor, and went on talking with Lewis. “Where was I? Oh, yes! I was going to say that I had ascertained to-day, that, in one of the best mercantile academies here, we can learn Spanish at five dollars a term. That would make twenty dollars a year apiece out of our salaries, which we can’t spare. Now, if one of us was to go the first term, and come directly home and teach the other, and the other should go the second term, and teach in his turn, we might save ten dollars, and, I dare say, learn by teaching.”

“I like your plan very much, Samuel; but I’ll take a day or two to think of it. Do your father and mother approve?”

“I have not, until to-day, settled the thing in my own mind sufficiently to speak of it. Frank,” called Samuel to a boy ten years old, who entered the house and flung his cap on the floor, “if you want to be first lieutenant, that isn’t the place for your cap.”

Frank picked up the cap, and hung it on its proper peg.

“I never have thought of studying Spanish; but I know a great deal of Spanish correspondence is necessary in the South-American trade. I believe the language is easy.”

“Very easy to translate, I’m told; but I suppose writing it would be much more difficult.”

"There, I should think, our knowledge of French would be useful to us. But do explain this famous *drill*, that seems to have such an effect upon your brothers."

"Oh!" said Samuel, laughing, "that is only a little plan of mine,—one of my Quixotics, father calls it. You must know that I was reading a book on chivalry the other day, and the list of the virtues that were indispensable to a true knight. Some little circumstance — I forget it now — suggested to me that I might make an order of chivalry in the family."

"The order of St. Samuel?" asked Lewis, laughing, and interrupting him.

"I have not named it yet," said Samuel. "I think the order of 'Number One' would be as good a name as any. But to go on with my story. After tea, I generally have a frolic with the little fellows. So I told them I was going to form a company of soldiers, and that each boy should belong to it who would drill one soldier,—himself, of course. The little ones have only two or three rules to drill him by (you heard Fred say his); but the older ones have others added. You don't know how interested they are in it. I make, once in a while, a little flag or an epaulet out of some gilt paper, and show it to them, and tell them that is for my company. Every night, I inquire about the drill of my recruits. If they have had a good one through the day, then I take them into the yard or the dining-room, and we march round, and have a grand time; but if any boy has neglected to drill his soldier, and has disobeyed the rules, he is not allowed to march. You would laugh, Lewis, if you were to see me gravely stalking up and down the room, with these little urchins behind me, and giving off orders, and words of command, in a most pompous tone. Mother is on my side, and says my drill works well; but father only laughs. However, if it does

not produce any real good, it at least gives the little rogues half an hour's pleasure every day."

Just then, the tea-bell rang. "Stay to tea," said Samuel: "yours will be quite over when you reach home. I have kept you so long that I ought to make amends. Besides, as a further inducement, you shall see us march, and join yourself if you like. Now see the effect of my drill. They lose their march if they are not in the dining-room within three minutes after the ringing of the bell for meals."

When Samuel and his guest reached the door, every child was seating himself at the table. "We'll have a grand march to-night," he said; "and perhaps we can persuade Lewis to whistle for us, which, you know, I can't do."

Lewis wondered whether good table-manners were a part of the drill; for the children all ate and drank with the most perfect propriety and stillness. He came to the conclusion that this part of the exercises must be the result of long practice, and not owing to any efforts which Samuel had made.

After tea, Samuel gave a peculiar whistle, at which each boy left the dining-room. Samuel then invited Lewis into the yard, and gave three short, sharp whistles more. At this signal, the company appeared. Samuel asked each boy, in turn, a few questions with regard to his *rules*, which were satisfactorily answered; and then he invited Lewis to join them. But Lewis preferred standing in a corner, and whistling the "Fest March" and "Wood-up," to any more active participation.

"Voted that the band, which has performed so acceptably on this occasion, receive our thanks," cried Samuel, as, out of breath, and almost as full of fun as his little brothers, he concluded the performances.

"Well," thought Lewis to himself, as he proceeded

homeward, "I certainly have learned something of the causes of the difference between my brothers and his. He seems to like to play with them and amuse them; and this drill is really a good thing. I dare say they recollect a great deal better with the prospect of the march before them."

Lewis began immediately to practise the lesson he had learned of his friend; for, when he reached home, he found Charlie, a boy eleven years old, rubbing his forehead in great distress over a slate covered with figures. "What's the matter?" he asked, in a pleasant tone.

"O Lewis, if you would only help me! I was afraid you would not get home in season; and then I thought you might be busy. Just explain me the principle: if I can understand that, I can do the sums."

Now, it so happened that Lewis was remarkably clear-headed, and that the mists which covered the science of arithmetic were yet thick in Charlie's brain. Nevertheless, Lewis sat down, and applied himself with most exemplary patience to clear away a portion at least of the fog. His efforts, at last, were crowned with success; for Charlie, after several unsuccessful attempts, finished his lesson, and went to bed quite happy.

The next morning, Lewis was awakened by a noise of angry voices from the room next his own. He was about to rise and dress, without paying any attention; but he remembered that this would not be Samuel's way, so he went to the scene of disturbance. There he found Charlie and the brother next younger, both half dressed, and Ned crying with rage.

"What is the matter here?" asked Lewis, quietly. Both the combatants looked very much ashamed, and made no reply.

Charlie spoke first. "Why, you see, we begun to have

a pillow-fight, and we got frolicking ; and, when I picked the pillow off the floor, I took up one of my shoes with it, and did not know it ; and I flung the pillow at him, and the shoe hit him ; and he says I did it on purpose."

"I must introduce Samuel Drew's rules here, I think." The boys looked curious. "One of them is not to cry for trifles, and another is not to quarrel. Now, I had a very nice time there last night ; and I will tell every boy who does not quarrel to-day all about Samuel's company of soldiers to-night after tea. Perhaps we might have one too." And Lewis, seeing a prospect of peace, returned to his own apartment.

At breakfast, his brothers were very eager to hear about the famous company ; but Lewis still declared that he could not tell them until after tea, and that any boy who had quarrelled during the day would not hear the account.

There was a day of great peace at Mr. Damon's. There were, it is true, one or two symptoms of disagreement ; but one or the other party remembered, before it was too late, that to quarrel would be to lose a story, and perhaps — for had not Lewis hinted at a company of their own ? — perhaps to lose some farther fun.

When the tea was fairly over, Lewis gathered his brothers around him, and told them about Samuel's company. The boys were highly delighted.

"Touldn't you have a tompany, too, Lewis ?" asked the four-year-old John.

"Oh, yes ! we could have a company, if you would drill the soldiers. If each boy would drill 'Number One,' I see no reason why our company might not be as good as Samuel's. What do you say, boys ? Will you try it ?"

The boys, of course, were all eager to make the experimeht ; and Lewis spent half an hour in assigning the rules, and hearing the boys repeat them.

"Number One," said little Johnny, as he went up stairs to bed. "Number One,—not to *try*, mind in a minute, not to twarrel." And the little recruit was sound asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

It was not to be expected that Lewis's company should go as smoothly as Samuel's did. Difficulties occurred daily; and many a soldier rebelled against his commander's authority, and attempted to march when he had broken a rule. But Lewis was resolute, though perfectly kind and gentle; and they soon found that no teasing could obtain the evening's sport, unless it was fairly earned.

One evening, as Mr. Damon was sitting at the tea-table after the children had left it, he inquired the cause of the noise in the yard.

"That is Lewis's company of soldiers," replied his wife, smiling.

"Johnny tried to tell me something about soldiers," said his father; "but I could not understand him."

"It is an idea of Samuel Drew's," returned Mrs. Damon, "that Lewis has taken up; and, so far, it succeeds perfectly. Each boy drills one recruit, himself, according to certain rules which Lewis gives him; and, if those rules are transgressed, the offender is deprived of his evening march. The principal rules are to obey directly, not to quarrel, and not to mind trifles. Neatness and order, and good behavior at table, are also required of the older boys; and certainly I have had very little trouble with them for the last three weeks."

"That is an excellent plan; but I fear Lewis will tire of it."

"I do not think he will: he is as much interested in it as Johnny, and has already quite an insight into the different characters of the boys."

We have only to inform our readers, farther, that, as

Lewis took more and more interest in and pains with his brothers, the annoyances of his home decreased. The noise of angry disputes was now seldom heard; and all the family arrangements were conducted with increasing punctuality and good order. He continued his company for several years, and then gave the command to his brother next in age, who maintained it with the same good results.

Samuel's plan for learning Spanish was approved by the parents of both boys, and was pursued with profit by them. In after-years, the good conduct of their numerous brothers, and their success in life, fully rewarded the exertions which Samuel and Lewis had made in their favor.

EDITOR.

QUAILS.

THIS little bird, familiar in its disposition and interesting in its habits, is the most abundant and widely distributed of our game-birds. It is very improperly called Quail; the European bird of that name being entirely distinct in habits, and belonging to a different genus. Our own bird bears a much greater resemblance to the English partridge; though it is considerably smaller, and has therefore been named *Little Partridge* by some of the best writers. Being a constant resident throughout the United States, it is well known to every sportsman, every lover of good eating, every farmer, and every trap-setting boy in the country. It is seldom met with in the interior of the forests, unless driven thither by its enemies, but prefers

the vicinity of cultivated places, near farms, and fields of grass; though it generally takes care to stay within flying distance of some thick covert or bushy swamp, in which it takes refuge when pursued. Its food consists of seeds and berries of all sorts; and it is expert in catching grasshoppers and other insects. The nest, which in New England is built early in May, is usually placed among high grass, by which it is sheltered and concealed. It is sometimes, according to writers, covered, and made oven-shaped, a hole being left in the side for entrance. In the course of our own observation, we have never seen an instance of this; the nest having always been constructed with very little art, and left entirely open. The eggs are from ten to twenty, of a pure white. The young leave the nest as soon as they can get out of the egg-shell; and it is highly interesting to observe the native sagacity of these little creatures in concealing themselves among the grass, and that so suddenly and completely as to set at defiance the strictest search; while the mother uses all the artful manœuvres observed in the case of the ruffed grouse to draw the attention of an intruder upon herself. The members of the family remain together during the whole autumn and winter; and, in the spring, the males select their mates, when each pair separates from the others, and proceeds to the business of raising a brood of its own. At this time is heard the loud and agreeable call of the male, "*bob white*," "*ah, bob white*," as he sits perched on a fence or the low branch of a tree; and there is perhaps no other bird-note which better harmonizes with the beauty of a fine April morning in the country. — *Forrester's Magazine.*

HENRIETTA.

(Concluded from p. 58.)

I WENT down, and asked my husband what he thought of Henrietta. He only shook his head, and said, "We won't judge yet." I was uncomfortable enough. At dinner-time, Miss Henrietta would not come down; she did not want any dinner; and she lay on her bed all the afternoon, half crying, half asleep, except when she got up to survey her disfigured countenance in the glass with many lamentations. The exposure to wind and sun, with such shedding of tears, had done any thing but embellish her features and complexion. Still, one grateful smile would have given it beauty in my eyes.

The next day did nothing to revive my romance. The charming girl, who was to make our home more lively than ever, was decidedly sulky; not pensive, not low-spirited, but silently cross, and almost uncivil. She spoke only to find fault. We breakfasted at half-past six. She did not get up till nearly nine. I went into her room several times; but I strongly suspected her of "making believe" asleep. When she did get up, she could find nothing she wanted. Her innumerable trunks and band-boxes had been brought the night before; but I could scarcely find room for them; and she did not know which key belonged to which trunk, nor where any thing had been put. Her mother's maid had packed her clothes, and she had not even looked on. Then she had never been accustomed to dress her own hair; so the first attempt cost her another flood of tears, and more fretting and pettish flinging down of the hair-brush than I could have thought

possible. When the operation was finished, I must own, her appearance was rather fanciful than neat.

At meals she betrayed a sovereign contempt for our plain forks and whole outfit: but fasting and sea-air had given her such an appetite, that she did justice to the roasted chicken and custard-pudding; and, in the evening, her sullenness gave way to an absolute necessity for talking. She had held her peace as long as she was able; and now she went on, without once considering whether her topics could have any interest for us or not.

She talked of a great many people whose names we had never heard, as if it were a matter of course that we must know all about them, and be thankful to hear of their sayings and doings. She gave us a vituperative account of her French teacher; an enthusiastic one of her music-master, though she dwelt more on his white hands and brown mustaches than his musical skill. She gave her uncle a blundering sort of description of the last opera she had attended,—that is, of the scenery and dresses, for she seemed to know little of any thing else; and, when he had left the room in utter weariness, she turned upon me with a minute account of a juvenile fancy-ball, where she had represented Queen Elizabeth. She did not appear to have had any idea of personating the character, only she had worn what she was told was exactly the costume; and the lace ruff had cost so much, the brocade skirt so much, the velvet body so much, &c. Then she digressed to the mean dresses of her friends; then to her various quarrels with certain Emmelines and Lauras and Charlottes; till I began to think she must have fought duels with half her acquaintance, in her heart at least, so bitterly did she dwell on the subject. I was glad there was a pillow for that frivolous head, and thankful when it was laid there for the night.

I rejoiced next morning in thinking, that, although there was but one piano on the island, it was under our roof; and I said to Henrietta, after her late breakfast, that I supposed she would be glad to practise every day. She hesitated, and muttered that she "supposed she should have to do it; but she hated practising new music, and she was tired of the old." I suggested that her music-master would be gratified if he should find her decidedly improved in the autumn; and, with much lingering, she went to find her music, — no easy task. But she had not spent half an hour at the piano before she came to find me, much amazed that I should be making cake, and still more to hear that we had no confectioner's shop on the island. "Why, can't I go anywhere to get some of Stewart's candy, or an ice-cream?" Her dismayed "What shall I do?" almost made me laugh; but I felt little like laughing when I saw her listless life the next day, and the next, and the next. She was utterly without occupation or resource. For rural pleasures or beautiful Nature she had no taste. She was not only quite awkward with the needle, and unused to it, but she hated it. She had a bit of simple crotchet-work with her, which emulation of some particular friend had induced her to begin; but it was badly done, and I could not get her to sit at it twenty minutes. It was with difficulty she got interested, in a languid way, over a novel: but we had scarcely any on the island, except Scott's, which she thought very dull; and no other book would she touch. She said reading history was as bad as studying; and her mother meant she should have a vacation all summer, as father would not let her go to Europe with them.

It came out by degrees that her mother had wished to take her abroad; but her father had an old-fashioned sister, whose influence with him was great, and she had

persuaded him that girls were not rightly brought up in New York, and that Henrietta needed a little New-England training: so the child had been sent to me, with the insane idea, that, in three months' time, I could counteract the terrible effects of whole years of early mismanagement, and break up confirmed habits of selfishness, indolence, and worldliness in its various forms.

It was some time before Henrietta could take in the idea of a mode of life so different from that to which she was accustomed. That I had no occasion for dressing to make or receive morning-calls, like her mother, became intelligible after she had once seen all the houses on the island,— a feat accomplished in one afternoon's drive. But how I could associate at all with the inhabitants of those houses; how I could be all the time so busy; how I could take any interest in the currant and gooseberry bushes, or burn my face and dirty my hands with a little gardening every morning,— she could not understand; still less how I could sit down with such apparent satisfaction to make my husband's shirts or mend his stockings, or think it a great privilege when I could find time to read Macaulay's last volume.

She went to bed early; she got up late; but the days were all too long. I tried to give some variety to her listless hours by carrying her over to the mainland: but there was nothing there to interest her; and, as we seldom had a day when the water was as still as when she arrived, she was in a perpetual panic while in the boat, insisting that it would upset, to the great contempt of old Jacob, the ferryman. She was afraid of cows, even with a fence intervening; and would run from the friendly demonstrations of our faithful English mastiff, uttering silly little screams, till the sensible animal learned to pass her in silent contempt. My neighbors thought her very proud

and disagreeable, and stared at her elegant dresses, on Sunday, with any thing but admiration, their good common sense being shocked by splendors so out of place.

On Sundays,—what was Sunday to her? Of seven dull days, the most intolerable; except for the enlivening occupation of selecting, putting on, and exhibiting the New-York dresses. Alas! here was the canker at the core. In that young heart there was no religion. It may seem a harsh thing to say; for she had been taught to repeat some prayers when a little child, and had been in the habit of going to one of the most elegant churches in New York every Sunday, her father's carriage being one of the handsomest that drove up to those stately doors. But this was all the religion she had; and, to me, it seemed none at all. I could not see that the thought of God or duty ever influenced her conduct, speech, or thoughts, for one moment; and the perpetual presence of such an influence seems to me the essence of religion. As soon as I had studied and sounded her on this all-important point, and found such a total void, I gave up in despair. There was nothing to which I could appeal. Her whole affections were given to the world; and I had no reason to suppose she could even conceive of loving God and Jesus Christ.

The want of native intellect is sometimes strangely supplied by piety; a cold nature is sometimes warmed by it, a passionate one controlled by it: but for piety itself there is no substitute; and, without it, weakness, folly, worldliness, degenerate rapidly into positive sin.

I felt that Henrietta was a sinner. Her dreadful waste of the *time* God had given her, intending to demand an account of every precious day, was sin deep enough to make any soul miserable. And she was miserable. Her habits of idleness, her averseness to all occupation, had deprived her of every resource in the position in which she was placed. She suffered intolerably from *ennui*, and

my friendly expostulations only rendered her irritable and disrespectful. Six weeks had passed, and matters grew no better. My summer was apparently spoiled in the unsuccessful attempt to make her a better and happier girl; when one day, among the letters which came to her weekly, she seized upon one which she had evidently been expecting, read it, and danced round the room with delight. It had come by the last steamer from her parents: it gave the permission she had besought, — to go with some friends to Newport; and she must be off to New York immediately to join them. Her languor was gone. She had learned *one* thing since she had been with us, — to dress her hair; and, indeed, it had been her chief employment. But now she actually condescended to help me to pack her trunks; though I found it necessary to refold and relay every article.

In a flutter of delight, she left us, without one word of regret for trouble given or thanks for kindness shown. It was not honesty that kept her silent, — we could have appreciated that: it was want of thought, — want of heart. Christianity would have supplied these wants.

I went again to the western upper-window, and saw the chaise carry Henrietta Carlisle up the yellow road from the water, away from the hated island; and I thought to myself, "What discipline has God in store for that poor girl? How can her soul be regenerated?"

I went down stairs with a sense of freedom, only with a sadness as for some now-distant evil which I could not cure. I shut the chamber, whose furnishing had given me such delight, and felt no desire to open it again. I had been disappointed; but my own disappointment had been a small thing compared with the wreck of a human character; and I had at last learned to be more grateful than ever for my old-fashioned New-England education.

L. J. H.

BUDA AND PEST.

IT was dark when we landed at Pest. We made our way to the Queen-of-England Hotel, a very large establishment; and, from our window, we had a fine view of the Danube, and of Buda, which is directly opposite to Pest. We devoted only one day to Pest; but we made good use of it. Looking out from our window in the morning, I found we were fronting the river, with a wide quay running along the banks: the whole length of this was lined with women, busily engaged in selling their vegetables, meat, fruit, &c. When we first went out, we passed through the market-square, which was filled with women, selling their pretty flowers and nice-looking fruit. Some of the pears and apples were very fine, as were the plums and peaches; and I bought more and better grapes for five cents than I ever purchased in Boston for a dollar! Great big horse-plums, as large as an egg, twelve for a cent! I must say, however, that this was the best place for fruit that we had seen. In this market, too, was sold the bread,—I mean the bread eaten by nine-tenths of the people: it was in very large loaves, weighing five to ten pounds! This is all made in the country: it is brown in color. They tap it on the bottom to show the quality, as we do a water-melon. It was a pleasure to see the women, too, looking clean and comfortable, and knitting or sewing while waiting for customers. Their dress was but little different from that of the Germans.

Pest and Buda are twin-cities: sometimes they are called Buda-Pest. Though the Danube only rolls between them, there is a wide difference in the cities. Pest is on perfectly flat ground, on the left bank of the Danube, and is liable to inundation in the spring, on the breaking up

of the ice in the river ; for it sometimes gets choked below the town. Within a century and a half, thirteen such have been experienced. The greatest was in March, 1838, when a large part of the town was laid under water, totally destroying over two thousand houses in Pest, two hundred in Buda, and fifteen hundred in the environs, besides seriously injuring a thousand others. The rise was in the night, very sudden and rapid, so that many lives were lost. It caused much misery, but opened the way for many improvements. Where formerly poor and small houses stood, are now long lines of lofty and handsome buildings. There are few finer streets of the same length in Europe, out of Paris and London, than the quay, along which, for a mile, extend substantial and handsome buildings. Among them are two of the largest hotels in Europe ; the Exchange, a very fine building ; and others. The streets are wide, and well laid out, and there are many creditable public buildings ; while the private ones, generally, are neat, and often handsome. In some streets we observed, in looking through the doors, that almost every one had a garden in the rear. There is a German theatre, very handsome, with a garden, where, in summer, the audience repair between the acts to eat ices ; and there is the new Hungarian theatre, where the plays are all in the national language. We went in the evening, and saw the tragedy of Othello.

Pest has even its promenade, where the people repair in the afternoon to walk and drive. It is quite extensive, and really handsome. On the outskirts of the city, the road was lined with handsome grounds, neat houses peeping out of the green foliage within them.

A short distance out of town is the field of Rakos, where the Diet, the national assembly of the Magyars, held their meetings in the open air. The deputies used to repair to the meeting on horseback, the magnates armed to the teeth,

and the chief ecclesiastics in their robes, each attended by troops of vassals ; so that often one hundred thousand persons were congregated there, who dwelt in tents while the Diet lasted. Now it is a place for horse-racing.

We crossed over to Buda by one of the finest suspension bridges in the world. There are two magnificent piers, the building of which was a matter of great difficulty. The river is here fourteen hundred feet wide ; and the water where they stand, fifty-four feet deep : below, there are eighteen feet of sand and gravel, before the clay, on which the foundation is laid, is reached. Some of the granite blocks weigh from twelve to twenty tons. The distance from pier to pier is six hundred and twenty-seven feet ; and each of the side openings, two hundred and seventy-one feet. It is thirty-seven feet wide, and forty-three above the ordinary level of the water. Its cost was about two million two hundred thousand dollars. It was first opened on the 5th January, 1849, to allow the Hungarian army of Kossuth to retreat, when pursued by the Austrians. The whole platform was a mass of living beings. During the first two days, sixty thousand imperial troops passed over, with two hundred and seventy pieces of cannon. On the 24th April they again passed over, pursued in their turn by the Hungarians ; so that the bridge was severely tried at the outset. It came very near being destroyed too. A train of three thousand pounds of gunpowder was laid under the Buda end by General Hentzi, the Austrian commander, with orders to set fire to it if the Hungarians should attempt a passage. It was fired by the commanding officer of the Croats, by mistake it is supposed, for he was blown to atoms. The chains vibrated with the shock, but remained uninjured. In July, the old Pole, Dembinski, was going to blow it up ; but was finally persuaded not to. Buda has one street along the water's edge ; and then

the hill rises very abruptly, and is crowned by the well-fortified rock on which is the *palace* of the Palatine. Houses cover the side of the hill ; and from Pest they make a fine appearance, as they are all white-washed, with dark roofs. Instead, however, of the fine buildings and activity of Pest, we have houses generally of one story, and streets dull and almost deserted. The palace, however, is magnificent, and shows grandly. It is not quite finished yet, the old one having been burnt in the bombardment of 1849.

There are some hot springs in Buda ; and an extensive bath-house is kept up, attached to which is a large *café* and pleasant gardens on the bank of the river. There are two large baths for poor people,—one for males, and one for females. I entered to look at them, and found the odor any thing but agreeable. The water is changed once a day. In connection with the establishment is a large wash-house. Here wash-women can bring as many clothes as they can carry, and have hot water sufficient to wash them for a couple of cents ; and, what is good also, they stand up to their tubs on benches to wash. It has really often made us ache to see women kneeling down and bending over to wash clothes in the river : it is the common practice everywhere where there is a running stream. The water is about 120° Farenheit, and there is a plenty of it.

The Palatine Rock is four hundred and eighty-five feet above the sea : but there are heights within cannon-shot which command it ; and particularly Blocksberg, which is seven hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea, and completely commands both Pest and Buda. Its highest point is directly above the river, where it forms a perfect precipice. In May, 1849, the Austrians occupied Buda and the Palatine Rock ; while the Hungarians, under Gorgei, were on the heights above Buda, and commenced bombarding the fortress. Hentzi, the Austrian, retaliated by

bombarding Pest. This was entirely unexpected by the inhabitants, as the Hungarian army on that side had refrained from firing on Buda, that the Austrians might have no excuse for bombarding Pest. A lady on board the steamer told us that she was walking the streets, and so was everybody, as usual, when it commenced ; and the balls flew like hail about the town. They all left, to the number of eighty thousand, and remained a fortnight in the woods, till the Austrians were finally driven from Buda by the storming of the Palatine Rock by the Hungarians. We saw where this was done ; and it was a wonder how they could succeed ; for they had to clear the walls, twenty feet high at least, and a very steep declivity below them. We went up the Blocksberg, and there had a fine view, up and down the river, of Buda and Pest. The latter, with its light-colored buildings, almost without exception covered with slate, and white-washed chimneys, looked remarkably uniform and handsome. In fact, I have not seen so *new* a looking city in Europe. The Austrians are now fortifying Blocksberg very strongly. Here we saw women employed in carrying up dirt and mortar. This, and the working in the fields, which is so common, as well as carrying burthens in the streets everywhere, is certainly unwomanly, according to our notions : but they look strong and healthy ; and it is a query whether it is not, after all, better so than to be wasting their life-blood making slop-clothing for a miserable pittance, and pining for fresh air. Here, at least, it is considered no degradation ; and they get fresh air and good health. The only peculiarity in the men's costume was that the lower class all wore very wide pantaloons of some light-colored, coarse texture, not hemmed at the bottom. They looked like an *enlarged* edition of sailors' duck pants, *not* improved nor corrected. The better class are all Parisian in their

fashions. In riding over the hills of Buda, we found them covered with luscious grapes : they are very abundant. The fields have no fences ; yet nobody seems to touch them. So it is with all fruit : we see it hanging over the road, in places where with us it would not stand the most distant chance of reaching the owner's mouth for the naughty boys. Do you remember how I used to eulogize the beautiful festooning of the vines in Italy ? You see nothing of that here : they know better. The vine here is a stiff plant, altogether ungainly in appearance ; albeit the fruit looks tempting enough, hanging in rich purple or white bunches. We could see whole sides of the hills for miles covered with it. They make much wine in Hungary, and much vinegar. — *Ladies' Repository.*

F U N.

Most children fail to draw the proper distinction between fun and earnest. They seem to think that a thing done in *fun*, no matter how much it annoys another, is pardonable. Nothing can be a greater mistake than this. Fun ceases to be fun when its object begins to be annoyed. It becomes earnest to that object ; and fun, properly considered, is at an end.

There is one species of what children commonly term fun, which has always seemed to us most malicious, and unworthy of any child who wishes to do right. We mean that which consists in finding the sensitive point of a younger and weaker child, and then making him the subject of ridicule. Making fun of a child on account of his dress is one of the common instances. Children seem to

forget that every child dresses as his parents please ; and, if a companion wears any thing old or ugly, it is from his parents' choice, and not his own.

Another species of fun, among boys at least, consists in tricks, such as tying long stems of grass together, so that a companion who is coming may catch his foot in the knot, and fall down. This kind of misnamed fun is not confined to those who are still boys ; and, in some of our colleges, tricks are practised, which are not only annoying in the extreme, but even ungentlemanly and improper.

Still another kind, with some boys, — we hope none of our readers ever have done or ever will do it, — finds its gratification in torturing animals. Many a poor dog have I seen with a tin-pail fastened to it, and chased through the street until it was ready to die with fatigue. And in some cases, though I believe it is generally in foreign countries, the children pass a pin through the body of a particular kind of beetle, that they may see him whirl and spin in the agony which this causes him. Birds' nesting, too, is another cruel kind of fun. If it is confined to taking the eggs, it robs the parent birds of some days of patient sitting upon them ; and if the young brood, you must all of you have witnessed the distress of the parents when any danger threatens their nestlings. Pelting frogs is another cruel sport. We hope you all remember the fable about the frogs who were pelted, and the sensible address of the old frog to the boys, and the conclusive argument, " What is fun to you is death to us."

There are plenty of ways in which you may enjoy yourselves to your hearts' content, without resorting to means which shall annoy your elders, your companions, or those inferior creatures which the Bible says God intrusted to Adam that he might show a kindly care towards them. Innocent fun does our hearts good ; and a laugh is pleasant

at almost any time : but, when mirth is purchased at the expense of others, it becomes melancholy, and then we almost fancy we detect a hollowness in the loudest shout of laughter.

EDITOR.

THE BABIES OF EGYPT.

W. C. BRYANT, in writing from Egypt, says,—

“ Among them were women in blue cotton gowns, barefooted, with infants perched on their shoulders. This is the way in which the Arab mothers of the laboring class in Egypt carry their children. As soon as the little creatures get the voluntary use of their limbs, they are transferred from the arms to the shoulder. I have seen instances of this kind which would supply striking subjects for the pencil. At old Cairo, the other day, a Coptic woman in the loose blue dress of the country, barefooted, her face unveiled, with symmetrical features, silent and sad-looking, opened to us the door of the old worm-eaten church in which is the little grotto where the Holy Virgin with her child is said to have eluded the pursuit of Herod. On the woman’s shoulders sat an infant of seven or eight months, with well-burned brown cheeks and long dark eyelashes, its head bowed upon hers, and one little hand pressed against her forehead, while the other arm passed around the back of the neck. The Egyptian mothers treat their children with great tenderness ; and, though I see infants everywhere, I do not know that I have yet heard one of them cry. The expression of quiet resignation in their faces is often quite touching. The Egyptian, born to a lot of dirt, poverty, and oppression, may well learn patience early.”

PACIFIC MILLS.

WE promised our young readers, in our last number, some account of the process of calico-printing. This we witnessed at the Pacific Mills, in Lawrence. These mills are said to be the largest in the world. They cover a large extent of ground, and employ operatives who are numbered by thousands, and who, when they come from the mills at dinner-time, or when the day's work is over, present the appearance of a considerable army.

As we had seen the processes of spinning and weaving, we wished to commence at the printing; and we applied at the office for permission to go over the mill, and for a guide; both which we obtained. We were first shown into a large airy room, with only one or two pieces of machinery. At the farther end, in front of some large windows, sat a row of intelligent-looking men, each with a copper cylinder, of from four to six inches in diameter and two feet in length, before him. Each man was diligently engaged, with a small chisel and mallet, in cutting into the copper roller, from a paper design before him, to form a pattern which was afterwards to be printed. One was cutting lines so fine that he was obliged to use a magnifying-glass to see them. On each roller are cut the outlines of only *one* color. For instance, on one roller will be cut the outlines of all the red figures; and, on another, only the outlines of the green. When these outlines are made, the cylinders are subjected to the action of aqua-fortis,—a very powerful acid, which eats into the copper in the lines just made, and renders the impression more distinct. This is the process of engraving for flower, vine, or the more complicated patterns. For simple block-patterns, the

design is at first cut on a small steel cylinder, of perhaps an inch and a half in diameter, and six inches in length. This is then placed in a machine, close to a copper roller; and the copper, being the softer metal, receives, by means of great pressure to which it is subjected, the impression from the steel. The machines for effecting this were the only ones in this room.

The next apartment had a stone floor, and a very disagreeable odor. It was filled with machines, the lower part of which contained the rollers, similar to those we had just seen so bright and shining, now covered with dye from the different kettles with which they were connected, and which were placed directly under the machine. The white cloth rolled between them, came out printed, and went up over a large roller, to dry it somewhat before it was carried to the regular drying-room. Each machine had a different number of rollers, from one to thirteen. We observed a piece of calico, which was in the process of printing, of very delicate purple and fawn colors. As we remarked upon it, one of the workmen stepped forward, and, showing us a piece of calico of different shades of *red*, said that was the appearance when it was finished. And then we learned, to our surprise, that all these goods are submitted, after the printing, to an acid, which brings out the colors, and in some cases, as in the one before us, entirely different ones from those which appear in the printing. One of our party wore a new dress, of a thin woollen material. As she passed, one of the workmen observed to a gentleman in our company, "That lady's dress came from these mills." He recognized the pattern; and we were not a little amused by the incident.

From this apartment we passed to the drying-room,—an immense hall, of perhaps a hundred feet in length, and twenty or thirty feet in width and height. The roof of

the room is composed of slats, looking not unlike the lathing of a room before it is plastered. Over these slats, hung, from the ceiling to the floor, the calicoes and muslins, drying. Avenues were thus formed, the whole length of the room, by innumerable yards of cloth hanging on each side. When these are sufficiently dry, they are taken down, by men who stand on a little platform, and hung from and movable on the *beams* — not the slats — of the ceiling. By taking hold of the slats, they propel themselves along with sufficient speed for their purpose. In this room, we saw a young girl at work with her paint-brush and colors, whose business it is to retouch, in the woollen fabrics, those places which may by accident have been imperfectly printed.

The steam-room came next. This is used only for woollens, and contains a large closet, or rather cabinet; for it occupies the whole centre of the apartment. In this closet the goods are enclosed, and exposed to the action of the steam, until the harshness which the dye may have communicated to the wool is removed. This room was so warm that we left it as soon as possible, and passed to the next.

Here we found great tubs of starch, and boys engaged in dipping the muslins into them and drawing them out. Such heaps of wet goods it was never our fortune to see before. The ironing is quite a pretty sight. The cloth merely passes under hot cylinders, which a girl tends, in order to be sure that the cloth is not wrinkled in passing beneath them. Another machine is so arranged as to give them a last and thorough drying; and it is very pretty to see eight or ten differently colored fabrics all rolling slowly over a high cylinder, and folding themselves, as the machine moved backwards and forwards, like harmless snakes. In another part of the room, two boys, of nine or ten years of

age, were engaged with a sewing-machine in piecing together the cloth which had been torn.

We went now to the packing-room. Here we saw the cloth measured, folded, and the pieces placed in a huge hydrostatic press, in order, we suppose, to compress them, and make them occupy as little room as possible when packed. Pieces of all colors and materials were here piled in every direction. It resembled a wholesale store on a very extensive scale. At one end, men were filling and marking huge wooden boxes, and then nailing them up.

In a small apartment, we saw a girl, whose only business it is to print the gilt stamps which are put on the goods.

We were then shown the hall where, every week during the winter, a free lecture is delivered to such of the operatives as choose to attend. It is a fine large apartment, furnished with settees, and with a small desk for the speaker. The windows are large, and reach from the top nearly to the bottom of the room. Between them, at about half the height of the room, neat mottoes are placed, such as "Temperance," "Justice," and many others. We were told that these lectures are well attended, and that a large library is also used by the operatives with pleasure and profit.

One thing that particularly struck us, both here and at the duck-mill, was the intelligence in the countenance of the operatives. In no single instance did we observe the heavy and mechanical movements of the body, resulting from a mind that is deadened by inaction. Every man, woman, and child seemed to understand how the particular machine worked of which he had charge, and to be eager to give all the information in his power. The salaries of those engaged in engraving are very high,—as high as those paid to intelligent labor of any kind; higher than is often paid to teachers of our schools in the country. We

hope our readers will have the opportunity, as we are sure they will have the inclination, to visit for themselves these or similar manufactoryes.

EDITOR.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

THE Chinese farmer belongs to a privileged class of the population in China. In importance and honor, he is next to the mandarin and the man of letters; and, from the remotest antiquity, his avocation has been styled "the grand science of the citizen and of the prince." The great maxim of the government has been, that agriculture is the true source of national prosperity and wealth; and, keeping this principle in view, they have, in practice, afforded every possible encouragement and security to the cultivators of the soil. Even the emperor himself, "the son of heaven," thinks it not beneath him, once a year, to be a tiller of the ground: for, on the arrival of spring-time, he repairs in splendid pomp to a piece of land marked out for the purpose, attended by his suite of officers; and after prostrating himself on the ground nine times, in a prayer prepared by the court of ceremonies he invokes the benediction of Tien, the God of heaven, on the industry of himself and of his subjects. Then, as the high priest of the empire, he sacrifices a bullock; during the offering of which, a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen and richly ornamented, is brought to the emperor, who, throwing aside the robes of majesty, puts his hand to the plough, and, in the presence of his princes, mandarins, and peasantry, opens up a few ridges of land, and casts in the first seed of the season;

a ceremony which is performed on the same day by the viceroys of the different provinces throughout the kingdom.

Perhaps two-thirds of the inhabitants of China are employed in the manual labors of the field; and, without exaggeration, they may be spoken of as the happiest and the most independent of the nation: for, although they pay to the amount of a tenth annually to the emperor, they have neither priesthood nor poor to support,—unless the poor of their own families, for whom all classes are bound to provide. The monarch is the universal emperor of the soil; and the tithe exacted from it is the whole rent paid by the farmer. But though the cultivator is thus, in a manner, tenant-at-will, he is never disturbed in his possession so long as he continues to pay his land-tax; and he has the power of letting out any part, or the whole, if he please, to another. By this means, the lands are almost equally divided among the growers of grain; and there are no immense farmers or monopolizers of produce, who can command the market, while they exclude others of less capital and enterprise. Of the extent of land brought under culture, it is impossible for us to speak with precision; but, from the latest census published by order of the government, it appears that there are about six hundred and forty millions five hundred and seventy-six thousand three hundred and eighty-one English acres under proper tillage, the greatest part of which is devoted to the production of food for man alone. In China, the natives make no use of butter or cheese, and very seldom of milk: the principal animal food is pork, which is generally home-fed. They have few horses for travelling, pomp, or war; and the only cattle they keep are such as are needed in husbandry. Hence there are no grazing-farms, no meadows, and very little pasture; while every acre of

ground capable of cultivation is turned up by the spade or plough, in order to afford sustenance for the teeming inhabitants. A common is quite unusual throughout the eastern half of China; while parks and pleasure-grounds are proportionably scarce, as the anxiety to satisfy the appetite prevails over the desire for amusement. Against the eating of beef the Chinese have a strong prejudice,—not so much on account of religious scruples as because oxen are used in husbandry; and they think it a shame, after a poor animal has been laboring all his life in their service, to cut him to pieces at last, and then to feed upon his flesh, and make shoes of his hide!

The great staple article of food is rice, of which there are two crops annually; but besides this, in some districts, the Chinese agriculturist cultivates barley, maize, millet, wheat, pease, beans, and other garden vegetables not indigenous to Europe. In the culture of the first-mentioned article, which is their staff of life, the growers display great industry and ingenuity in their system of irrigation and their economy of the water, which is indispensable to its produce.

Besides their canals and artificial rivulets, which intersect every part of the empire, they dig reservoirs to catch the rain, or the water that may descend from the upper lands; and this they distribute by means of wheels, levers, chain-pumps, swinging-buckets, and by other hydraulic machines, worked by the hands or feet, and sometimes by a buffalo. On their implements of husbandry much praise cannot be expended. The plough is very simple in structure, and is inferior to the worst of ours fifty years ago. Even their best plough does not turn up the earth to the depth of more than six inches, so that new soil is never reached; and, being worn out, the mould requires the addition of an immense quantity of manure, in the procur-

ing of which the Chinese are astonishingly industrious: for, among this extraordinary people, even the hair of the human head and the shaving of the beard are collected, and preserved for the purposes of agriculture. Every barber — a numerous body in China, where, all the head being shaved except a lock behind, few men have dexterity enough to shave themselves, — is always provided with a small bag, in which he carefully deposits the locks and shavings he cuts off, which are, indeed, considered excellent manure. According to the missionaries, they cut off the bristles of their swine, and even shave them, as their hair is esteemed most valuable for giving strength and vigor to their rice-lands. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

THE CUTTLE-FISH.—The noise of this fish, on being dragged out of the water, resembles the grunting of a hog. When the male is pursued by the sea-wolf, or other ravenous fish, he shuns the danger by stratagem: he squirts his black liquor, sometimes to the quantity of a drachm, by which the water becomes black as ink, under shelter of which he baffles the pursuit of his enemy. This ink, or black liquor, is reserved in a particular gland. It may serve either for writing or printing; in the former of which ways, the Romans used it. It is said to be a principal ingredient in the composition of India ink, mixed with rice.

SUNSHINE BEHIND CLOUDS.

(Concluded from p. 73.)

HOPE followed the gentlemen to the outer door. "I may stay, papa?"

"Yes, till I come again in the evening. Don't let any thing touch Amy's foot; and on no account let the bandages be moved."

"No, papa. Would you please ask Dr. Grey what he meant by shaking his head so sadly when you said the worst was over?"

Dr. Grey turned round. "Miss Lindsay is very observant," he said, with a grave smile.

"But you surely don't imagine," said Dr. Lindsay, hastily, "that this accident is going to prove fatal?"

"No,—at least, not immediately. If she were my child, I would almost prefer that it should. I fear there is an injury to the spine, which will cause permanent deformity and continual suffering. But I may be mistaken: Heaven grant I am! No need of cautioning your daughter to silence, I know. Good-by!"

Dr. Lindsay was constant in his attendance; Dr. Grey came in often: but nothing was said about their fears for some time. Amy's bruises were well; her foot had gradually become less painful; and she had begun to talk happily with Hope of the walks they would take when it was quite well. One morning, as she lay upon the sofa, with Hope by her side, the two physicians entered together, and Amy looked up with a bright smile of welcome.

"All going on well here," said Dr. Grey, after examining the foot. "And now, my child, how is it about the pain in your back, that you told me of? Is it better?"

"I hardly know: sometimes I think it is, and then it is worse again. I feel no pain anywhere else now."

"Suppose you let me touch the spot, my dear. Near the shoulder, is it?"

Amy submitted quietly to the examination; at the close of which, a significant glance was exchanged between the gentlemen. Hope, who was earnestly watching their countenances, read in them the confirmation of the surgeon's fears; and Amy, whose eyes had unconsciously rested on her friend's face, was startled at its sudden change of expression.

"What is it, Hope?" she asked. "What troubles you so?" Then, turning her head, and meeting Dr. Grey's compassionate look, a new thought occurred to her. "Is Hope troubled on my account?" she said to him. "May I know what it is?"

"Miss Lindsay has a tell-tale face, I am afraid," he answered; "but I will tell you what you wish to know. This pain is what neither I nor any other physician can cure: your fall injured the spine, and this is the result. Can you make up your mind, my poor child, to endure years of suffering?"

Poor Amy covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled through the slender fingers. "Shall I never, never, be able to go out any more?" she said, at last.

"Yes, I think you may. I do not suppose the pain will be continual, or always severe; and, as your strength returns, you will have less of it. But, my dear child, there are trials harder to endure even than physical pain,—especially for the young and beautiful. Should such come to you, try to submit patiently."

Amy looked bewildered; then, as a perception of his meaning dawned upon her, she said, in a faltering voice,

"I will try. Only don't tell my mother : she will find it out soon enough."

The kind surgeon saw, by the quivering lip and closed eyes, that it was only by a great effort Amy could restrain her emotion ; and he immediately took his leave, with Dr. Lindsay, promising to call again soon. Hope would have remained to try to comfort her ; but Amy begged her not. "I want to be alone, Hope, a little while, — all alone." And Hope, whose tears had been falling for some time, kissed her friend silently, and left the room.

Dr. Grey's predictions were not entirely fulfilled : the change in Amy's figure was less great than he had feared, and the pain gradually diminished. But her constitution, always delicate, had received a shock from which it could not recover ; and, after a time, it became evident that she was slowly, though not the less surely, fading away from earth. She was able to go from room to room, or into the garden, with the help of a crutch or of some friend's arm ; she rode out frequently, and enjoyed her rides : but the delicate rose-tinge on her cheek grew fainter, and her slight form thinner, from week to week.

She had returned one afternoon from a ride with Dr. Lindsay, and, reclining on a couch by the western window, was watching the sunset. "I shall lose my ride to-morrow," she said, turning with a smile to her mother. "See how the clouds gather. It will rain before morning."

"Clouds again, Amy ? There have been too many already in your young life. Must there always be clouds ?"

"What matter, mother dear, if the sun still shines behind them ?" answered Amy, with a look of perfect serenity. "My childish faith comforts me still ; and the consolation is greater than when I thought only of rainy

days and my delayed pleasures. O mother! I cannot tell you how I love to think of it. I am sure that God afflicts only in love; and, when the trials have done their work, they will pass away. I am not afraid to trust his love,—are you, mother?"

Mrs. Thurston sighed. "No, Amy: but this is a cloud that will never pass away. Your Uncle Lindsay has acknowledged as much to me."

"Dr. Grey told *me* so months ago, dear mother. May I say something to you,—something I have only known certainly for a few hours? Don't be troubled because this cloud cannot pass away from me: I am passing away myself from all the clouds; going up above them, dear mother, where clouds cannot come. Don't cry! pray, don't!" for Mrs. Thurston was sobbing in agony. "I made Uncle Lindsay tell me to-day; and I promised to tell you myself: but I cannot bear to see you weep so. Mother! dearest mother!"

Amy threw her arms around her mother's neck, weeping herself, for sympathy. She had accustomed herself to think of death as at no great distance, and the thought had lost any terror that it might have had at first: but her mother's grief distressed her; and Mrs. Thurston, for her daughter's sake, endeavored to control herself. The conversation thus begun was often renewed, until the sweet peace and resignation of Amy's young spirit stole into the mother's heart also, and the eye of faith began to see the sun shining, even through these darkest clouds.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, at the close of service, nearly a year from the time of the accident, that loving friends and schoolmates followed all that was mortal of Amy Thurston to the grave. Though in May, the day had been as variable as April; and, though only one slight shower had fallen during the day, the gathering clouds had

often threatened others. The group of friends stood in silence while the clergyman said a few solemn words of counsel and sympathy ; and then Hope, who stood by her father's side holding her little sister by the hand, begged to look once more at Amy. Dr. Lindsay stepped forward and raised the lid ; and, as he did so, a sudden gush of sunlight, breaking through the clouds, lighted up the pale, calm face with an almost angelic radiance. Hope bent down to gaze for the last time upon her friend ; and little Grace, pressing close to her sister, whispered, " Did papa's opening that cover bring the sunshine back ? "

Hope smiled at the child's question, thinking within herself that Amy's presence had ever been like sunshine ; but she turned silently away, and followed her father, who had led Mrs. Thurston to the carriage.

Amy had been humble and unpretending in her quiet home ; but she had not been without influence, and that influence lived after her. Beloved by all who knew her, no touch of sadness lingered in their remembrance of her. Her childlike faith, her gentle and cheerful submission to all trials, were a lesson to others ; and Hope Lindsay was not the only one, who, cherishing Amy's memory, adopted her favorite motto, and learned to look for "sunshine behind the clouds."

A. A.

LACE-BARK TREE.—In the West Indies is found a tree, the inner bark of which resembles lace, or network. This bark is very beautiful, consisting of layers, which may be pulled out into a fine white web, three or four feet wide. It is sometimes used for ladies' dresses.

THE SOLDIER-CRAB.

EVERY one almost knows something about the habits of the soldier-crab. He is not furnished with a complete shell of his own by nature. A portion only of his body is covered with a shell. So he jumps into an empty one, and uses it as his own. But this fact is not the only interesting one connected with his habits ; and I must tell you something else about him, which I think you have never heard, as it has recently been brought to light. I get my information from a work, lately published in England, on the wonders of the ocean.

The soldier-crab has generally a fellow-lodger inside ; while the roof of his dwelling, the spire of the shell, is often the chosen abode of a species of the anemone. This extraordinary creature is a parasite, although it has been known to exercise some choice in selecting its site. When displaced from a shell, it will plant itself on a stone by means of its suckers ; but, of its own good-will, it would always get upon the roof of another individual's wagon, and so enjoy the pleasure of being carried. The anemone resembles a tall, thick pillar, surmounted by a fringe of tentacles, that wave gallantly at every motion of the crab. The companion who dwells inside with the soldier is a worm. But I will allow our naturalist to introduce him : " While I was feeding one of my soldiers, by giving him a fragment of cooked meat, which he, having seized with one claw, had transferred to the foot-jaws, and was munching, I saw protrude, from between the body of the crab and the whelk-shell, the head of a beautiful worm, called the *Nereis*, which rapidly glided out round the crab's right cheek, and, passing between the upper and lower foot-jaws, seized the morsel of food, and, retreating, forcibly dragged it from

the crab's very mouth. I beheld this with amazement; admiring that, though the crab sought to recover his hold, he manifested not the least sign of anger at the actions of the worm. I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing this scene enacted over again: indeed, on every occasion that I fed the crab and watched its eating, the worm appeared after a few moments; aware probably, by the vibrations of its huge fellow-tenant's body, that feeding was going on. The mode and the place of the worm's appearance were the same in every case, and it invariably glided to the crab's mouth between the two left foot-jaws. I was surprised to observe what a cavern opened beneath the pointed head of the worm when it seized the morsel, and with what force comparatively large pieces were torn off and swallowed, and how firmly the throat-jaws held the piece when it would not yield. Occasionally, it was dragged quite away from the crab's jaws, and quickly carried into the recesses of the shell. Sometimes, in this case, he put in one of his claws, and recovered his morsel; at others, he gave a sudden start at missing his grasp, which frightened the worm, and made it let go and retreat: but sometimes the latter made good his forray, and enjoyed his plunder in secret." — *Youth's Cabinet.*

CODFISHING.

ONE of the most serviceable creatures for the use of man is the codfish. When fresh, it is most excellent food; when dried and salted, it is in great demand all over the world. Its tongue and swimming-bladder, called "sounds," is a favorite dish on our tables. From the liver, oil is extracted, which, in an impure state, is used for burning:

more carefully prepared, it makes the "cod-liver oil," — a medicine of healing power, now in extensive use. The Norwegians and Icelanders pound up the backbones and other refuse parts to feed their dogs and cows upon.

The great fishing-grounds of the cod are on the Grand Banks, off Newfoundland, and along the coast of Labrador, where, in the height of the fishing-season, there are *between six and seven thousand vessels* engaged in the business, — American, English, French, Dutch, and Spanish; and it is estimated that forty millions of fish are taken annually. The fishermen on the bank-fisheries cut off their heads, open them, sprinkle them with salt, and throw them into the hold to bring them home to cure. Those who fish on the Labrador coast make a much longer stay; for they land and dry them on the rocks, or on flakes erected for that purpose. These are generally carried to a foreign market.

The fishing season begins in March, and ends in June. At that time, the sea is alive with fish. Besides the cod, there are vast shoals of other fish, who follow to prey upon them; and, when we think of the wholesale slaughter to which they are exposed, one might fear that the species would die out: but such fears are quieted by the fact that one female lays nine million of eggs, affording a plenty for all the risks which the cod is supposed to run from man or his briny neighbors.

The fishing-business is one of excitement and exposure; for the weather on the banks is cold, foggy, and stormy: but there are brave hearts and stout arms for all the perils and hardships of life; and it is not so much *where* we are, as *what* we are, for fulfilling the great end of life. "The noblest man and the best Christian I ever saw was a bank-fisherman, God bless him!" said a rich merchant to me one day. — *Child's Paper.*

THE RACCOON.

THIS animal is peculiar to America. He resembles the bear, but is much smaller, and more elegantly formed. He is an active and lively animal; an excellent climber of trees, in which the sharpness of his claws greatly aids him; and he will even venture to the extremity of slender branches. He is a good-tempered animal, and, consequently, easily tamed; but his habit of prying into everything renders him rather troublesome: for he is in constant motion, and examining every object within his reach. He generally sits on his hinder parts when feeding, conveying all his food to his mouth with his fore-paws. He will eat almost every kind of food, but is particularly fond of sweet-meats; and will indulge in spirituous liquors, even to drunkenness. He feeds chiefly at night, in a wild state, and sleeps during the day.

Brickell gives an interesting account, in his "History of North Carolina," of the cunning manifested by the raccoon in pursuit of its prey. "It is fond of crabs, and, when in quest of them, will take its station by a swamp, and hang its tail over into the water, which the crabs mistake for food, and lay hold of it. As soon as the raccoon feels them pinch, it pulls up its tail with a sudden jerk; and they generally quit their hold upon being removed from the water. The raccoon instantly seizes the crabs in its mouth, removes them to a distance from the water, and greedily devours its prey. It is very careful how it takes them up, which it always does from behind, holding them transversely, in order to prevent their catching its mouth with their nippers."

When enraged, or desirous of attacking a person, the raccoon advances with arched back and bristling hair, and

with its chin or under jaw close to the ground, uttering gruff sounds of displeasure. If once injured, it seldom forgives its enemy. On one occasion, a servant struck a tame raccoon with a whip. In vain did he afterwards attempt a reconciliation: neither eggs, nor food most coveted by the animal, availed in pacifying it. At his approach, it flew into a sort of fury: it darted at him with sparkling eyes, uttering loud cries. Its accents of anger were very singular: sometimes one might fancy them the whistling of the curlew; at others, the hoarse bark of an old dog. If any one beat it, it opposed no resistance: it concealed its head and its paws, like the hedge-hog, by rolling itself into a ball. In this position it would suffer death. When its chain broke, it would allow no one to approach it; and it was with great difficulty refettered.—*Forrester's Magazine.*

INSTINCT OF THE HARE.

THE hare, when it hears the hounds at a distance, flies for some time through a natural impulse, without managing its strength, or consulting any other means but speed for its safety. Having attained some hill or rising ground, and left the dogs so far behind that it no longer hears their cries, it stops, rears on its hinder legs, and at length looks back to see if it has not lost its pursuers. But these, having once fallen upon the scent, pursue slowly, and with united skill; and the poor animal soon again hears the fatal tidings of their approach. Sometimes, when sore hunted, it will start a fresh hare, and squat in the same form; sometimes it will creep under the door of a sheepcot, and hide among the sheep; sometimes it will run

among them, and no vigilance can drive it from the flock; some will enter holes, like the rabbit, which hunters call going to *vault*; some will go up one side of the hedge, and come down the other. It has been known that a hare, sorely hunted, has got upon the top of a quick-set hedge, and run a good way thereon, by which it has effectually evaded the hounds. It is no unusual thing also for them to betake themselves to furze-bushes, and to leap from one to another, by which the dogs are frequently misled. However, the first doubling a hare makes is generally a key to all its future attempts of that kind; the latter being exactly like the former. The young hares tread heavier, and leave a stronger scent than the old, because their limbs are weaker; and, the more this forlorn creature tires, the heavier it treads, and the stronger is the scent it leaves. A buck, or male hare, is known by its choosing to run upon hard highways, feeding further from the wood-sides, and making its doubling a greater compass, than the female. The male, having made a turn or two about its form, frequently leads the hounds five or six miles on a stretch; but the female keeps close by some covert side, turns, crosses, and winds among the bushes like a rabbit, and seldom runs directly forward. In general, however, both male and female regulate their conduct according to the weather. In a moist day, they hold by the highways more than at any other time, because the scent is then strongest upon the grass. If they come to the side of a grove or spring, they forbear to enter, but squat down by the side thereof until the hounds have overshot them; and then, turning along their former path, make to their old form, from which they vainly hope for protection.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

THE TWO NEVER-MINDS; OR, AUNT MARY'S STORY.

It was a rainy day. No hope of clearing away shone from the thick, dark masses of clouds that hung in the sky; and none came from the old weather-vane that stood resolutely pointed towards the east. It did really seem too bad. It was all the more so since the day was a holiday, and Cousin Grace, from the city, had come the night before to spend it with us. The morning had proved tolerable, spent in the barn: but we were all tired of the barn; and the dolls did not behave as they ought. What should we do? We wandered discontentedly through the house, and, hearing a voice in Aunt Mary's room, paused to listen. There she sat, not far from the open window, listening to the drip of the rain on the leaves, which had annoyed us so much. Her knitting was in her hand; and she was repeating —

“ He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth.”

She heard our footsteps, and, turning round, smilingly asked us to come in. “ You don't like the rain, children,” she said: “ it has spoiled your plans. Now, I enjoy it very much. Perhaps you will when you reach my age. I wonder if I can do any thing for you.”

“ O Aunt Mary! ” cried Grace and little sister Hepsa in a breath, “ if you would *only* tell us a story! ”

“ That I will do, if you will give me time to collect my thoughts.” And presently Aunt Mary began as follows: —

“ When I was thirteen or fourteen years old, my father and mother were obliged to take a journey. They did

not wish to leave me at home ; and so I was sent to Uncle Nathan Nevermind's to make a visit until their return. Uncle Nevermind lived nearer the city than we did, in a large town of perhaps ten thousand inhabitants. To me it was quite a city.

" My uncle had two daughters, — one a year older, and the other a year younger, than myself. The moment I saw them, I made up my mind that I should like best Hepsa, the younger. She looked very merry and good-natured ; although I cannot say that her appearance was very tidy : for, when my father and mother and I went into the sitting-room, she came forward to speak to us with her shoes down at heel, her dress hooked so that one side was higher than the other, and her hair had not certainly had a visit from either brush or comb since early morning.

" Eunice, my other cousin, would have been more attractive to most persons. She had a pleasant though not a roguish face, and was very neatly dressed. I think she looked neater from contrast with Hepsa. She seemed to be ashamed of Hepsa's disorderly appearance ; and I observed her, when she thought no one was looking, reforming the disagreement between the two sides of Hepsa's dress.

" ' Come, Cousin Mary,' cried Hepsa, as soon as my father and mother had gone, and I was beginning to feel like a stranger in a strange place, — ' come, Cousin Mary, and see our rooms. I wanted you to sleep with me, and so did Eunice ; but mother said you might try us both a week, and then decide. Eunice gave me my turn first ; and I know you will want to be in my room always, because Eunice, though the dearest sister in the world, is, between you and me, a little bit of an old maid.'

" Certainly it was no old maid that inhabited the apart-

ment whose door Hepsa now flung open. The wash-basin was in a *chair*; the pitcher on the mahogany bureau, with a pool of water at its base; some soiled clothing lay in the middle of the room; the closet-floor was garnished by heaps of old shoes; and, while the mantel-piece held the comb and brush, the bed was strewn with dresses, which had been pulled from the pegs in the closet, and not replaced.

"It looks rather crazy here, Mary. But never mind: this is a place where you can do just as you please. I'll clear up a little, so that you may have a place to put your things."

"The clearing-up consisted in kicking the shoes farther into the corner of the closet, giving me room for a similar heap if I chose to make it, and hanging two or three dresses, often a soiled one over a clean one, on the same peg, that I might be accommodated. I shall not try to tell you how she rummaged and thrust away, in order to give up to me one of the drawers in her bureau. She never thought of replacing pitcher and basin; but, when I had occasion to use them, she cried,—

"Oh! I used up the last drop of water this morning, trying to make my hair look decent." And, seizing the pitcher, away she ran with it to the kitchen, and soon returned with the water.

"Is that the bell to wake us up?" I asked of Hepsa, the next morning, as I heard one rung at the foot of the stairs.

"Yes," answered Hepsa, in a sleepy tone: "but never mind; there's time enough. I'm going to have another nap."

"I rose immediately, and was nearly dressed, when a gentle tap was heard on the door. I opened it; and there stood Eunice. 'Why, Cousin Mary, are you up already?'

she said, in a tone expressive of much pleasure. ‘Mother sent me to call Hepsa, and to tell you, that, if you were tired, you must lie still, and get some more rest. Come, sister,’ she added, going towards the bed, and taking Hepsa by the hand: ‘are you not ashamed to let Mary be so much more active than you?’

“After a few moments spent in trying to rouse her sister, Eunice left the room; and, in about five minutes more, a bell rang.

“‘Oh, dear!’ yawned Hepsa, springing up; ‘what shall I do? That’s the bell for prayers; and I know I shan’t be dressed till they are all through; and father will be so angry! Wait a minute, Mary dear, there’s a good child.’ And Hepsa began to dress.

“‘You’ve no white skirt on,’ I cried, as she put a muslin dress over a dark petticoat.

“‘Oh, never mind trifles now!’ she cried; and, *after* her dress was on, she ran to the stand to wash. ‘I can’t find my tooth-brush,’ she exclaimed. ‘Never mind, I can do without it for once.’ And so, half washed, half combed, and her clothes literally *flung* on, Hepsa descended to the dining-room. Do you wonder that her father drew back a little when she offered him her morning kiss?

“‘It is almost school-time, Hepsa,—it wants only a quarter to nine; and I am going,’ said Eunice, looking into Hepsa’s room as she passed.

“‘Never mind if it is,’ responded Hepsa: ‘I am going to finish what I am telling Mary.’ Just as she finished, the school-bell, at five minutes before nine, began to ring; and Hepsa started up,—

“‘There! I must go.’

“‘But your dark skirt, Hepsa; and your spencer is all torn!’ I exclaimed, in dismay.

“‘Oh, never mind, Mary! I hope I shan’t meet mo-

ther anywhere ; for she will send me back to change my dress, and won't give me an excuse for tardiness.'

"How it fared with Hepsa in school, I will not pretend to say. I only know, that, out of school, one day was a fair sample of all the rest. 'Never mind' seemed to be her watchword, her motto. She made it an excuse for carelessness, for slatternliness, for negligence in every form ; and nothing appeared to her so great a hardship as to be obliged to conform, in any particular, to habits of neatness and order.

"One morning, when the girls were at school, my aunt said to me, 'You have noticed, of course, Mary, how disorderly and careless Hepsa is ; and perhaps you wonder that we do not reprove her for these faults. The truth is, that we have tried reproof and correction of every kind, without the slightest effect ; and now we are making an experiment. We let her go on just as she chooses in these respects, thinking that she cannot fail to meet with some mortifying circumstance, which shall open her eyes to the extent of the evil, and shall make her set seriously about correcting it. I do not believe you will be sorry to move into Eunice's room to-morrow.'

"And indeed I was very glad to make the change. Two or three times, articles of mine had fallen into the confused mass of Hepsa's possessions ; and then she disliked very much to look for them ; and I, of course, could not do this myself. Then, too, it was very distasteful to me to share such an ill-arranged, disorderly apartment.

"'Why, Cousin Eunice,' I exclaimed, 'your room is a great deal larger than Hepsa's !'

"'Oh, no, Mary ! they are of precisely the same size. But neither mother nor I can convince Hepsa that she would have more room if she were to put her bed in the same position as mine.'

"What a comfort it was to dress and undress in Eunice's neat chamber! Every thing was in its proper place. A bag, nailed to the inside of the closet door, and nicely constructed of little pockets, contained her shoes; and she produced another, which she lent me for mine. She afforded me two or three drawers; for her clothes, being smoothly folded, did not require half a dozen drawers to contain what was easily compressed into three.

"Now I must tell you, that, among my faults, I had that of making mountains out of molehills: not an uncommon one among children; but one that will result in much unhappiness, if not corrected. It so happened, that, on the first night of my removal to Eunice's room, in shutting a drawer, I jammed my finger. The pain was quite severe for a few minutes; and I began to make a very unnecessary crying and noise.

"'Oh, never mind, Mary!' said Eunice. 'Here is some arnica to bathe your finger. Do you know, that, when I jam my fingers, I always think of those horrible thumbkins that were invented by the Inquisition to torture people.' As I had never heard of the thumbkins, I was soon interested in Eunice's description of them, and forgot entirely my own injury.

"Several days passed by, every new one confirming the satisfaction I felt in my new quarters. One day, my aunt gave some sewing to us all. 'Oh, dear!' I cried, 'see my stint! I never can get so much done. I am sure my mother would not have given you such a long seam, if you had been staying with us.'—'Never mind,' said Hepsa, 'you can whisk it off fast enough.' (I thought it *was* 'never-mind' sewing, when I saw it a few hours after.)

"'Never mind,' said Eunice. 'Don't be troubled about the length. Don't think of it at all, and the work will be done before you know it.' And then Eunice measured

her work with mine ; and we were so interested to find who would do it the most quickly and neatly, that it was done before I could have thought I could accomplish half. A few days after this, Eunice, Hepsa, and I were going to make a visit to an observatory near. As we stood at the door, equipped for our walk, my aunt came towards us, and said, —

“ ‘ I can’t let both my daughters go to walk : for Mrs. Carey has sent me word that she is coming here to tea ; and I gave Bridget leave to go and see her mother, and she set out an hour ago. One of you will be obliged to stay, and attend a little to domestic matters ; for it will not be polite in me to leave my visitor.’ ”

“ I knew that Hepsa liked to bustle round, to get tea, and to set the table, as much as Eunice disliked to do these things, and expected, of course, that she would remain at home. There was a moment’s pause ; and then Eunice, finding that Hepsa was not inclined to give up her walk, said, ‘ Never mind, girls. Go without me. You will want to go again, I know ; and then I can go with you.’ ”

“ I began seriously to think on the ‘ never-mind ’ that was used by my two cousins in such different ways. Eunice’s was never mind *me*. It was an unselfish never-mind. It bade her not to vex herself about trifles, or to grumble about what could not be helped. Hepsa’s was ‘ never-mind ’ duty. It suffered her to yield to the most frivolous temptations ; and carelessness and negligence characterized her whole life.

“ My visit at my uncle’s was productive of much good to me. Whenever I was tempted to be self-indulgent, I thought of Cousin Hepsa’s ‘ never-mind ; ’ and when I began to fret and be troubled about little things, or to be selfish, I remembered Cousin Eunice’s. Whenever, now, I see any of my little nieces careless or selfish or disorderly or

fretful, I think, ‘She ought to make a visit at Uncle Never-mind’s.’”

“I like that story very much, Aunt Mary,” cried Grace.

“And I!” “And I!” exclaimed Hepsa and myself. “I think,” said Grace, “that ‘The Two Never-minds’ would be a good motto; and I mean to put it up on my chamber-wall at home.”

“So will we,” said my sister and I; and away we went in search of pen, ink, and paper for our purpose. And when the mottoes had been written, and ours fastened to the wall, the tea-bell rang. The rainy afternoon was at an end.

EDITOR.

A TALK ABOUT SPIDERS.

SPIDERS differ in their internal structure and outside form from insects proper. Their feet are always eight in number, instead of six, as in other insects; their eyes are eight, and sometimes, but very rarely, six. These eyes are not movable, as the eyes of animals generally, but firmly fixed. The nature and number of the eyes of a spider teach us a beautiful lesson. The eyes not being movable, more than two are required, or the spider would not be able to see as easily as other animals. The difference in the *quality* of the eyes is made up in the *quantity*. Nature is always true to herself, because the God who made nature is an all-wise Being; and we see the marks of his wisdom in such little things as the eyes of a poor little despised spider.

Spiders are noted for the webs they spin; and I will

inform my little curious friends how this is done. Spiders are provided with organs at the hinder part of the body, for the purpose of spinning a delicate silk thread. With these organs, which are called *spinnerets*, they spin their webs. The web does not issue from these spinnerets in one thread. If we look at the spinnerets through a microscope, we shall see them studded with regular rows of minute, hair-like points ; and those are so small, that there are about a thousand on each spinneret. Every little hair is a tube, through which the substance which forms the thread is pressed. After leaving the fine hair tubes, all the little threads unite in one. All this, again, is most wisely ordained ; as, by this means, the thread formed out of all the little ones is much stronger, dries quicker, and is more easily attached to the desired object in making the web. As it is computed that each spinneret has about one thousand apertures, or holes, and as each spider has five spinnerets, each thread of the spider is made up of five thousand separate fibres. To give an idea of how very small is the thread of the full-grown insect, it has been computed that an ordinary human hair is as large as ten thousand. But there are some spider-threads smaller than these ! Young spiders begin to spin as soon as they leave the egg ; and how very fine must be the thread which is drawn from the minute apertures in the spinnerets of insects whose bulk does not equal that of a single spinneret of the mother ! A naturalist, called Leuwenhook, calculates, that, when the young spider first begins, four hundred of them are not larger than one of full growth ; and we may therefore presume that four millions of the smallest threads they spin do not exceed in bulk a single human hair.

There are several sorts of spiders, some of which we will now mention and describe. The geometric or net-working

spider is well known, as it may be seen in its web hanging on almost every bramble and bush. In making this web, the spider makes a very strong thread; and, after finding that it is strong enough, it proceeds to complete the rest of the framework. In making the net, it measures the distance with its little limbs. The web, when it is completed, is found to be beautifully proportioned. All the threads are in exact distances one from the other, as if rule and compass had been used with the greatest correctness.

One evening, I watched a small spider weaving his net. It was circular; and he worked from the centre, extending lines to the circumference, measuring the distance with his body. In forty minutes the delicate fabric was finished, for beauty and correctness defying all competition of art. I now agitated the web by blowing upon it, taking care to keep out of sight; and presently, finding the breeze stronger than calculated for, the spider proceeded to attach stay-lines from the centre to the tree, twisting and tightening with the skill of a sailor rigging a jury-mast. The net being thus made steady, he returned to his nest. The nest is generally formed like a purse, under a leaf, or in one corner, and is so connected with every line of silk, that the slightest touch or motion is instantly telegraphed from any part of the spider's dominions to the private residence of the weaver-king.

When the common house-spider purposes to form a web, she generally chooses a hole or a corner of the room. Having fixed on the spot, she attaches one end of the thread to the wall by applying her spinneret, and then passes to the other side, the thread following her as she goes along. After fixing her thread on the opposite side, she returns, and then passes to and fro, until as many threads are made as she considers necessary, when she

begins to cross them with other threads. Thus are formed the snares designed to entangle flies and other small insects. But, besides this large web, she generally weaves a small cell for herself, where she lies quiet and concealed, waiting for her prey.

Another very curious species is the mason-spider. It is generally found in the south of France. A good idea may be formed of it and its house from the accompanying picture. When the mason-spider begins to build her house, she selects a place bare of grass. She builds a gallery about a foot in depth. Sometimes it is deeper, at other times not so deep, and varying in form like those represented. She lines the little gallery with a coating of silk, which she glues to the walls. The door is circular, and bound together with threads. When the spider is at home, and the door opened by an intruder, she pulls it inward. And, even when half opened by the human hand, she sometimes snatches it fast; but, when she is foiled in this, retreats to the bottom of her den, and tries to conceal herself.

This species of the spider closes the entrance of its retreat with a door formed of particles of earth, and closely resembling the surrounding ground. This door, or rather valve, is united by a silken hinge to the entrance, at its upper side; and is so well balanced, that, when pushed up, it shuts again by its own weight. In the forests of Brazil, we once met with a most interesting little spider, which sheltered itself in the same manner. Its case was suspended in the middle of the web. Upon being disturbed, the little creature ran to it with swiftness. No sooner had it gained its retreat than the door closed, as if by a spring, and left us in silent admiration, too great to allow us to capture the ingenious little creature for our collection.

Some spiders are aquatic, or water-spiders; and they

spin a cup-like web, which answers the purpose of a diving-bell. They then go under water, and feed on the insects the water contains. They can exist several days under water; but, in summer, they generally rise two or three times in an hour for air.

The means which spiders employ to travel from one place to another are very curious. When the insect is inclined to change its situation, it hangs itself by a thread, and, turning itself toward the wind, shoots out other threads from behind, which are carried about by the passing breeze until they take hold of some object. When the spider finds that the webs have attached themselves, which it learns by pulling the threads with its feet, it uses them as bridges to pass to the place where the threads are fixed. It has been a matter of wonder to most people how spiders could throw these threads over roads or rivers, or from tree to tree; but the thing is easily explained when we consider how easily the little insect can make its silken thread, how very light it is, and with what ease it can be wafted by the breeze. If we fasten a stick upright in the centre of a pan of water, so that it be quite isolated, a gossamer spider, placed upon the stick, will be enabled to escape dry-footed, by shooting off a line to some distant tree or wall, and, by this, crossing the water in safety. These serial threads some have believed to be directed by electricity, or, like the quills from the porcupine, by muscular action; others entertain the more modern belief, that the gossamer is borne upon the air until it touches some object, which, from its glutinous nature, it adheres to. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

E M I L Y.

IN the spring after my disappointment with Henrietta Carlisle, I caught myself often sighing, amid the beauty that surrounded us, to think that, among the many who were doomed to city life, with tastes, and perhaps absolute cravings, for the country, I did not know some young person who would thankfully accept an invitation to pass the summer with us. I did not care much about it on my own account; for I am too much of a busybody to be very dependent on the society of anybody but my husband, though I do like young folks. But it seemed to me too bad that we should have so much enjoyment all to ourselves: there was enough to share with many; and I felt as if it were selfish not to make some exertion, or even some sacrifice, for the purpose.

The fancy grew into a conviction of duty; so my indulgent husband laid down his pruning-knife one day, and took up the pen. He wrote to a cousin of his, a clergyman in Philadelphia; told him exactly how we were situated, and what we should like to do. In a fortnight we had an answer. He said that in his parish there was a family who had been wealthy, had used their prosperity wisely and well, but were now in straitened circumstances. The second daughter had been one of the teachers in a large city boarding-school for the last year: but she was now much out of health, needing only, as he thought, rest and change of air; and he felt sure, from an intimate acquaintance, that she would never make us regret having extended our hospitality to her.

Nothing could have promised better. An invitation to Miss Emily Vaughan was despatched at once through our

reverend cousin. It was promptly accepted; and we took a first and favorable impression of the young lady from the very wording of her letter. It was short and simple, but gracefully indicated her sense of an unexpected and timely kindness. Very sagacious, however, through my former experience, I determined to defy the malice of disappointment by expecting nothing. What literary lady was it — Miss Carter, I think — who wrote an ode to Disappointment? I could not do that, even were I a poet. I fully believe disappointments are “sent for our good,” as we are told, and would not refuse my share of them if I could; but my heart shrinks from them just as the top of my head does from a cold shower-bath. So I determined to have no manner of anticipations about our new guest; and, for the last fortnight before her arrival, I do not think I talked about her more than half the time, — at least, my husband said so.

She was to arrive on the 20th of June. On the 19th, it grew cloudy; the wind rose; and I kept wondering whether she would come if it should storm, and whether it would storm. And the last words I dolefully murmured before I fell asleep, as the wind whistled through the silver poplars before the door, were, “We shall not see Emily Vaughan to-morrow.”

The morning was ominous; dull masses of cloud swept on leaden wings across the heavens, and the waves had put on their white caps. Still the tempest did not come; and Mr. Temple went off in the ferry-boat with the chaise and old Gray.

The storm graciously delayed its coming. Again the pretty bedroom was aired and ready, with a bouquet of wild-flowers on the bureau, which I placed there with mingled hope and fear as to its reception. Again I sat with the spy-glass at the window in the west gable; and in

due time old Gray with the chaise came down the hill on the opposite shore ; and I even fancied there was some unusual elasticity in his gait. Remember, I have implied that I was not sentimental, but have not said that I was unimaginative.

Straight to the landing came the travellers. In an instant my husband and a slight female figure appeared at the water's edge, while the chaise was led into the boat, and then they took their seats. There were no other passengers. The sea was decidedly rough. As the boat approached the island, I could perceive that even old Gray fidgeted a little ; and Mr. Temple was patting him, while still chatting with his young companion, whose deep bonnet, turned towards him so frequently, indicated that the conversation did not languish on her side. "Sensible bonnet !" thought I ; "very proper gray travelling dress !" Then I saw them both laughing heartily when a saucy great wave dashed his feathers in their faces ; and Emily actually clapped her hands when a screaming sea-bird dived for his early dinner within a few feet of the ferry-boat. "Good signs !" thought I, as I descended to the piazza, my hopes rising fast. Hero ran, at the first sound of the chaise-wheels, to jump his welcome round old Gray's nose ; and I did not call him back.

The first glance at Emily Vaughan showed me a small, plain girl, who did not look more than sixteen, though she was in reality nearly seventeen. Her cheek was pale, evidently from ill-health, her features large, and her form somewhat bent. But, at the second glance, I saw animated, intelligent eyes, white teeth, and such an honest, warm-hearted expression, that I could discern only the good soul beaming through. I was completely at ease in a moment. A low, pleasant voice greeted me ; and, while the quietness of her manners indicated the refinement of her early asso-

ciations, there was enthusiasm in the delight she expressed with every thing about her. She had enjoyed the little voyage more than all ; and now the rose-bush at the door, glowing with half-blown buds, was not passed without an admiring comment. Hero came in, looked inquiringly into the stranger's face, liked what he discovered there, wagged his tail, was patted on the head, and a mutual friendship was instantaneously established. We went up stairs ; and, as we entered the bedroom, Emily's pleased exclamations gladdened my heart.

"How pretty ! how comfortable ! And that cast from Thorwaldsen ! Oh, Mrs. Temple, you don't know how happy it makes me to see that ! We had one in fine Parian before father failed, and it was always my delight. And that 'young Raphael' ! One just like it always hung in my chamber as long as I can remember any thing. It does seem too good for me to find these things here." And then, turning to the bureau, she seized eagerly on the wild-flowers. "Columbines and violets ! I have not seen any this long while, not for three or four years, I have been so much confined to the city in spring. Is it not late for them ?"

I explained to her that our seasons were later than those in Pennsylvania, and that I had found these by careful searching in shaded places. "It was very kind in you !" She said no more ; but something like a tear in those bright eyes showed that no token of kindness was wasted on that heart. Perhaps there was a memory, too, of the days when she had gathered the columbines for herself in the dells about her father's beautiful country-seat. He had failed, and given up all to his creditors, when she was about thirteen.

My pride — innocent pride, I trust — was gratified most of all when I threw open the blinds of her east window.

She stood for a few moments in silent surprise ; and then, putting her hands earnestly together, said softly, "I shall get well here. I thank God for such a sight!" The clouds had lifted somewhat ; and the sunshine, streaming through a break, glittered on the crested waves, and the white sails of a large schooner coming in from the broad ocean before the east wind. I had gazed from that window a hundred times, but I never enjoyed the fine view more ; for I saw it with her eyes, and my own too. I understood the perfect refreshment and delight it must afford to one capable of appreciating it, especially one to whom an ocean-view was a novelty.

But she was evidently not strong, and very weary ; so, with a little urging, she was induced to lie down. But the travelling-dress, cheap in material but nicely made, must first be hung up in the closet, and the simple toilet apparatus neatly arranged.

At dinner-time, she appeared at the first summons, with a bright smile that seemed to light up the little room appropriated to our meals. It had begun to drizzle, and it drizzled faster and faster, till it became a heavy rain, with great blasts of wind ; in short, it had evidently set in for a sturdy north-easter. We could not encourage her to hope for any thing else ; nor was there any need of it, for she seemed perfectly contented. We had an open fire-place in the parlor, and a cheerful wood-fire was soon blazing there ; and instead of groaning over the necessity of a fire in June, and running to the window every half-hour to see if the rain had abated, she produced some needlework,—I verily believe it was a set of collars for a younger brother,—and in half an hour was perfectly at home. The open wood-fire was another charming novelty ; and she thought herself most fortunate in having this opportunity of enjoying the comfort of one. Mr. Temple and

his newspaper kept us company ; and, to me, it was a very short afternoon. We talked over new books and old ones. She was not a bit pedantic, though she read Latin, French, Italian, and German, and was familiar with the best English authors ; and Mr. Temple was delighted to find somebody who could smile when he ventured a smart quotation from Horace in some jocose application. I myself am a know-nothing as to languages, though a great reader of English. But with all my favorite authors, from Spenser to Longfellow, she had more than a speaking acquaintance : for, as I afterwards found, she could have recited their finest passages for hours ; and this accomplishment she had set about acquiring, when scarcely twelve years old, for the sake of a blind friend. So it was before the dark days came upon her that she had learned to think of others. With all this literary talk, she had a number of sensible questions to put concerning the island, the "climate, productions, number of inhabitants, &c.," as the geographies say. She was much interested in a sock I was knitting, for it was an operation she had never witnessed, strange as it may seem to some of my readers ; and as the dusk came on, and still the knitting-needles worked away, glittering in the firelight, she was perfectly delighted with my promise to teach her the mighty mystery. So it was settled that she should read a little Cicero every day with Mr. Temple, and begin a pair of socks next day ; and the first pair she accomplished were to be his. She wanted to revive her Latin for the sake of her youngest brother ; for, while English teacher at Mrs. B.'s school, she had little time for her own private studies.

She professed very little skill in music, but went readily to the piano when we requested it, and charmed us, for an hour before we separated, with simple sweet ballads, to which her voice and powers of expression were well

adapted. She said she had had no piano or master for several years; but had taken every opportunity of practising a little, so that, next winter, she might teach the rudiments to her six-year-old sister, who gave promise, as she said, of an uncommon talent for music.

It was very pleasant to hear her allusions to her family; not obtrusive, but frequent enough to show how constantly and tenderly she was thinking of them. Ten o'clock came too soon for me. Henrietta Carlisle had sat up to family prayers only once during her stay with us; usually escaping to her pillow at such an early hour as to betray the irksomeness of her life. But I shall never forget the look of holy pleasure which came over the countenance of Emily Vaughan when she saw Mr. Temple opening the large family Bible. Now I was satisfied. I saw at the bottom of her heart the root of those charming qualities which had been winning us to her for several hours.

L. J. H.

(To be concluded.)

AN HOUR IN CHANCERY LANE.

DURING my visit to the city of London, nothing afforded me so much pleasure as a stroll through those localities rendered famous on account of the distinguished characters who were connected with them a long time ago. Among these localities was Chancery Lane. This is quite a short lane, a thoroughfare hardly deserving the name of street; and yet it has been the theatre of great events. I remembered it as figuring largely in thrilling events of history. It seemed to me, so familiar had I been from childhood

with its name and some of its principal objects of interest, as if I were acquainted with it before, and had only returned to it after the lapse of years, instead of visiting it then for the first time. You may be sure I was not long in London before I strolled through Chancery Lane. It so happened that this diminutive street — *streetlet* we might call it in English, imitating the Italians, who have coined a word signifying a little street — was only a few minutes' walk from my lodgings, which were on the Strand, not far from Fleet Street.

I was not a little surprised as well as gratified to find still standing here, as well as elsewhere in London, so many of those edifices which have been famous on account of the incidents connected with them. If these edifices had been situated in our country, they would have been torn down centuries ago, to make room for stores, hotels, and splendid dwellings. We don't seem to possess a very large share of veneration either for antiquity or the antique. But the case is far different with the English.

Chancery Lane runs from Fleet Street into Holborn, and so it has run time out of mind. It is situated in a very old part of the city. If Shakspeare ever visited London when he was a little boy, — which is quite unlikely, I fancy, — no doubt he went through Chancery Lane, in his stroll after the lions. It is as old as the first Edward; and how much older, I will not undertake to say. But it must have presented a very different appearance in Edward's time; for, in the middle of the thirteenth century, history tells us that the lane was so foul and miry that it was for a time closed up, to prevent people receiving any harm in attempting to pass through it.

You have no doubt heard of Lincoln's Inn. This celebrated inn of Chancery is situated on Chancery Lane. It is built of brick, and bears the marks of having been

erected at a very remote period. You must know why this establishment is called an *inn*. You would suppose, perhaps, that it was a hotel or tavern. Such is not the case, however. It is not now, nor was it ever, occupied as a house of entertainment. It is an *inn of court*. In England, an inn of court is a sort of college, in which students of law reside and are instructed. Cowper, you may recollect, was once a student of law at an inn of court, called the Inner Temple. Lincoln's Inn was so named after Henry de Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, whose city residence, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, occupied a considerable portion of the present edifice.

The celebrated Ben Jonson, who was a mason, you know, as well as a poet, assisted in building a part of this edifice, at a later day than the time when the gate-house was constructed. This wonderful man, we are told, always did his work with a trowel in one hand, and a book in the other, or under his arm. I could not help fancying, while looking upon this ancient pile, that I saw some of the identical bricks which the literary bricklayer placed there. I might have been mistaken, to be sure; but nobody shall rob me of the luxury of believing that I had a sight of these very bricks.

Among the list of students in Lincoln's Inn may be found some of the most distinguished persons that England ever produced. Sir Thomas More received instruction here. So did the famous Oliver Cromwell, the hard-headed, conscientious, far-seeing man, who overthrew a monarchy, and changed the genius of one of the strongest governments on the face of the earth. Here, too, Sir Matthew Hale, one of England's greatest jurists, received the first rudiments of his legal education. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Mansfield, William Pitt, Lord Erskine, Canning, and Brougham, were also educated here. Cromwell's

Secretary, Thurloe, had lodgings here for twelve years; and it was here, by the merest accident, long after his death, that the "Thurloe Papers," which have made such a noise in the world, were discovered. A clergyman, during the reign of King William, had rented the rooms which Thurloe had once occupied, and he accidentally found these papers in a false ceiling of a garret. The papers were transferred to the High Chancellor of England, and afterward bound up in some sixty folio volumes. They are exceedingly important, on account of the light they throw on the history of England during the commonwealth.

There is a chapel connected with this inn, called Lincoln's-Inn Chapel. It is built in Gothic style, and is rather tastefully finished inside; though the figures of the twelve apostles, on different windows, are, I think, but poorly executed. In this chapel some remarkable men have preached. Among them were Tillotson (afterward Archbishop of Canterbury), Dr. Warburton, and Bishop Heber. Great men were buried here too,—Secretary Thurloe, for example; and William Prynne, the famous Puritan, who wrote so learnedly and so earnestly against the "unloveliness of love-locks," and who had his ears cut off, by the first Charles and Archbishop Laud, because he meddled in politics too much to suit their fancy. How I should like to know what was the inscription on poor Prynne's tombstone! But it was obliterated a great while ago, and nobody can enlighten us now.

Only a few doors from Fleet Street, they show us the identical house where Izaak Walton, the celebrated angling divine, was born. It had a great deal of interest for me; though not as much as another house, not far from it, in which, on the 13th day of April, 1593, the great Lord Strafford was born. I can never think of this man with-

out emotion; and now, as I write, I can scarcely suppress my tears as I think of his sad fate. It was his misfortune to live in times of great political excitement. He was high in favor with Charles I. Charles became unpopular with the people. It was believed that Strafford was the author of most of the oppressive acts of the sovereign; and it cannot be denied that he did counsel some very strong measures. The people tried to bend him to their own will. They could not succeed. "If he will not bend," the stern Puritans thought, "then he must break." He was accused of high treason before the House of Lords. At that tribunal he pleaded his own cause; "and never man," says a historian of the time, "acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, consistency, and eloquence, or with greater wisdom, judgment, and temper." His defence, indeed, was so strong, that the original charges were abandoned, and a new bill substituted. He was a doomed man. After the bill passed, the despicable, intriguing, and faithless Charles, who was the author of all his minister's troubles, and who had solemnly promised to save him at every hazard,—what one of his promises or his oaths was ever worth a pin?—signed the bill of attainder, and afterward consented to his death. Poor Strafford! Well might he exclaim, as he is reported to have done, when the news came to his ears that the fatal bill was signed, "Put not your trust in princes!"—*Youth's Cabinet.*

THE TALLOW-TREE.—This tree is found in China. It is called tallow-tree because a substance is obtained from it resembling tallow, and which is used for the same purposes. It grows from twenty to forty feet in height.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS; FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD."

THINK what a privilege this is! "That ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven." But are not we all his children? Yes, in one sense we are: he made us, and he preserves us all. But to be children in the truest, highest sense of the term, implies a resemblance in life and character: the heart and spirit of the child must be like that of the parent. And this is the sense in which the word is used in this passage,—the peace-makers "shall be called the children of God," because they are his in spirit and in life; true imitators of his beloved Son, the Prince of Peace; and therefore worthy to be acknowledged by him for his dear children. Among all the beatitudes, there is none which, fully comprehended, conveys a richer meaning, or excites a warmer desire for its attainment; leading us to exclaim with the apostle, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God!"

Katie Wilson was one who deserved this blessing more than any other person I ever saw. She was but a little girl, and had never thought of herself as a *peace-maker*; yet she was one, in as true and holy a sense as the wisest king or profoundest statesman that ever kept his country from the horrors of war. Go where she would, at home or at school, her influence was felt: it was a pleasure to live in the same house with her. She had a number of brothers and sisters, some older, some younger, than herself; but all, as you may suppose, loved her dearly. Let us take a peep into her home, and see how her influence is exerted there.

"Katie, Katie," cried little Harry one day, "I wish you

would keep Tommy from plaguing me so! I never can have any thing of my own but he wants to get it."

Katie put down her book in a moment, though she was in the middle of a very pretty story. "What is the matter, Harry?" said she.

"Why, Tommy keeps taking away my ball," said Harry, half crying.

"I don't," said Tommy. "It isn't his ball; it's mine."

"Let me see the ball," said Katie. Tommy handed it to her. "It is a very pretty one. Now, whose is it?"

"Mine!" cried both the children at once.

"Why," said Katie, with a pleasant laugh, "how can that be?"

"It is mine," said Harry. "Aunt Mary gave it to me."

"Don't you remember what she said when she gave it to you?" said Katie. "I think I remember."

"She said," said Harry, looking a little ashamed, "that it was for me and Tommy to play with."

"But Harry wouldn't play with me," said Tommy, "and so I ran off with it."

"I don't care," retorted Harry: "I won't play with you."

"Hush, Harry!" said his sister; "don't talk so loud. Now, what are we to do about this?" The boys were silent. "I wonder," she continued, turning the ball over in her hand, "whether I could not make one like it. Should you like better to have two balls?"

"Yes," said they both.

"Well," said Katie, "I'll see what I can do; but I hope you are not going to quarrel about this one any more. I should be sorry that Aunt Mary should know that her pretty present made two such cross little faces as I saw just now." The boys both looked down. "Now, see if you can't play together with this one, without speaking

cross once, till I get the other ball done. I'll go and begin it now; but it will take me some days to finish it."

“Which of us shall have it when it is done?” said Harry.

“Well, you shall decide which is the prettier,” said Katie; “and the one who has been most good-natured shall have that one.”

“But we both mean to be good-natured!” cried Harry.

“Well, then,” said she, laughing, “the one who can catch the ball oftenest shall choose. But mind you don't get cross again, or I shall have to keep it myself.” So saying, she picked up her book, and ran into the house to begin her labor of love; while her little brothers commenced an animated and good-natured game.

In ways like this, without any attempt at scolding or lecturing, Katie put a stop to many a dispute and cross feeling among the younger children. She was always ready to do something to please them, to turn their thoughts from the subject of dispute, or arouse better feelings. But some of her brothers and sisters were older than she was, and difficulties would occasionally arise between them and the little ones; for we all know that older boys and girls are apt to tyrannize, and younger ones are very jealous of their rights. In such cases, Katie's quiet, gentle tones, and own spirit of self-sacrifice, would check the rising quarrel, and bring both parties to an accommodating state of mind.

“Sarah,” said her older sister Jenny one day to one of the younger girls, “you can't practise before breakfast any more: I want the piano then myself.” — “Upon my word!” said Sarah: “you speak as if you were my mistress! I don't see why I should not have the same time I always have had.” The discussion went on for some time: but we will not repeat it; for cross words look very badly

written down in black and white. But you must not think these children were any worse than others. They only wanted their own way, and so would say things sometimes which, when we read them, sound harsh and unkind; and so they are. But I fear, my young friends, that you often *say* such words, and think no more of them. Yet each one leaves its trace upon the soul, and helps, more than you think, to soil the purity of that book in which your life-record is kept. At last Sarah angrily left the room, saying, “I’ll ask mother whether you’re to have every thing your own way because you are the oldest.” On the stairs she met Katie. “Why, Sarah,” said she, “what’s the matter?” — “Jenny says I shan’t practise before breakfast,” replied Sarah, in a complaining tone. “Why not?” — “Because she wants to herself. But I mean to ask mother” —

“I would not trouble mother: tell me. Why cannot you practise as well after school?” — “Because I don’t want to have to come right home from school always. Nobody does,” said Sarah, rather sullenly.

“Well, then, after breakfast, — from eight to nine?”

“That is your time.” — “No matter: I can do it after school, if that time will suit you.” — “But I don’t want you to give up to me,” said Sarah. “I think Jenny” —

“Hush, hush!” said Katie, laughing. “You will oblige me very much if you will take my time. Then I shall never be hurried with my arithmetic lesson. I don’t have half long enough time for it now. I will tell Jenny that she may have the piano before breakfast, — shall I?”

“If you please,” said Sarah, who had now quite recovered from her passion. “But I wish Jenny would not speak so peremptorily.”

“Oh! never mind that,” said Katie. “I dare say older sisters always do; and I am sure Jenny is very obliging.

Have you forgotten how she staid at home from the sail last month because you and Harry were sick?"

"No," said Sarah: "she was very kind that day."

"Well, I will run and tell her." And off ran Katie, too happy to see Sarah looking pleasant again to care for the sacrifice she had made of her own convenience. "Sarah says you may have the piano before breakfast," said she, coming into the room where Jenny was sitting.

"Well, why couldn't she have said so before?" answered her sister.

"Oh, Jenny, don't speak so!" said Katie, appealingly. "I think Sarah is very good-natured; for I know she likes to practise before breakfast better than any other time: she has often told me so."

"I would not ask her to change," said Jenny; "but I must take my drawing-lesson at five now, and so I must alter my practising-hour."—"Did you tell Sarah that?"—"No," said Jenny, a little ashamed. "If you had, I don't believe she would have made any difficulty."—"Well, I will go and tell her now, and let her know that I am much obliged to her." This was all Katie wanted; and she did not say that she, too, had given up her own favorite time, for the sake of making peace.

I had thought of a number of other instances of Katie's peace-making spirit; but I have no time to tell them now. I have related these at some length, partly that you may see *how* it was that she was so successful. Some people want to settle quarrels, but, by trying to do it in a wrong way or with a wrong spirit, make them worse instead of better. A loving spirit, a habit of always seeing the *best* of every thing and everybody, and a willingness always to give up something yourself if necessary, are the best rules for proceeding, if you have a desire to obtain your share of the blessing,—"They shall be called the children of God."

M. M.

THE LITTLE SPINNER.

I SAT beside a cottage hearth :
 A wheel was standing near ;
 A little infant rolled it round,
 Then started back in fear.

Methought the mystic wheel of life
 Was whirled by that fair child ;
 And fast the ever-lengthening cord
 Was on the spindle piled.

At first the thread was smooth and white ;
 No spot nor wrinkle there :
 For innocence the wheel did turn
 For life's immortal heir.

Soon coarser grew the rolling thread,
 Uneven grew the skein ;
 And passion with its crimson dye
 Began to leave its stain.

And louder yet the spindle whirred,
 And quick the wheel flew round,
 And fast upon the spool of life
 Her thread the spinner wound.

She sang a fairy echo-song
 Which maidens love to sing :
 As turned the wheel, she little dreamed
 What magic it would bring.

The ever-sunny tinge of love
 Intwined its golden hue;
 And sweeter then the maiden sang,
 And soft the spindle flew.

A little space of iris dye,
 Then dark the colors grew:
 The spinner works with restless hand,
 And tears the skein bedew.

The flaws grow thicker, and the rolls
 Are broken here and there;
 The skein has lost its even gloss
 Beneath the touch of care;—

The marring knot of self is seen,
 And doubt its mildew leaves:
 So oft affliction strains the thread,
 The weary spinner grieves.

But, lo! the rolls are almost spun,
 When Death, with ready knife,
 Cuts off the band which binds the wheel:
 Thus ends the thread of life.

Selected.

ADVENTURE ON THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

THERE were three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to the vast arch of unhewn rocks, with the almighty bridge over their everlasting

abutments when the morning-stars sang together. The little piece of sky, spanning their measureless piers, is full of stars, though it is mid-day. It is almost three hundred feet from where they stand up these perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key-rock of the vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressible by the little stream that runs from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their hearts, and their knives are in hand in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is the watchword; while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach,—a name that shall be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to the fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of a boy to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands: but as he puts feet and hands into these gains, and draws himself carefully

to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled on that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in huge capitals, large and deep, into the flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends grow weaker, till their voices are finally lost on his ear. He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint from severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the cries, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a meagre chance to escape destruction ! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands in the same niche with his feet, and retain his hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall, with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipated his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the fearful situation is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on ; and there were hundreds standing in the rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting

that fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father's voice, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet are all here, praying for you. Keep your eyes towards the top!"

The boy didn't look down: his eyes are fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another niche is added to the hundreds that removed him from human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest place in that pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in the mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get over this over-hanging mountain.

The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital feeling is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with the ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade again strikes into the limestone.

The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under the lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge.

Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels, and his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the last gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his hand, and, ringing along the precipice, fell at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of near three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment. There! one foot swings off!—he is reeling, trembling, toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man, who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness came over him with the words "God! mother!" whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven. The tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws the lad up, and holds him in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such weeping and leaping for joy never greeted the ear of human being, so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

Harper's Magazine.

THOUGHTS FOR OCTOBER.

BEAUTIFUL, bright October! one of the choicest months of the whole year,— a month when the weather is neither too warm nor too cold for enjoyment, and when every one is disposed to be happy, and to look forward with delight to the pleasures of the coming winter, or backward with smiles at the recollections of the sports and relaxations of summer. October is a good month for *thinking*. The cool breezes and clear air brace the body, and make the mind active ; and it is a fitting time, first, to look back upon what we have been doing during our summer rest ; and, next, to consider in what manner we shall perform our winter's duties.

And first for the retrospect. Most of us, if we are inhabitants of the city, have returned from a longer or shorter sojourn in the country ; and, if we are so favored as to live in the country, we may have taken a short journey, or have enjoyed the visits of some of our city friends. October finds us rejoicing in health. The roses have come back to pale cheeks, nerve and vigor to drooping limbs, and fresh animal spirits to our minds.

What have we been doing as regards our souls? Have they been suffered to fall into the idleness and ease which are sometimes necessary to the body, but never to the spirit? Has the fresh ocean breeze fanned our languid frames, and brought with it no thought of Him who has so wonderfully made the winds his ministers of health? Have we allowed the clouds and the sunshine, the varied forms of tree and flower, the beautiful gradations of light and shade, to minister only to our external senses, without a single mark upon our souls? Have we ever considered,

when our eyes have wandered delighted from mountain to valley, from hill to plain, from the green slopes of land to the level expanse of ocean, or to the leaping, dancing river, fringed with willows and alders, why was all this beauty, and what a debt of gratitude we owed to its Author? Have the bird-songs, which have wakened us from our slumbers, roused no corresponding song in our hearts to Him who watches alike the sparrow and the human creature? What answer will your consciences make to these questions?

And farther yet: if you have recognized, as we hope many of you have, God's hand in all you have seen and in all you have enjoyed; if he has spoken to you in the storms that have sent the ocean billows foaming and thundering upon the land, and in the quiet lake that slept among the hills,—then, by that very thought of God, you have recognized your duty to love and serve him.

It is not enough to have your hearts filled with grateful emotions. The religion of the feelings is but the commencement. If you allow yourselves to stop there, you will never make any true progress. Let the gratitude of thought expand into the gratitude of action. Let the sense of God's goodness to you impel you to do all in your power for his creatures.

October is the harvest-time of the year. The grain is gathered in, the fruits are plucked, the vegetables are housed. Let this fact also suggest thoughts to us. The Bible has many instances where the end of the world is compared to a harvest, the most prominent of which is the Saviour's beautiful parable. Does it ever occur to you, when looking on the ripened grain-fields, that "the angels shall gather the tares into bundles to burn them"? Do you ever ask yourselves, whether, in that day which shall search all hearts, you shall be found among the wheat? Does the laden fruit-tree, amply fulfilling the promise of

spring-time, ever remind you that you must ripen the fruits of your heart, and not suffer neglect and abuse to injure them? Do you ever say, "Thus would I flourish, so that my old age may be full of joy, and of blessings to others"?

Do you hope for a pleasant winter? Then let me say to you, that it lies very much in your own power whether it shall be one of enjoyment, or the reverse. A bright, cheerful spirit will make all things blessed. A spirit which is resolved to know and to do its duty cannot fail to be happy; or, if not happy, because God may see fit to appoint trials, peaceful and serene, which, whatever you may think now, is better than to be happy. Begin now, in this clear, fine atmosphere, which of itself is enough to make any one glad, to rejoice in the blessings of your lot. Do not select the disagreeables to grumble at; but find out whatever is agreeable, and look steadfastly at that. Gaze upon the dark cloud until you see its silver lining; and, higher and better still, if your eyes cannot discern that silver lining, learn to feel that it is there, and that some time or other, it may be soon, or it may not be for years, the bright side *will* be turned toward you. Then, whether at school or at home, your duties will turn to pleasures, and their faithful performance come at last to be more to you than the highest enjoyment which is not connected with service to God or to man.

EDITOR.

P R A G U E.

PRAGUE has a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and is situated in a valley, with the river Moldau running through it. You know it is the capital of Bohemia; and it is

memorable on many accounts. Bohemia became almost a Protestant country, and John Huss lived and preached here; but the Pope instigated the Emperor of Germany and others to put down Protestantism by force. The conflict was fierce; but, at the battle of White Hill, the Bohemians, under Frederick, their king, were defeated (1621), and soon after the conquerors executed a great many of the leaders of the Protestants. Thus Protestantism was *crushed out* in Bohemia. The square in which these murders were committed is called the Grosse Ring. On one side of it is the Town Hall; of which the old tower, its oriel window and quaint old clock, are relics of the former one, which was built about 1400. It was here that the corporation of Prague used to give their grand banquets. In more than one instance, the people have broken into it, and taken summary vengeance on obnoxious rulers by tumbling them out of the window; which operation has since been termed "Bohemian fashion." Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, is buried in the old Gothic church. The Jews occupy a quarter of the town by themselves: they have endured such cruel persecutions, that they have remained distinct here more than in most other places. Their streets are dirty enough; and, in riding through them, our senses were regaled with most offensive odors. They have an old synagogue, which they claim to be nine hundred years old.

There is a fine suspension-bridge across the Moldau. On one side of the stream rises the hill called Laurenzburg, up which the old wall was carried, a part of which is still seen. On this hill the pagan Bohemians are said to have celebrated their fire-worship. Farther up the stream is seen the citadel of Wyssehrad, whence the fabled Queen Libussa, the founder of Prague, used to precipitate her lovers into the river as soon as she got tired of them. Crossing the river, we come to the smaller portion of the

city; but it contains much of interest, many old palaces, &c.; among the latter is that of the celebrated Wallenstein. It is very extensive, and it is said that one hundred houses were pulled down to make room for it. His fortune was immense, almost fabulous. He kept three hundred horses, who fed out of marble cribs. He had six knights and six barons in constant attendance, with a body-guard of fifty men. Sixty pages of noble families waited on him. When he went from home, a small army accompanied him,—fifty carriages drawn by four or six horses, fifty wagons, fifty led horses, &c. He was generalissimo of the forces in the Thirty Years' War, and one of the greatest captains of the age; yet he died by assassination, contrived at by the emperor, upon suspicion of treason. The suspicion was proved to be false; and then the emperor, as a salvo to his own conscience, ordered three thousand Masses to be said for his soul! Some few relics of the great man were shown us in the house. Another old palace, on a fine eminence, is the Hradschin, for centuries the residence of the kings of Bohemia. It is a vast and imposing pile of buildings. Near it is the old cathedral dedicated to St. Vitas. It was commenced in 1344, but never completed outwardly. It is a remarkable Gothic pile, and contains many curiosities: in it are the chapel and shrine of St. John Nepomuk, abounding in silver. There is a silver coffin, which is said to enclose one of crystal, in which is the saint's body; then there are silver angels, candelabra, &c., in all about four thousand pounds of silver! The story of this saint is briefly this: In 1383, the king, Wenceslaus IV., caused him to be thrown into the river because he refused to betray the secrets confided to him in confession by the queen. The spot whence he was thrown is marked by his statue. Over the water, for five days afterwards, five stars were seen flickering, which

continued to burn till the river was dragged and his body recovered. This was in 1383, but it was not till 1729 that he was canonized, and admitted into the calendar of saints; so there is still a chance for my friend Ranieri. You remember Ranieri, don't you, of Pisa memory? The cathedral at Pisa is dedicated to St. Ranieri. When I visited it, the next day was his anniversary, and consequently the great *fête* of Pisa. In the laudable spirit of obtaining all the valuable information I could, I asked the guide, a devout Catholic, some questions about this saint, never having heard his name before. He said he was a very good man; "but the fact is," said he, "his friends could never raise money enough to get him canonized." — "Surely," said I, "you do not mean to say that such honors are had for money?" — "To be sure I do," said he. "However, he was a very good man, and all call him saint." The reader may take this for what it is worth: I do not vouch for the fact. I only know the guide told me so. This St. John Nepomuk is the special patron of roads and bridges in all Catholic countries.

In this church are some precious relics too,—bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; a piece of the true cross.

In the Baumgarten, the people of Prague have a beautiful resort in the warm summer afternoons. Its shady walks are refreshing. Here we drove towards evening on Sunday afternoon, and found it filled with people, families sauntering about. In one part was a *café*, with hundreds of little tables, at which coteries were seated,—men, women, and children,—drinking their beer or tea or coffee, or eating ice, and listening to the music of a fine military band.

We recrossed by the old bridge,—a massive stone structure, begun in 1358: it is 1796 German feet long, and the longest in Germany. There are twenty-eight statues upon

its sides ; conspicuous among which is that of St. John Nepomuk, over the spot where he was cast into the river. At the east end of the bridge stands one of the old watch-towers. Then we drove up the Rossmarkt, the widest street we had seen in Germany. The bastions on this side form a beautiful promenade ; and here again were crowds of well-dressed people, promenading. — *Ladies' Repository.*

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NO. VI.

“Thou shalt not kill.”

ANNIE lifted her head with a bright smile, as our mother took her accustomed seat in the heavily carved oaken library-chair, and held out her hand for the book.

“This is the shortest and easiest one yet, mother!” said she, animatedly. “I’m sure even you must think it is very easy for little girls like me to do no murder ; though yet, mother,” continued the child, her face shadowing with a vague awe as she spoke, “there *have* been women who were murderers,—have there not? But it is so horrible!”

“It is horrible indeed, daughter, to think of any one of God’s creatures daring to lift an impious hand against another ; especially to imagine a woman, who was once a fair and innocent girl, transformed by evil passions into a murderer : but, alas! such things have been, and will ever be until the blessed time shall come when Christ’s kingdom of love and peace shall be established in every heart. That is what you pray for, you know, Annie, when

you say, ‘Thy kingdom come,’ that every one shall acknowledge God as their Lord, and obey his divine commands. If every one loved him, there would be no more terrible wars which slaughter by wholesale, nor midnight murders in quiet homes, nor vengeful men lurking in secret places, waiting for blood. The poor heathen worshipper would no more prostrate himself beneath the wheels of his idol’s car to be crushed into the dust; nor would the pagan mother leave her new-born babe to be trampled by wild beasts, or plunge it into the river, into the very jaws of the fierce alligator, in the blind hope of thus propitiating her god. No, Annie: when Christ’s kingdom comes, there will be peace and love all over this troubled world. So you see how earnestly we should pray, ‘Thy kingdom come.’”

“Yes, mother,” said Annie, with a long sigh of pitying interest.

“But, my dear, to go back to your lesson, actual taking of life is not the only way in which this commandment may be infringed, though that is the most direct and awful mode. In the eye of the just, all-seeing God, who looks to the *motive* rather than to the deed, violent passions, bitter revenge, angry wishes, are almost, if not quite, as sinful as actual murder. Christ said, that ‘whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment;’ and, ‘Whosoever shall say to his brother, ‘Thou fool! shall be in danger of hell fire:’ yet how often do we hear people, even children, even delicate and gentle little girls, call each other disgraceful names, flash angry and vengeful glances upon each other, and even raise their little hands in fierce and passionate blows! They do not remember that they are breaking the sixth commandment, when yet they say, ‘I hate you! I wish you were dead!’ and strike so furiously.”

"O mother!" said Annie, in a low, ashamed voice, "I have seen such things at school; I have even quarrelled myself; but I never thought of its being so very, very wicked! I will try, mother, and never, never use angry words again!" She hid her face in mother's lap, and mother said, gravely, —

"I hope, daughter, you never have been very quarrelsome, and that you will be still less so in the future. Your little temper is rather prone to be quick and impatient; and you know God loves best those who are meek and poor in spirit. Nothing is more painful or dangerous, both to the possessor and all who come in contact with it, than a hasty and violent temper: it is like a volcano, ever ready to pour forth fire and smoke at the slightest disturbance. And it is so miserable and so sinful to be almost constantly irritated with some one; to feel as though we wished them ill or dead, or injured in some way, as I have known passionate people to be. I remember once witnessing a terrible display of temper in a young girl, only two or three years older than yourself, Annie, which had very nearly resulted in murder, and which left an ineffaceable impression upon all who beheld it.

"It was near the close of the winter session at school, and we were all eager in pursuit of the various prizes for deportment, improvement, &c. Isabel Grahame, who lived further from school than any other pupil, had, at the beginning of the term, made a playful resolve to win the medal for punctuality, which she said would be a greater triumph to her than any one else, as she had to take so long a walk; and, to every one's surprise and amusement, she had thus far kept her word, and was the only one of us who had no 'tardy mark.' Clara Sharpe, a classmate of Isabel's, had but one; and it was very evident that she was jealous of Isabel, and would gladly cause her to forfeit

her punctuality for once, at least, if she could. But April was here now, and May Day was the time for the prizes to be awarded. During the very last week, Isabel was one morning detained at home until much later than usual; and accordingly, when she at length started, she proceeded at a most rapid pace. As she hurried through the oak-grove that surrounded the schoolhouse, she heard the distant tinkling of the warning bell, and quickened her steps; when suddenly she came upon Clara, seated beneath a tree, leisurely reading. She looked up as Isabel passed.

"Why, what makes you in such a hurry?" asked she, pleasantly. "It isn't near school-time yet."

"Isn't it? Then our clock must be wrong," answered Isabel, almost out of breath. "And wasn't that the bell a moment since?"

"No, indeed! The girls are all across the branch, gathering wild lilac and violets. I have finished my book, and was just going to carry my satchel into the schoolhouse, and go and join them. Shall I take yours, as you are so tired? and, if you will rest here a moment, we will go together."

"Yes, thank you," said Isabel, giving Clara her basket, and throwing herself down upon the budding grass to wait for her return. Ten, twenty minutes passed, and still she did not come; and at last she began to fear that all was not right. It surely must be after nine o'clock; and there were no signs of the girls anywhere about. With a faint suspicion of treachery upon the part of her rival, Isabel sprang up, and walked rapidly toward the schoolhouse. We all sat studying busily, but looked up wonderingly as Isabel entered, it was so strange for *her* to be late; and, besides, there was such a look of utter scorn, of subdued rage, upon her face, as, with one withering glance toward

the corner where Clara sat, she walked haughtily to her own. We all gathered round her at recess to inquire the cause; and, as she told the tale of meanness and falsehood, a murmur of scorn ran through our ranks. Just then, Clara came slowly from the house.

“‘There comes the liar now!’ exclaimed the enraged Isabel; and even Clara’s base spirit could not brook the epithet. She turned fiercely about, and denied the charge; and, as Isabel contemptuously re-iterated it with a smile of derision, the exasperated girl seized an inkstand from the window near which she stood, and hurled it with all her force towards Isabel’s head. She sprang aside, barely in time to save her life; and the heavy stand, dashing against the wall, shivered in a thousand pieces, one of which flew against Isabel’s cheek, cutting a slight gash, from which the blood trickled, to mingle its red hue with the showers of sable ink that had deluged her person. A cry of fright and horror rung amidst us, and Clara sprang away towards the woods. We gathered round Isabel, and dozens of busy handkerchiefs were offered to efface the traces of the scene. We were all extremely angry with Clara, and uttered bitter reproaches; until Isabel, who had been weeping passionately, looked up, and said, ‘Oh, don’t, girls! *I* forgive her; *I* am sure she is feeling dreadfully; and *I* was in the wrong too. Let us go look for her.’

“So we went and found her, flung upon the bank, weeping in a tempest of fear and remorse and passion. Isabel went up to her, and spoke so kindly, that though at first she was sullen, and refused all advances, she at length yielded to Isabel’s generosity, and, throwing her arms round her, prayed her forgiveness. It was magnanimously granted, and the whole thing kept secret; but she never seemed happy amongst us again, and left school at the end of the session. And none of us ever forgot how

nearly *murder* was brought among our little band by the ungovernable temper of two passionate girls."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Annie. But, just then, papa came in, and tea was announced.

SISTER KATE.

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE atmosphere forms a spherical shell, surrounding the earth to a depth which is unknown to us by reason of its growing tenuity, as it is released from the pressure of its own superincumbent mass. Its upper surface cannot be nearer to us than fifty, and can scarcely be more than five hundred, miles. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface to our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tuns on us all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the finest down, more impalpable than the finest gossamer, it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the slightest flower that feeds on dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests and stable buildings with the earth, to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth, and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapors from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself, or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain, or dew when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path to give us the

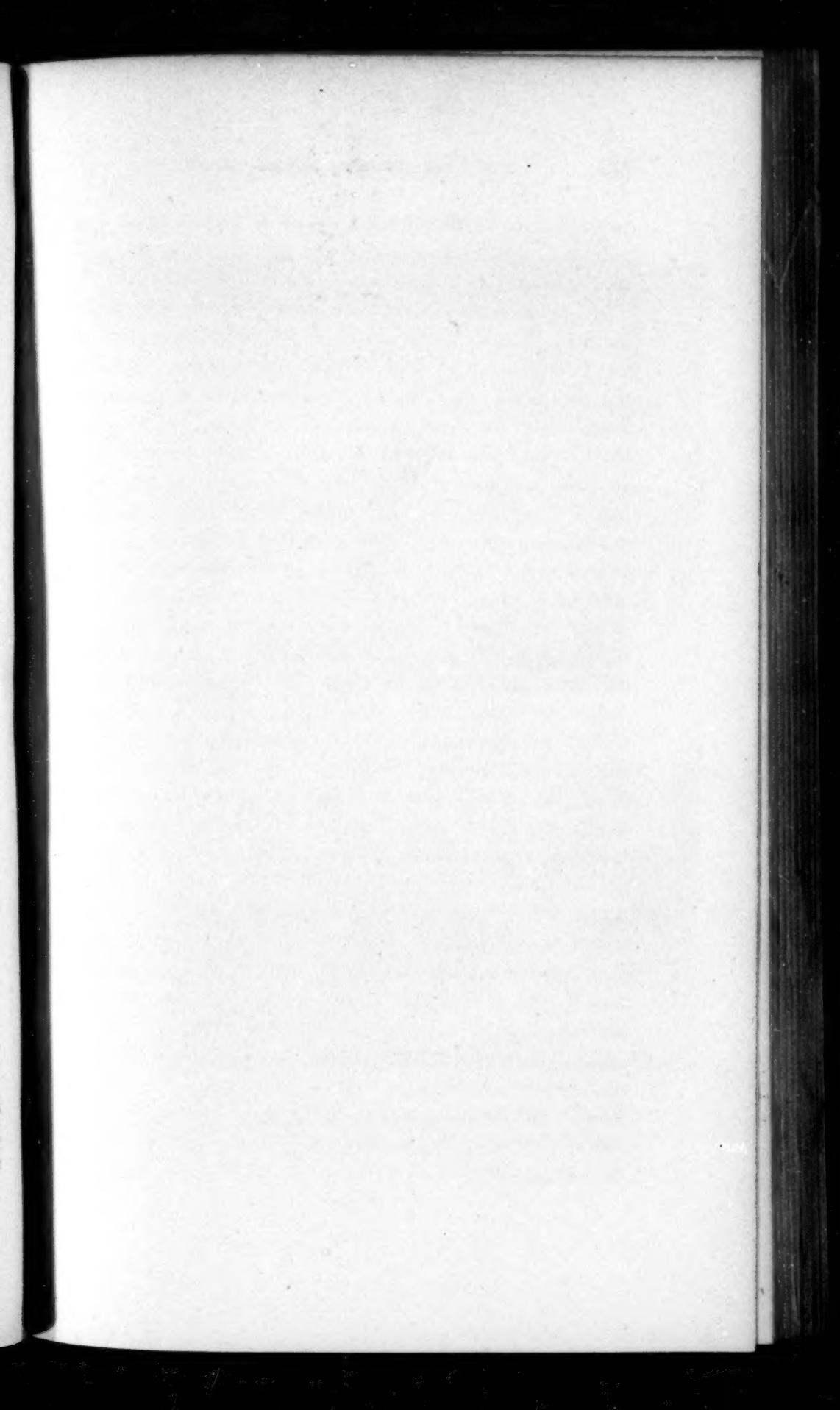
twilight of dawn ; it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and retreat of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst upon us and fall upon us at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat ; but the bald earth, as it revolves on its axis, would turn its tanned and weathered front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day. It affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames, and receives into itself that which has been polluted by use, and thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of a fire ; it is in both cases consumed, and affords the food of consumption ; in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion, and is removed by it when it is over.

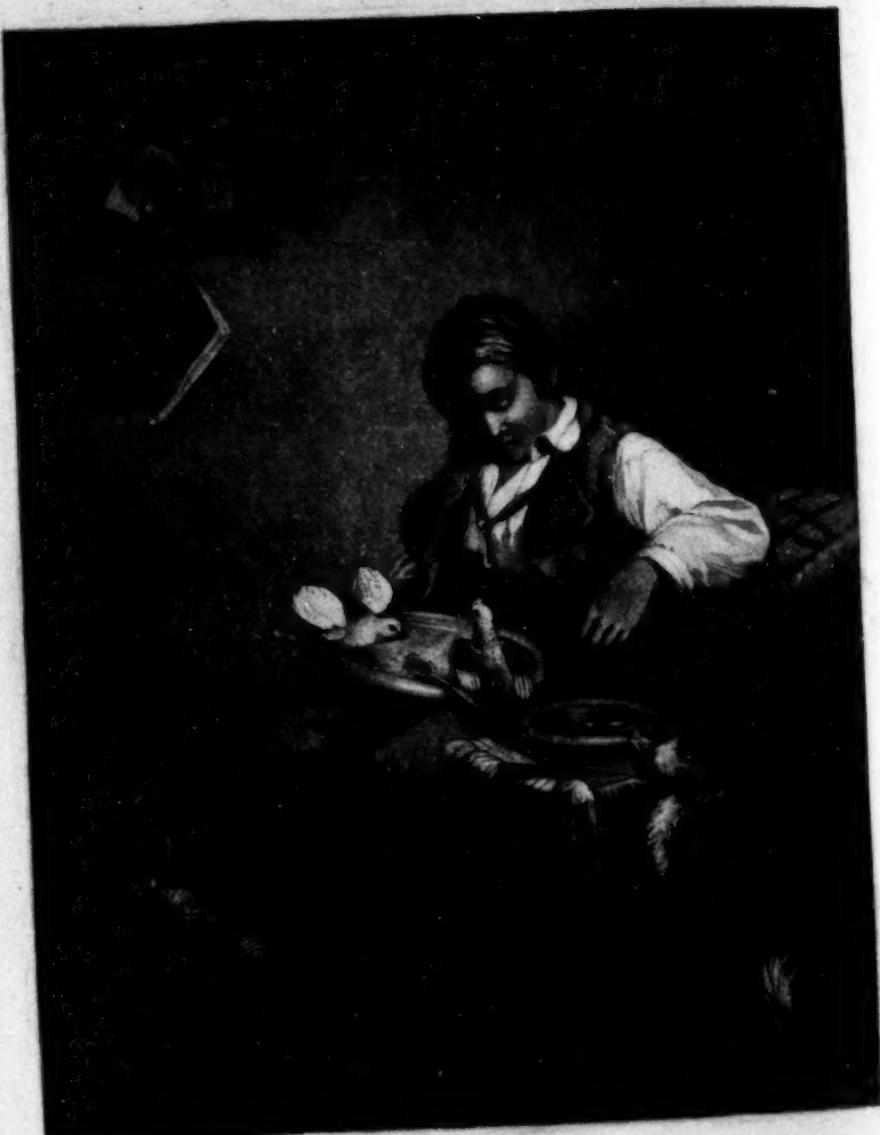
Says a writer in the North-British Review, "It is only the girdling, encircling air, that flows above and around us, that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid, with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way round the world. The date-trees that grow round the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves ; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature ; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow rapidly upon it ; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehannah, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon ; the rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-tree of Ceylon, and the forests older than the flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon. The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the polar-star

for ages; and the lotus-lilies have soaked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapor, snows that rested on the summits of the Alps."

"The atmosphere," says Mann, "which forms the outer surface of the habitable world, is a vast reservoir, into which the supply of food designed for living creatures is thrown; or, in one word, is itself the food, in its simple form, of all living creatures. The animal grinds down the fibre and the tissue of the plant, or the nutritious store that has been laid up within its cells, and converts these into the substance of which its own organs are composed. The plant acquires the organs and nutritious store thus yielded up as food to the animal from the invulnerable air surrounding it. But animals are furnished with the means of locomotion and of seizure,—they can approach their food, and lay hold of and swallow it; plants must wait till their food comes to them. No solid particles find access to their frames: the restless, ambient air, which rushes past them, loaded with the carbon, the hydrogen, the oxygen, the water, every thing they need in the shape of supplies, is constantly at hand to minister to their wants, not only to afford them food in due season, but in the shape and fashion in which it alone can avail them."—*Selected.*

A LITTLE girl in Yorkshire, when water was scarce, saved as much rain-water as she could, and sold it to the washerwomen for a penny a bucket, and, in this way, cleared nearly five dollars for the Missionary Society. When she brought it to the Secretary, she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where the money came from," said he. "Call it, then," replied the little girl, "rain from heaven."





H W Smith Sc

TOBY'S SUPPER.

TOBY'S SUPPER.

SEE ENGRAVING.

TOBY — it is not a very pretty name, but was given him out of respect to an old-fashioned uncle — was a funny little urchin some ten years of age, the most good-humored and the most reckless of boys. Father, mother, aunts, and schoolmaster, all shook their heads over him ; all agreed that Toby was a lad of great capabilities, and it was a sin that he should go on thus wasting his precious time. "At twelve years old," said his uncle Toby, "I knew all I have ever learned by studying. Then I was obliged to go out into the world, and do for myself. What will Toby be in two years ?"

This being an unanswerable question, no one thought of answering it ; and, the baby just at that moment happening to cry, Toby, who was loitering near, rushed through the room to speak to her ; and the conversation took another turn.

Now, Toby had a kind heart, and, though no student, was no fool. He always had an uncomfortable sense, that he was made the subject of conversation whenever any of his relatives came to visit his parents. He did not like the shakes of the head, and "Ah Toby's," which always greeted him, even though they were accompanied by the new knife, the top, or the paper of candy. "But what can I do ?" asked Toby of himself. "I can't help forgetting things ; I can't help breaking and spoiling things ; and then I can't cry when I get scolded. It isn't worth crying for. I do try to remember what mother tells me, but it is no use." And Toby sighed, and went on with his whittling.

The voice of his mother roused him from his reverie. "Toby! where can that boy be? If I didn't want him now, he'd be sure to be in the way. Toby!"

"I am in the way, mother," said Toby, peeping from behind the lilac-bush in the yard. "What do you want me for?"

"You must go down to the village, and get a bushel of salt. I haven't a particle to put in the butter I'm making. And, Toby, stop at the office, and see if there's a letter."

"Where's the bucket, mother?"

"Foolish boy! you can't bring a whole bushel of salt half a mile. Let Mr. Smith measure it, and then you may take this little bucket, and bring it home full; and, if Mr. Smith will set the rest on one side, your father will call for it in a day or two."

Toby set off immediately. The salt was purchased, and Toby returned home; that is to say, he came within sight of the chimneys of the house, when he recollect ed that he had not been to the post-office. What should he do? He could not go home without having been, even though his mother was waiting for the salt; and he could not resolve to carry the heavy bucket with him to the post-office. He hid it at length very carefully among the bushes, and returned to the office.

There was a letter there for his mother, and Toby was quite curious. His father had letters now and then; but his mother had never, within his recollection, received one. His bucket was found in exactly the spot where he had left it, and Toby returned to the house. Toby was a noted loiterer, so his mother had not been expecting him long. She was as much surprised as he at receiving the letter; but, on taking it from the envelope, she saw it was a long one, and so she finished making her butter before she read it.

It proved to be from her sister, saying that a long-absent brother was to be at home that very evening, and begging her and her husband to come over and meet him. It was now about eleven o'clock, and Toby's mother knew that she should not be ready before twelve. Then it was a two-hours' ride, and she would wish to remain as long as possible. She could not reach home again before six or seven o'clock. She sent Toby to the barn for his father. When he came, she asked him what she should do.

"Go, by all means."

"And what shall we do with the children?"

"Leave them here, of course. I think it is a pity if Toby cannot be trusted to take care of house and baby for half a dozen hours."

"But he is so careless!"

"This will be the very thing to teach him carefulness."

She said no more, but busied herself in getting dinner, and making all the preparations to leave home. She put out the fire; she drew the cradle into the kitchen, which opened into the back yard. She put Toby's supper and the baby's on the table, and covered it nicely with a clean towel, and told Toby that the baby must have her bread and milk at four o'clock. All these arrangements occupied some time: so it was at least half-past twelve before Toby, standing in the kitchen door-way with the baby in his arms, saw the old chaise-top go nodding down the road.

Toby never had any account to give of the long afternoon that he passed, except that he fed the baby, who never cried once, and then put her in the cradle; and, when she was asleep, he ate his own supper. He did not hear the chaise stop when his father and mother returned; and they found him just as our picture represents him, with

the chickens fluttering about him, and puss standing on her hind-legs, eager for a share in his meal.

Toby was half afraid, when he was thoroughly wakened, that he should be punished for sleeping at his post; but his mother only said, "Poor boy! you were very sleepy!" and Toby, to his great satisfaction, heard her giving an account of his watch to uncle Toby on the next day but one.

"And we found every thing as safe and as nice as if I had been at home all the afternoon; and Toby had given the baby her supper, and had put her to bed; and she was sound asleep when we came home."

And Toby, having unexpectedly begun to retrieve his character, felt encouraged to proceed in it; until father, mother, aunts, and schoolmaster used his name as a proverb, and said, "As careful as our Toby."

EDITOR.

THE "RESOLUTE."

[This vessel, as our little readers may know, was abandoned in the ice of the polar regions, by her English captain. She was found by the captain of an American whaler; and, as she was nearly free from the ice, the whale-ship took her in tow, and brought her home. The following is a description of her appearance when found.—EDITOR.]

WHEN Mr. Anall, the brother of the captain of the "McLellan," whom the "Resolute" had befriended,—the mate of the "George Henry," whaler, whose master, Capt. Buddington, had discovered the "Resolute" in the ice,—came to her after a hard day's journey with his

men, the men faltered with a little superstitious feeling, and hesitated for a minute about going on board. But the poor lonely ship wooed them too lovingly; and they climbed over the broken ice, and came on deck. She was lying over on her larboard side, with a heavy weight of ice holding her down. Hatches and companion were made fast, as Capt. Kellett had left them. But, knocking open the companion, groping down stairs to the after-cabin, they found their way to the captain's table,—somebody put his hand on a box of lucifers, struck a light, and revealed books scattered in confusion; a candle standing, which he lighted at once; the glasses and the decanters from which Kellett and his officers had drunk good-by to the vessel. The whalers filled them again, and undoubtedly felt less discouraged. Meanwhile, night came on, and a gale arose. So hard did it blow, that for two days these four were the whole crew of the "Resolute;" and it was not till the 19th of September that they returned to their own ship, and reported what their prize was.

All these ten days, since Capt. Buddington had first seen her, the vessels had been nearing each other. On the 19th he boarded her himself; found that in her hold, on the larboard side, was a good deal of ice; on the starboard side there seemed to be water. In fact, her tanks had burst from the extreme cold; and she was full of water, nearly to her lower deck. Every thing that could move from its place had moved. Every thing was wet; every thing that would mould was mouldy. "A sort of perspiration" settled on the beams above. Clothes were wringing wet. The captain's party made a fire in Capt. Kellett's stove, and soon started a sort of shower from the vapor with which it filled the air. The "Resolute" has, however, four fine force-pumps. For three days, the captain and six men worked fourteen hours a day on one

of these, and had the pleasure of finding that they freed her of water,—that she was tight still. They cut away upon the masses of ice; and on the 23d of September, in the evening, she freed herself from her encumbrances, and took an even keel. This was off the west shore of Baffin's Bay, in lat. 67° . On the shortest tack, she was twelve hundred miles from where Capt. Kellett left her.

There was work enough still to be done. The rudder was to be shipped; the rigging to be made taut; sail to be set; and it proved, by the way, that the sail on the yards was much of it still serviceable; while a suit of new linen sails below were greatly injured by moisture. In a week more, they had her ready to make sail. The pack of ice still drifted with both ships; but on the 21st of October, after a long north-west gale, the "Resolute" was free, more free than she had been for more than two years.

Her "last voyage" is almost told. Capt. Buddington had resolved to bring her home. He had picked ten men from the "George Henry," leaving her fifteen; and with a rough tracing of the American coast drawn on a sheet of foolscap, with his lever watch and a quadrant for his instruments, he squared off for New London. A rough, hard passage they had of it. The ship's ballast was gone by the bursting of the tanks; she was top-heavy, and under manned. He spoke a British whaling bark, and, by her, sent to Capt. Kellett his epaulets, and to his own owners news that he was coming. They had heavy gales and head winds; were driven as far down as the Bermudas; the water left in the ship's tanks was brackish, and it needed all the seasoning which the ship's chocolate would give to make it drinkable. "For sixty hours at a time," says the spirited captain, "I frequently had no sleep;" but his perseverance was crowned with success at last; and, on the night of the 23d-24th of December, he made the

light off the magnificent harbor from which he sailed, and, on Sunday morning the 24th, dropped anchor in the Thames opposite *New London*; ran up the royal ensign on the shorn masts of the "Resolute;" and the good people of the town knew that he and his were safe, and that one of the victories of peace was won.

As the fine ship lies opposite the piers of that beautiful town, she attracts visitors from everywhere, and is, indeed, a very remarkable curiosity. Seals were at once placed, and very properly, on the captain's bookcases, lockers, and drawers, and wherever private property might be injured by wanton curiosity; and two keepers are on duty on the vessel, till her destination is decided. But nothing is changed from what she was when she came into harbor; and, from stem to stern, every detail of her equipment is a curiosity to the sailor or to the landsman. The candlestick in the cabin is not like a Yankee candlestick. The hawse-hole for the chain cable is fitted as has not been seen before; and so of every thing between. There is the aspect of wet over every thing now, after months of ventilation; the rifles, which were last fired at Musk-oxen in Melville Island, are red with rust, as if they had lain in the bottom of the sea; the volume of Shakspeare, which you find in an officer's berth, has a damp feel, as if you had been reading it in the open air in a March north-easter. The old seamen look with most amazement perhaps on the preparations for amusement,—the juggler's cups and balls, or Harlequin's spangled dress; the quiet landsman wonders at the gigantic ice-saws,—at the cast-off canvas boots,—the long thick Arctic stockings. It seems almost wrong to go into Mr. Hamilton's ward-room, and see how he arranged his soap-cup and his tooth-brush; and one does not tell of it, if he finds on a blank leaf the secret prayer a sister wrote down for the brother to whom she

gave a prayer-book. There is a good deal of disorder now,—thanks to her sudden abandonment, and perhaps to her three months' voyage home. A little union jack lies over a heap of unmended and unwashed under-clothes: when Kellett left the ship, he left his country's flag over his arm-chair as if to keep possession. Two officers' swords and a pair of epaulets were on the cabin table. Indeed, what is there not there, which should make an Arctic winter endurable, make a long night into day, or while long days away?

The ship is stanch and sound. The "last voyage" which we have described will not, let us hope, be the last voyage of her career. But, wherever she goes, under the English flag or under our own, she will scarcely ever crowd more adventure into one cruise, than into that which sealed the discovery of the North-West Passage; which gave new lands to England, nearest to the Pole of all she has; which spent more than a year, no man knows where, self-governed and unguided; and which, having begun under the strict regime of the English navy, ended under the remarkable mutual rules, adopted by common consent, in the business of American whalers.

It is not worth noting, that, in this chivalry of Arctic adventure, the ships which have been wrecked have been those of the names of fight or horror! They are the "Fury," the "Victory," the "Erebus," the "Terror." But the ships which never failed their crews—which, for all that man knows, are as sound now as ever—bear the names of peaceful adventure. The "Hecla," the "Enterprise," and "Investigator," the "Assistance" and "Resolute," the "Pioneer" and "Intrepid," and our own "Advance" and "Rescue" and "Arctic," never threatened any one, even in their names. And they never failed the men who commanded them, or who sailed in them.—*Daily Advertiser.*

E M I L Y.

(Concluded from page 163.)

THE storm lasted three days ; but I believe I was more unreasonable than Emily ; for I was impatient to show her the ocean-view from the east side of the island, where we boasted of a rocky, wooded hill. She said the hill and the ocean would wait till she came ; and she set out on a race with the storm-king, determined to finish her set of collars before his departure, which she accomplished. Besides this exploit, she read Cicero each morning with Mr. Temple, made good progress with her "ribbing and seaming," wrote a letter to her mother, and a funny one I fancy to her brother (for I saw her smiling as she wrote), and practised some new music she had brought, for an hour each day. And at night she exclaimed, "How can people find time long in the country ?"

The sunshine always comes after a storm ; a fact in natural history which impatient people almost doubt, when an obstinate north-easter takes possession of the airy domain above us.

Now began our peregrinations. Emily was not strong enough for long walks at first ; but she gained rapidly. We drove about with old Gray ; we went to the east shore, where she stood on the highest point of land in silent awe, as she gazed over the boundless sea for the first time in her life. Her hair, always neatly and closely arranged, was dishevelled by the rude sea-breeze, and her face burned ; but her thoughts were busy with higher things. We went three times to this favorite spot within a fortnight ; we went to a sheep-shearing ; we called to see a couple of lonely old Indian women ; we gathered

partridge-berries ; we studied botany ; we pressed sea-weeds ; we went over the ferry to see a cave among the high rocks on the main land, and to buy some stout shoes for Emily at the village "*omnium gatherum*" store.

Into every thing the bright creature entered with unfailing interest. At first she was often compelled to lie down for half an hour in the day from pure fatigue ; but she was very grateful when Mr. Temple or I "rescued the half-hour," as she said, by reading aloud to her from some of the Reviews or valuable periodicals. In our remote position, we had always thought ourselves justified in subscribing for these.

The minister of our little parish was an infirm old man, with a wife almost as old as himself, and no children. She soon found that her cheerful visits enlivened the solitary couple ; and she seldom allowed two days to pass, without carrying her knitting to their little uncarpeted parlor. Sometimes she read to them, sometimes she sung at twilight ; and the quavering voices of the old folks, as they joined in their favorite hymns, with more of hearty sympathy than pleasant harmony, may have disturbed her nice ear ; but she never betrayed it.

Our Bridget, who had lived with us ever since our marriage, had all an Irishwoman's capacity for strong likes and dislikes ; and just as much as she had hated the lazy, over-bearing, selfish ways of Miss Henrietta Carlisle, so much did she love our new guest. If Emily came home with damp feet, Bridget insisted on rubbing them with crash ; if a shower came up suddenly, out went Bridget with an umbrella to find the young lady ; and whatever viand Miss Emily praised was sure to appear on the table without orders, till countermanded. "Indeed, and I love the very shadow of her," said the warm-hearted Bridget, whom Henrietta had declared to be the laziest

and stupidest plague she ever saw, because she had been neither able nor willing to be her *femme de chambre* from morning till night. "Miss Emily has never once called me when my hands were in the dough, or when I was eating my dinner, to come quick and lace her boots," said Bridget.

The brief summer flew away, and many happy hours were left stamped on our memories by that young girl. Several families on the island, who knew and cared little about her accomplishments, of which she never made a display, were won by the goodness of her heart, which showed itself in the kindness of her deportment to all. She learned to make custards that she might carry them to a consumptive woman ; she concocted blackberry jam for a boy who had a sore throat ; and, at the donation party at our good minister's, she took a couple of nice appropriate caps to the old lady, of her own millinery. She had as many friends on the island as she had acquaintance ; and she was always so busy and so happy ! Braced by the sea air and daily exercise, her frame grew straight, her cheeks rosy with health ; and to our loving eyes, before she left us, the homely girl had become almost a beauty.

The time came when she must return to what, from her own simple account, I should think must have been a life of bondage hard. But she did not speak of it with dread or reluctance. Her Christianity led her to accept her lot, whatever it might be, as the best possible order of things for her ; and she talked only of the delight of seeing her family again ; of their joy at receiving her in such fine health ; of the satisfaction she should take in being well enough to teach the younger brothers and sisters out of her own school-hours.

I have heard since that this girl's life of religion, con-

scientiousness, and self-sacrifice, began in her days of prosperity, under the charge of a wise and pious mother: at thirteen she must have been as unlike Henrietta Carlisle as she was when we saw her.

Shall I tell the sequel? We made Emily promise to come every summer, if possible; but we saw her no more. Her health failed completely under excessive toil; and she literally laid down her life for those whom she loved. In the following spring, she took a violent cold; influenza became a rapid consumption: it was an uncomplaining illness; a peaceful, almost joyful death. And many in our distant little island wept for Emily Vaughan, but thought of her as an angel.

L. J. H.

"THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS." — PSALM lxv. 11.

How many of you, children, could enumerate God's blessings to you? If you were to try, you would soon find that they were more in number than the sands of the sea-shore. Then how appropriate it is that one day should be set apart from your duties and your pleasures to give thanks to him! True, Sundays are days of praise; but then we keep them by God's command. The Thanksgiving Day is a free-will offering; a hearty acknowledgment of our gratitude to our Father. Of course, in saying this, we mean to speak of the day such as our ancestors intended it should be, such as it ought to be, and such as it might be.

How many of you, children, make the day what it

ought to be to you? How many of you occupy even one of its many hours in thinking over your causes for thankfulness, and in resolving that by your life, as well as with your lips, you will "render praises" to your Maker, while you have your being? We would not have Thanksgiving Day one of gloom and entire seriousness. True thankfulness is always bright and happy; and we would not that any one should miss the cheerful family gathering, the games and the laughter, which have come to be associated with this day. But do not let *fun* and good eating be the only ideas connected with it. Sit down soberly, early in the morning, or after your breakfast, and think of the many things you enjoy. Compare yourself with some poor child whom you know or have seen. Ask yourself whether you have deserved any more than they; putting the question, not in the spirit of pride, but of humility. You will thus realize how utterly dependent you are upon God's bounty for the smallest favors; and the more you recognize this truth, the more gratefully will you return thanks to the Giver of all.

After such a meditation as this, you will be better prepared to enjoy and profit by the services at church. And do not let a slight thing, or the want of inclination, keep you on this day from the house of God. Do not offer as an excuse that others do not go. Your duty is to your heavenly Benefactor and to yourself, and the bad example of others should not weigh with you for a moment. Join with your hearts in the hymns of praise, and in the prayers of thanksgiving. Follow the sermon too; never mind if you are not old enough to understand it all: you can at least remember a part of it, and the very effort of attention will do you good.

Then, after you return home, you may well give yourselves up to innocent gayety, and rejoice in the happiness

which now, more than at any time, you can enjoy. Now there are no vacant seats in your fireside circle toadden the joys of the day. Now there are no recollections of friends whose gay laugh once made the happiness of the festal gathering, but who shall meet with you no more on earth. Enjoy it while you may; but let your enjoyment be of that quiet, peaceful kind which leaves no weariness behind it, and gives no sense of dissatisfaction to the soul. And, in all your sports, remember that the truest pleasure is to be had in the sacrifice of self, and in seeking to make others happy.

If any one of our readers feels disposed to make the coming Thanksgiving Day an unusually happy one, we beg him to try the method of spending the day which we have recommended, and he may rest assured his desires will be more than realized.

EDITOR.

TALKING PARROTS.

ONE of my earliest recollections was a gray parrot, belonging to an old lady who had taken charge of my mother's childhood, and which had been presented to her by her husband. This parrot had lost one of its legs; and no sooner did any one remark this, or ask how it had been lost, than it replied, "I lost my leg in the merchant's service; pray, remember the lame."

It was frequently hung up in its cage, outside the house, where its great delight was to whistle the dogs round it, and stop the teams of horses which went past, or make them go on when they stopped, which they frequently did

as they mounted the hill where it lived ; on all which occasions, it chuckled and laughed with delight.

In the same country town lived a famous parrot, supposed to be very old ; of which I used to hear extraordinary stories, all now forgotten, except the following. Its master and mistress had a tea-party, followed by cards. The parrot, which had been vociferous for cake while it was handed round, at last, as it was thought, settled itself to sleep in a corner, where its cage stood. Whist parties were formed, and but little talking ensued. The silence, however, was broken when the moment for reckoning arrived ; the losings and winnings were disputed, and points were discussed ; great excitement took place, and passion had already begun to manifest itself, when, to the astonishment of every one, the parrot exclaimed, in a loud voice, “ Curse your cards, ladies ! ”

The squabble was stopped. A sort of awe crept over the party, and an amicable arrangement took place which was cemented by supper. The story, however, spread ; and it was observed that there was, for some time after, a greater degree of moderation on similar occasions. My mother was a witness of the whole scene ; and from her I have heard of another parrot, which was clever enough to call the cat when it had any thing to eat which it did not like ; for instance, the crust of toast ; and, if “ Puss, Puss,” were not sufficient, used the most coaxing terms to induce it to come under the cage, when the rejected morsel was dropped on the floor. This artifice is sometimes used in cases of fear, as I once saw a cat with eyes fixed on a parrot, evidently having an intention of springing on the poor bird, which was chained to a pole ; and which tried to avert the mischief by saying, “ Dear Puss, pretty Puss,” incessantly ; all the time keeping its eye upon the enemy.—*Selected.*

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

“O AUNT MARIAN! I have seen such beautiful pictures! I wish you were well enough to go to the hall too, or that I could hang some of them on the walls of your room. I am sure it would cure you to look at them. Don’t you wish, aunt, that we could keep always with us the people and the things we love?” The enthusiastic little girl bowed over the invalid’s couch to give the customary kiss to Aunt Marian; her golden curls falling upon the dark, smooth bands of hair, and her flushed cheek resting upon the pale face of the sufferer.

“Bring your low chair, Lily dear, and sit by me a little while. I will tell you of a way in which you may keep them always with you.

“You can have beautiful paintings always around you; landscapes where linger for ever the fresh, welcome beauty of spring, the glowing richness of summer, or the luxuriant ripeness and the deep coloring of autumn; and faces that you love to see, wearing a gentle, loving look as their eyes meet yours.”

“Oh, how! Aunt Marian, tell me how!”

“Already you are collecting them, Lily; and each day you are hanging them in ‘Memory’s Picture Gallery,’ where they will remain for ever, and very much of the happiness of your life will depend upon the selection you are making. A lady once told me, that, during a season of great physical suffering, while lying in a darkened room, many beautiful places she had visited and been familiar with in her days of health were before her in all the vividness of reality. She could see, in the darkness around her, the calm, clear rivers, the hills with the ever-

changing light upon them, the waving foliage of the trees, and the well-known flowers ; and the hours of illness passed pleasantly, while she thus, in her quiet chamber, enjoyed the beauty of the outward world.

"And so, Lily, if you would hang in your picture gallery the works of the heavenly Artist, watch a summer sunset, with the glory of its sky and the rich light it casts upon the earth ; or the sunrise, when the world is awaking to life as if it had been created anew. Become familiar with the trees around your home ; watch the growth of some plant, from the first appearing of the tiny seed-leaves, through all the stages of its growth, to the unfolding of the flower, the plant's crown of beauty, the result and the reward of its growth ; then, in the hours of toil, of care, and illness, that may make you weary and sad, memory, like a faithful guide, will lead you to the places in the gallery where they hang ; and the freshness and light-heartedness of youth will be with you, while you see again the places and the objects you have so loved."

"Then, aunt, if I go far away as sister Annie did, can I not take the dear old home with me ?"

"Yes, Lily ; and you may now be collecting another kind of pictures, far lovelier than nature's brightest scenes. If, looking in your gallery, you can see the sunny faces of little children whom you have made happy ; the grateful faces of the suffering whom you have relieved ; if the dim eyes of some aged one, whose gray hairs and infirmities you have tenderly and reverently remembered, look kindly upon you ; if there you can see the new hope and the earnest resolve in the face of one whom you have helped into a new path,— what paintings on perishable canvas can compare with these unfading ones ?

"One by one the days we have lived go from us to the

past ; and, if we live true, good lives, we shall have a beautiful past to remember.

"Never forget, dear Lily, that the thoughts we think, the deeds we do, and the words we speak, are the colors we are using to give darkness and gloom, or brightness and beauty, to the pictures which are to be ours for ever."

"I will remember it always, Aunt Marian ; and your face shall be one of my pictures to look sadly at me when I am doing wrong, and to smile sweetly on me when I am trying to do right."

S. E. S.

DETROIT, Mich.

TRICKS OF JACK THE MONKEY.

NEVER did any one start for a tropical climate with a greater antipathy towards monkeys than I did. I lived years in their vicinity, and yet tried to avoid all contact with them ; and it was not till I was homeward bound that my conversion was effected. The ship, in which Mr. Bowdich and myself took a round-about course to England, was floating on a wide expanse of water, disturbed only by the heavy swell, which forms the sole motion in a calm ; the watch on deck were seated near the bows of the vessel ; the passengers and officers were almost all below ; there was only myself and the helmsman on the after-deck ; he stood listlessly by the binnacle, and I was wholly occupied in reading. A noise between a squeak and a chatter suddenly met my ears ; and, before I could turn my head to see whence it proceeded, a heavy, living creature jumped on to my shoulders from behind, and its tail encircled my throat. I felt it was Jack, the cook's monkey ; the mis-

chievous, malicious, mocking, but inimitable Jack, whose pranks had often made me laugh against my will, as I watched him from a distance, but with whom I had never made the least acquaintance. Whether from fear or presence of mind I do not pretend to say, but I remained perfectly still; and in a minute or two Jack put his head forward and stared me in the face, uttering a sort of croak: he then descended on to my knees, examined my hands as if he were counting my fingers, tried to take off my rings, and, when I gave him some biscuit, curled himself compactly into my lap. We were friends from that moment. My aversion thus cured, I have ever since felt indescribable interest and entertainment in watching, studying, and protecting monkeys. We had several on board the above-mentioned vessel; but Jack was the prince of them all.

Exclusively belonging to the cook, although a favorite with the whole crew, my friend (*a Cercopithecus* from Senegal) had been at first kept by means of a cord, attached to the caboose; but, as he became more and more tame, his liberty was extended, till at last he was allowed the whole range of the ship, with the exception of the captain's and passengers' cabins. The occupations which he marked out for himself began at early dawn, by overturning the steward's parrot-cage whenever he could get at it, in order to secure the lump of sugar which then rolled out, or lick up the water which ran from the upset cup. He evidently intended to pull the parrot's feathers; but the latter, by turning round as fast as Jack turned, always faced him, and his beak was too formidable to be encountered. I was frequently awakened by the quick trampling of feet at this early hour, and knew it arose from a pursuit of Jack, in consequence of some mischief on his part. Like all other nautical monkeys, he descended into the forecastle, where he twisted off the night-caps of

the sailors as they lay in their hammocks, stole their knives, tools, &c.; and, if they were not very active in the pursuit, these purloinings were thrown overboard.

When the preparations for breakfast began, Jack took his post in a corner near the grate, and, when the cook's back was turned, hooked out the pieces of biscuit which were toasting between the bars for the men, and snatched the bunches of dried herbs, with which they tried to imitate tea, out of the tin mugs. He sometimes scalded or burnt his fingers by these tricks, which kept him quiet for a few days; but no sooner was the pain gone than he repeated the mischief.

Two days in each week, the pigs, which formed part of our live stock, were allowed to run about the deck for exercise, and then Jack was particularly happy: hiding himself behind a cask, he would suddenly spring on to the back of one of them, his face to the tail, and away scampered his frightened steed. Sometimes an obstacle would impede the gallop; and then Jack, loosening the hold which he had acquired by digging his nails into the skin of the pig, industriously tried to uncurl its tail; and, if he were saluted by a laugh from some one near by, he would look up with an assumed air of wonder, as much as to say, What can you find to laugh at?

When the pigs were shut up, he thought it his turn to give others a ride; and there were three little monkeys, with red skins and blue faces, whom he particularly favored. I frequently met him with all of them on his back at the same time, squeaking and huddling together, and with difficulty preserving their seat; when he suddenly stopped, and seemed to ask me to praise the good-natured action which he was performing. He was, however, jealous of all those of his brethren who came in contact with me, and freed himself of two of his rivals by throw-

ing them into the sea. One of them was a small lion monkey, of great beauty and extreme gentleness; and, immediately after I had been feeding him, Jack called him with a coaxing, patronizing air; but, as soon as he was within reach, the perfidious creature seized him by the nape of his neck, and, as quick as thought, popped him over the side of the ship. We were going at a brisk rate, and, although a rope was thrown out to him, the poor little screaming thing was soon left behind, very much to my distress; for his almost human agony of countenance was painful to behold. For this, Jack was punished by being shut up all day in the empty hen-coop, in which he usually passed the night, and which he so hated, that, when bedtime came, he generally avoided the clutches of the steward: he, however, committed so much mischief when unwatched, that it had become necessary to confine him at night, and I was often obliged to perform the office of nurse-maid. Jack's principal punishment, however, was to be taken in front of the cage in which a panther belonging to me was placed, in the fore part of the deck. His alarm was intense: the panther set up his back and growled, but Jack instantly closed his eyes, and made himself perfectly rigid. I generally held him up by the tail, and, if I moved, he cautiously opened one eye; but, if he caught sight of even a corner of the cage, he shut it fast, and again pretended to be dead.

Jack's drollest trick was practised on a poor little black monkey; taking the opportunity when a calm, similar to that spoken of above, left him nearly the sole possessor of the deck. I do not know that he saw me, for I was sitting behind the companion-door. The men had been painting the ship outside, and were putting a broad band of white upon her, when they went to dinner below, leaving their paint and brushes on the upper deck. Jack

enticed his victim to him, who meekly obeyed the summons ; and, seizing him with one hand, he, with the other, took the brush, and covered him with the white fluid from head to foot. The laugh of the man at the helm called my attention to the circumstance ; and, as soon as Jack perceived he was discovered, he dropped his dripping brother, and rapidly scampered up the rigging, till he gained the main-top, where he stood with his nose between the bars, looking at what was going on below. As the other monkey began to lick himself, I called up the steward, who washed him clean with turpentine, and no harm ensued ; but Jack was afraid to come down, and only after three days passed in his elevated place of refuge did hunger compel him to descend. He chose the moment when I was sitting on deck, and, swinging himself by a rope, he dropped suddenly into my lap ; looking so imploringly at me for pardon, that I not only forgave him myself, but procured his absolution from others. Jack and I parted a little to the south of the Scilly Islands, after five months' companionship, and never met again ; but I was told that he was much distressed at my absence, hunted for me all over the vessel in the most disconsolate manner, even venturing into my cabin ; nor was he reconciled to the loss of me when the ship's company parted in the London docks. — *Forrester's Magazine.*

LETTER TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

MY DEAR LOUISA,— When you left me, I did not think so long a time would elapse before I should write to you ; but now, finding a quiet hour, I will gladly spend it in a

friendly talk with you. I could have wished that your visit might have been deferred a few weeks; but I trust your renewed health will more than compensate for any disadvantage your absence may occasion.

I could have wished that the religious impressions which had been made upon you should have been strengthened and confirmed, before you were thrown among new scenes and new temptations. I could have desired that the seed dropped into good soil should have taken root, and began to spring up, before you were exposed to other influences than those which surround you in your Christian home. But we, in our blindness, know not what is best for our friends; and perhaps God would try you in order to prove you, and so that you may know whether your wish to serve him is sincere.

For my own part, my dear child, I do not doubt that you have indeed received the influence of God's holy spirit. I do not doubt that your earnest longings for a better life were prompted by the call of God to your soul; and with so many Christian friends as surround you when at home, with their influence all tending towards a holy life, I have no doubt that after a few months you would have seriously determined to consecrate all your powers,—

"All that you are, have been,
All that you yet may be,"—

to Him whose service is perfect freedom.

But, since you are thrown entirely out of the circle of religious sympathies, you must strive the harder to "work out your own salvation." Do not let the pleasures in which you may engage turn your heart away from the highest happiness. You are just now in that state of mind in which you will find it difficult to decide with regard to

amusements, the disposal of your time, &c., what is right or wrong. Let me urge you to keep to one rule. If there has arisen a debate in your conscience, it will always be best for you to forego the doubtful pleasure. If you cannot be sure that it is right, it is best not to indulge in it. I know very well that you will find this hard to do, especially if others among whom you are thrown feel no scruples, and urge you to enjoy with them, or to give your reasons for not doing so. You will be too distrustful of your real desire for goodness, too sure that you depart in many ways from your standard, to say openly that you do not feel that you shall be doing right in a participation. And yet it is best you should say it, even at the risk of sneers and whispers, "not loud but deep," that you "set up to be better than other people;" nay, even at the hazard of being told by some mature acquaintance, that it does not look well and is scarcely maidenly for a young girl to be over-scrupulous, and to take a decided stand in opposition to those so much older than herself.

These, Louisa dear, are the little persecutions which may, which must, beset you, when you first turn your face to the heavenly city. I beseech you, as you value your eternal welfare, do not let them turn your steps back to the world. What are the scoffs of those whom you meet, even of your friends, to the sweet smile of approval with which your Saviour will welcome you to his fold, and to the glorious promise, "No man shall pluck them out of my hand"?

But there is danger that your first impressions will melt away, so that your conscience will lose the tenderness which they awakened; and you will be no longer troubled to decide doubtful points, but will rush headlong into every pursuit which promises its grain of pleasure. Guard against this state; struggle with it, as you would struggle

with the benumbing influence of cold, when to sleep would be certain death. And no outward method will be so likely to preserve you from this fearful relapse into indifference as an hour or half-hour set apart every day for religious purposes. It is true, when we are visiting, our time is scarcely at our own disposal ; yet, by rising early in the morning, you may find time for quiet reading and prayer before you are claimed for the business or the amusements of the day. Do not think you can defer this hour till your time of retiring. Your thoughts will be then too much upon the events of the day, and the fatigues of the body will so weigh upon the spirit that it will not be able to give itself entirely up to the highest thoughts, and to entire communion with the almighty Father.

And, through the day, let the thought of God and of his holy Son be as much with you as possible. I know that the beauties of the outward world always carry your thoughts upward. Strive to let the "common round, the trivial task," suggest holy things. Try to see in every one a brother of the great human family whom Christ commanded you to help. If you can learn this, the thought will check the angry word and the hasty judgment.

I wish I might be near you, and could watch over you ; yet I know this is foolish weakness. After all, what is all one human being can do for the soul of another ? It is God who gives the increase ; and for us but one thing is left,—prayer. And you may be sure, dear Louisa, that, remembering, as I always do, my dear scholars in my petitions, I shall not fail to make more earnest ones than ever for you, and to ask that you may have strength given you in temptation, and that no evil weeds may spring up to check the good seed, but that, in God's own time, it may bear fruit.

Your parents, no doubt, have written, and will write, to you more earnestly than I can ; and yet I know that a word from any friend who desires your truest good, will not be without weight with you. When you find an unemployed hour, let me hear from you. I shall rejoice to know that strength is returning to your frame, and still more to hear that your feet are turned Zionward.

Your affectionate Sunday-school teacher.

EDITOR.

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NOS. VII. AND VIII.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery. — Thou shalt not steal."

"I HAVE learned two commandments to-day, mother," said Annie, as mamma took her seat in the great library-chair ; "they were both so short ; so now you must tell me *two* stories this afternoon ! But I don't understand the seventh."

" You are not old enough yet to understand it, my dear," said mother gravely ; "but still it has a meaning even for children ; that they should be very careful to avoid every thing vulgar and improper in word and action. I have heard little girls who should have been much better bred, for their mothers were true ladies, use really indecent language, when they thought they were by themselves ; and discuss things of which they ought to have been perfectly ignorant, but had learned from servants or vulgar acquaintances. A prohibition of every thing like that is implied in the seventh commandment ; and a very good rule for little girls is never to talk to each other in a way

which they would not be willing their mothers should hear. The truest charm of a girl is her modesty and delicacy ; and all her thoughts and words and acts should be pure. No lady-like little girl will make use of any of the thousand *slang* expressions that are so popular now-a-days, and which all the rude, dirty little children in the streets have constantly on their lips. It is more excusable in them, for often they have never been taught better. A modest, retiring, well-bred little girl will always be loved, whether she has beauty and wit or not ; a meek and quiet spirit is a lovelier ornament than pearls, and that is what I wish to see my little Annie arrayed in. There ! I have given you a lecture instead of a story, haven't I ? How do you like it, little girl ? ” And mother looked down with a smile into the bright, earnest face lying up-looking upon her lap.

“ Very well, mother,” said Annie, rather confusedly ; the little lady remembered two or three phrases of her own which she had an idea mamma would be likely to class under the order of “ *slang* ; ” “ I'll try and remember it. And now tell me about the *eighth commandment*, ” she added somewhat hastily. “ Did you ever know a girl who stole ? I wouldn't steal, mother ; I would be *above* such a thing ! ” said the child proudly.

“ I trust you would, my daughter, ” said mother. “ Still, don't be too positive ; don't think it unnecessary to give the commandment due attention. There are more ways of being dishonest than by actual *theft*. I knew a little girl once, some two or three years ago, whose mother gave her a long seam to sew one afternoon. This little girl was very lively and full of spirits ; she liked much better to play with her wax-doll, which she thought so pretty with its blue eyes and flaxen ringlets, and to which she had given the very flowery name of ‘ Lily May,’ or to romp

with old Hartho, the great Newfoundland dog, or to swing in the great wooden swing, than to sew long seams; but her mother told her she would soon know how to do nothing but play if she played all the time, and that it was very necessary that little ladies should learn to use the needle. The little girl, however, did not fully appreciate this reasoning, and soon got very tired of her work. So she slipped up stairs to a room where a seamstress was sitting making up house-linen, and coaxed her to finish her seam for her. She had a winning smile and a pleading little voice, and the woman could not resist her entreaty. So she sewed the seam, while the little girl sat on the floor and played with 'Lily May.' When the work was completed, she took it down to her mother, and showed it as her own, allowing her mother to praise her for her improvement, and to present her with a rosy-cheeked apple for her industry. Who was this little girl, Annie?"

Annie blushed, and turned her face away in confusion.

"I should not have reminded you of it, dear," said mother pleasantly, "especially as you went up stairs, and shared the apple with the woman who had helped you; and afterwards grew so ashamed and sorry about it, thinking of it to yourself, that you came and told me all; only I wanted to show you that it was not necessary actually to *steal* in order to break the eighth commandment. It is as dishonest to accept *praise* which we do not deserve, as to take any thing else which does not belong to us. Yet it is a practice which unfortunately is very common, especially among school-girls. They will allow their older companions to work their sums, or write their copies, or correct their exercises, and present them to their teachers as the fruit of their own unaided labor; and I have known girls who would deliberately copy whole pages

from published books, essays, or poems, and hand them in on composition-day as their own ; proud and lady-like girls who would be deeply insulted at any reflection upon their honor. Very few school-children seem to think it dishonest to look slyly into their book if they do not know their lesson, or to allow others to prompt them ; yet this is very deceitful ; for, after they go up to class, they have no right to take the lesson from any place but their *memory* ; and it is much more honorable to fail openly than to succeed by stealth. It is very hard, I know," continued mother, as Annie drew a long sigh, "to lose a credit-mark for perhaps a slight neglect or forgetfulness ; but one's honor and clear conscience are of more value than one's place in a class. But it is a sad fact that there are some girls, well-dressed and well-bred, who will go beyond even these school peccadilloes. I was sent to a large boarding school when I was nearly grown ; and that is a fair field for the study of almost every kind of character. There was a young lady there, whose looks I remember very well now, who will furnish a case in point. She was a beautiful girl, with well-cultivated mind and manners, but, alas ! sadly neglected moral perceptions. We all knew that Adelaide Eshton was in the constant habit of evading the rules ; that she sat up night after night, long past the stated bedtime, reading novels ; that she paid visits in study hours, received clandestine letters, and so on, but still did all these things so dexterously that none of the teachers suspected them. In class she always consulted her book stealthily ; on examination-days, she carried in her pocket thin rolls of paper on which she had copied propositions in geometry, and the solutions of problems in arithmetic and algebra ; and thus she passed for an orderly and diligent pupil. There were others who did likewise, and thought it no harm ; and again there

were others of us, who could not but think such a life an acted falsehood, and that it was dishonest to accept commendation which was undeserved. Gradually, however, it began to be whispered about that Adelaide had very little respect for her neighbors' property ; she did not scruple to use at will her room-mate's needles, thread, and pins ; and once she was detected in wearing a very richly embroidered skirt belonging to another young lady. She explained that she only did it in sport, — it had been sent by a mistake of the washerwoman to her room, and was so handsome that she had a fancy to wear it once, — so the matter was dropped. Not long after this, a very elegant ring, which had been accidentally left on her washstand by one of the girls, was found missing. The room was searched for it, but in vain ; and the owner, Emily Grant, finally mentioned it to the principal. *She* spoke of it very severely to the school, and said she should certainly pursue a strict scrutiny until it was discovered, but that, if it were returned, no exposure should be made. That evening Adelaide was heard to inquire very hurriedly of some one standing near Emily's door, if any one was in the room, and, on being told that there was not, she darted in, and in a moment re-appeared, hastening to her own room. A few minutes after, Emily entered her room, and the first thing she saw was the diamond in the ring flashing out in the darkness from just beneath the washstand, as if it had accidentally fallen to the floor. But the room had been so thoroughly searched before, that no one doubted Adelaide's agency in the matter. Still there was no positive proof, and some half-believed her innocence, until another circumstance of a still darker shade occurred. One of the girls had lent her for a few days a very beautiful brooch, made of the hair of her mother, who was dead. Of course it was very dear to her ; and her regret

was extreme when one day Adelaide came to her, apparently in deep distress, and told her that she had lost the brooch. She had been out to walk, had worn the pin, but on her return had found it had slipped from her collar. It was useless to look for it; for her walk had been a ramble in the woods. She wept bitterly about it, and implored the owner to let her replace it with another; but the girl said diamonds and pearls could never recompense her for the loss of her departed mother's hair, of which she had no more. This Adelaide knew very well when she made the offer. Time wore on, and the affair was almost forgotten; when one day the monitress brought Adelaide a daguerreotype and a letter, which had just arrived in the mail. There was always a great tumult and crowd when the letters were given out; and, of course, all the girls saw that Adelaide had received a daguerreotype of some of her friends, and crowded round her to see it. She was busy reading her letter, after having taken a slight glance at the picture; and presently, when she had finished, and turned to ask for the likeness again, she noticed them all gazing at her with unmixed scorn, and heard various contemptuous whispers passing about. The lady in the daguerreotype wore Lucy Morton's brooch! They had all recognized it, and her faint denial was instantly silenced by contemptuous retorts. She was soon summoned to the principal's room, and there compelled to explain that her mother had given her money to have a brooch of her own hair made for her. She had spent the money in another way, and, noticing that Lucy's brooch was exactly the color of her own hair, had obtained possession of it, and sent it to her mother as her own. She was deeply mortified at her exposure, and requested to be sent home immediately; and the principal sent a note to

then, in after-years, when God calls upon you to do some great thing, you will be ready to say, with the pious man of old, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth good."

EDITOR.

THE OLD ABBEY OF FOWRE.

IN the central part of Ireland are the remains of an ancient abbey, which is well worthy the attention of those who take pleasure in examining relics of antiquity, and wandering among the ruins of former days. With those mementoes, Ireland abounds. Castles, round-towers, monasteries, or ancient churches, are to be met with in almost every country; their ivy-covered ruins arresting the attention of the traveller, and inviting him to stop, and make acquaintance with those venerable survivors of past ages.

Connected with those ruins are legends and stories innumerable, which the superstitious and imaginative peasantry have received by tradition from their forefathers, and relate with a full conviction of their authenticity. These foolish legends embrace pots of gold, buried under ground within the walls of old castles, over which cocks have been heard to crow at certain hours of the night; mysterious boxes, found on the summit of mountains, the covers of which no mortal hand dare raise, without suffering the penalty of instantaneous death; celebrated trunks of trees, by embracing which serious evils may be averted; and cavities in rocks, approached at the risk of life, but which, having once succeeded in reaching, will purchase for the adventurer a safeguard through some of the most imminent dangers to which humanity is subject.

The ancient name of Fowre was Balogne, or the town of books; the abbey having at one time possessed one of the most extensive libraries of the olden times, both in print and manuscript, from which it derived its name. The town is approached through a mountain-pass, and is surrounded by a natural fortification of not inconsiderable hills.

The place where the abbey stands, which, with its chapel, monastery, and other buildings, covers about two square acres, is literally a large table-rock in the centre of a bog, or morass, and only accessible by a narrow road made of broken fragments from the neighboring rocks. The architecture of those buildings is considered to be admirable, and constructed with such strength and durability as to be for some time formidable even to the devastating army of Cromwell. Even now, it presents one of the finest specimens of monastic ruins. What remains of the walls is covered with ivy, but through its beautiful dark-green foliage the east windows can be plainly traced. The stone staircase is still perfect, and, here and there in its windings, leads to dark, square, tunnel-shaped chambers, reaching from top to bottom of the building, and seeming to have been intended as places of confinement.

Tradition relates that this abbey was, in ancient times, made the stopping-place for all the religious orders, as they travelled from the metropolis towards the west, being situated about mid-way. From its castellated walls they could look out in security, during troublous times, till a favorable opportunity for departure should occur.

Among those who came to make a pilgrimage to this sacred retreat, was, it is said, the celebrated St. Cuthbert. When he had arrived at a certain distance from the abbey, the first toll of the vesper-bell sounded in his ear; whereupon he immediately fell upon his knees to perform

her mother explaining the case. Soon after, Lucy received a package containing the brooch.

This is the only case I ever knew of positive theft in one of Adelaide's standing in society; still you may judge by it, Annie, that the eighth commandment is not intended only for professed pickpockets and robbers.

SISTER KATE.

THE HORSE.

THE horse is the noblest, and the most useful to man, of all the animals. In a wild state, they are found in large droves, numbering sometimes a thousand or more. Powerful as they are, however, they never attack other animals, but content themselves with acting on the defensive. When they lie down to rest, they generally leave some of their number as sentinels, to give notice of the approach of danger. When the alarm is given, by a loud neighing of the sentinels, the whole troop start to their feet, and, after taking a view of their enemy, either give them instant battle, or gallop off with inconceivable speed.

When they determine on battle, they close round the enemy on all sides, and trample him to death. If the attack is of a very serious character, they form a circle, in the centre of which the young are placed with their mothers. The rest, arranging themselves with their heels towards their foes, repel the most vigorous attacks.

Many a careless boy, and unfortunate man, know, from bitter experience, what a powerful instrument of defence the horse possesses in his heels. By their means, he has been known, in a favorable situation, to contend success-

fully, though single-handed, with a full-grown lion. It was in the menagerie at Paris, in the reign of Louis XV. A nobleman having a vicious horse, whom none of his grooms were able to manage, asked leave of the king, as a matter of sport, to have him turned loose in the menagerie against one of the largest lions. The king consented. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when, seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately started and fell back. His ears were erected, his mane twisted, his eyes flashed, and something like a convulsive shudder agitated his whole frame. In a moment these first emotions of fear subsided, and the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie to prepare for the combat. Turning his back upon the lion, and raising his head over his left shoulder, he watched the motions of his antagonist with intense eagerness.

In a few moments the lion came out of his den, moved cautiously about from one side of the menagerie to the other, as if meditating the mode of attack. Suddenly he made a spring, to take his adversary by surprise, but was met by such a tremendous blow upon the breast from both his heels, as sent him back groaning toward his den.

For some time the discomfited lion seemed inclined to give up the contest. At length, having recovered a little from the painful effects of his first encounter, he returned again to the charge, making similar preparations for the second attack as he had done for the first. Traversing the little area to and fro for a considerable time, he seemed to seek a favorable opportunity to seize his prey, by diverting his attention from the point of attack. The horse, in the mean time, preserved the same posture of defence, keeping his eye intently fixed upon every motion

of the lion. Presently the lion gave a second spring, putting forth his utmost strength and activity. But the watchful horse was prepared for him, and struck him so vigorous a blow on his mouth that his lower jaw-bone was broken.

Having thus sustained a second and more severe repulse, the poor lion retreated hastily to his den, apparently in the greatest agony, and uttering the most lamentable moans. The victorious horse escaped without a scar or a scratch. His agility and power were much admired. But he became, after this conflict, more ungovernable than ever. So formidable was he, that no one dared even to approach the ground where he was kept; and it became necessary to shoot him.

The most beautiful horses in the world are the Arabian; though there are different races of them, as well as in other countries. The most remarkable and valuable among them are the Kochlani, who to an uncommon gentleness and docility, and a singular attachment to their masters, unite a courage and intrepidity worthy of the best-trained war-horse. They have an astonishing power of remembering the places where they have been, and the treatment they have received.

The intelligence of this race of horses is almost incredible. He knows when he is sold to a new master, or even when his old master is bargaining to sell him. When the proprietor and the purchaser meet for that purpose in the stables, the Kochlan appears instantly to guess what is going on. He becomes restless and dissatisfied, casts frequent angry glances from his beautiful eye at the merchant, paws the ground impatiently with his feet, and exhibits other unmistakable signs of discontent. Neither the buyer nor any other stranger dares to come near him. But when the bargain is concluded, and the vender, taking

the Kochlan by the halter, gives him up to the purchaser, and turns away, the horse becomes immediately tractable and submissive. From that moment he is mild and faithful to his new master, as he had been to his old one. This is no idle story. It is well attested by English residents in the East, as well as by Turkish, Arabian, and Armenian merchants.

We can hardly wonder at the extreme gentleness and docility of the Arabian horses, when we consider how they are treated. The Arabs live constantly in tents. These they always share with their horses. The mare and her foal occupy the same corner where the children sleep, and often serve them for a pillow. They may often be seen prattling to their colts as our children do to their pet dogs, patting them on their necks and faces, stroking down their soft hair, climbing on their bodies, and hanging about their necks, with the fondness and fearlessness of childhood.

The Arabian horses are always well fed, and never whipped. The use of the lash is not known among them ; and it is only in the utmost extremity that the spur is used, and then as sparingly as possible. They are seldom, if ever, overburdened or overworked, but are treated with as much care and tenderness as any member of the family.—*Merry's Museum.*

KEEPING A QUIET MIND.

“DEAR me ! I am so tired !” sighed Josephine Carroll, throwing herself back in the rocking-chair. She looked tired, certainly, and heated and disturbed ; and though, after a few minutes, she arose, and began to change her dress, her face did not regain its serenity.

Mr. Carroll, though not a wealthy man, was sufficiently so to allow of having domestics ; but his sister, who had kept house for him since the death of his wife, preferred, like most of her village neighbors, to do the work of the family herself, with the assistance only of her eldest niece. Josephine did not dislike work,—she had always been accustomed to it ; and few girls of her age were more competent to take charge of a household ; and though sometimes, when the day's labors had been harder or more wearisome than usual, she was a little inclined to murmur, the fretful spirit vanished with the weariness which had given rise to it, and she was ready for the next day's duties with unabated cheerfulness.

"I wonder," she said, half aloud, as she stooped to tie her slipper, and a smile, like a sunbeam, crossed her face,—"I wonder if Aunt Delia could spare me for an hour this afternoon?" She ran down stairs hastily, and entered the sitting-room, where her aunt sat with a large basket by her side, containing the garments which needed repair. Josephine's smile faded as she looked ; and, drawing a low chair to the table, she said, languidly, "Any thing you want me to do, aunt?"

"Any thing? Good land, Josey, look at the basket! Here's Mabel's apron with every button gone, and Phil's jacket with the sleeve more than half torn out ; and your pa's shirts want new wristbands ; and only look at the stockings!"

"Well, aunt, I'll do the children's things. Mabel must learn not to pull so hard. But wouldn't it do if I left them till to-morrow?"

"Why, no, child. Don't put one day's duties on the top of another. Who knows what may happen before to-morrow? You or I might die."

"And, in that case, the clothes would not be needed in a hurry," said Josephine, half smiling. "But there isn't so very much to do. See! Mabel's buttons are on already; and now for Philip. I'm sure the stockings could wait; we all have enough; and I should like to go out a little while."

"Where, for the land's sake?" asked Aunt Delia, who, though kind and good, and very fond of her brother's children, had a decided objection to "gadding."

"Only to Mrs. Roberts's house," answered Josephine, in a low tone.

"Mrs. Roberts! Well, I should think she would be tired of seeing your face. What captivates you so in the new doctor's wife, I wonder?"

"I don't know, auntie. Because she is so good, I think."

The simple answer rather touched Aunt Delia's feelings. "Well," she said, more gently, "I believe she *is* good, and I don't blame you for liking her. But she can't be wanting you there for ever,—a young girl like you, not half so old as she is."

"Mrs. Roberts isn't thirty yet, aunt; and I am past sixteen. I don't wish to be troublesome to her; but she says she likes to have me come."

"I dare say. People don't mean all they say, as you'll find out before you have lived as long as I have. Come, Josey, don't fret. I can't spare you this afternoon, any how."

Josephine said no more, though tears came to her eyes for a moment. Her busy fingers kept steadily at their work, and garment after garment was laid aside, neatly repaired. Before she had finished, the children returned from school; and Mabel, in some trepidation, showed a rent in her dress.

"I was climbing over the wall, and it caught," she said, hesitatingly.

"Yes, and you pulled, I suppose, instead of loosening it gently," said her sister. "O Mabel! will you never learn to be careful?"

Mabel stood still, making no answer, somewhat ashamed, but quite as much vexed; for her sister's tone had been impatient. Josephine's conscience reproved her instantly; and she added, gently, "Well, take it off, Mabel, and bring me the pieces like it. I will mend it now." Aunt Delia, who had gone up stairs, chanced not to return until the dress was mended; and little Mabel, glad to escape a reproof, kissed her sister, and promised to try to be careful.

After the early tea, as Josephine stood leaning rather disconsolately against the door-post, her aunt came by, and looked inquiringly in her face. "Josey," she said, "if you are so set upon seeing Mrs. Roberts, why don't you run over now? I'm not going out; and I'll put the children to bed."

A bright smile was all the thanks she received,—quite enough, however; and, in less than five minutes, Josephine's hand was on the latch of Dr. Roberts's gate. The doctor himself stood on the steps, drawing on his gloves; and his horse and chaise were in waiting.

"That's right, Miss Carroll: come in, and keep my wife company. She will be all alone this evening," he said, shaking hands cordially as he came to the gate. Then turning back, "I say, Sophy, where did I put my whip?"

"Sophy," in the house, did not hear; but Josephine spied the whip, and handed it to him; and, with a hasty "Thank you!" he drove away.

A. A.

(To be continued.)

THE CAT.

IT has not been ascertained at what period cats were first classed among domestic animals ; but, as this is of little consequence, I will endeavor to give some account of them from the time that their useful and amusing qualities brought them into general notice, as forming a part of our household comforts. The finest cats are those called Angora, which are remarkable for size and strength of body, elegance of the head, softness of hair, and docile qualities, which rank them first as domestic cats. Every country has its peculiar species : that of Tobolski is red ; that of the Cape of Good Hope, blue ; and those of China and Japan have hanging ears. Pallas informs us, that in Russia the muzzle is small and pointed, and the tail six times as long as the body.

I have remarked that naturalists have not spoken much in favor of this animal, particularly Buffon, who says "that the cat may be considered as a faithless friend, brought under human protection to oppose a still more insidious enemy. It is, in fact, the only animal of this tribe whose service can more than recompense the trouble of education, and whose strength is not sufficient to make its anger formidable. Of all animals, when young, there is none more prettily playful than the kitten ; but it appears to change its disposition as it grows old, and the innate treachery of its kind begins to show itself. From being naturally ravenous, education teaches it to disguise its appetite, and to seize the favorable moment for plunder. Supple, insinuating, and artful, it has learned the art of concealing its intentions till it can put them in force. Whenever the opportunity occurs, it directly seizes upon

whatever it finds, flies off with it, and remains at a distance till it thinks its offence is forgotten."

The aversion cats have to any thing like slavery or imprisonment is so great, that, by means of it, they may be forced to prompt obedience ; but, under restraint, they are very different. Though surrounded by food, when deprived of liberty, they abandon the desire of theft or prey, and literally die of languor and hunger. Lemery, after having put a cat into a cage, suffered two or three mice to run through it. Puss, instead of destroying them, only looked at them with apparent indifference. The mice became more bold, and even attempted to provoke her : however, it had no effect, as she still remained quiet. Liberty being given her, her strength and voracity returned ; so that, had the cage been open, the mice would have soon become her prey. They also fear severe chastisement ; and therefore this may be considered the best means of enforcing obedience. It is related that the monks of the Isle of Cyprus instructed cats to drive away serpents which infested the island ; and they succeeded so well, that in a short time they were relieved of the venomous reptiles.

The effect that both sound and music have upon this animal is well known. They, like dogs, may be made to answer the call of a whistle. An invalid, who was confined to his room for some time, was much amused by this means, and with other proofs of the docility and sagacity of a favorite cat. Valmont de Bomare saw, at the fair of St. Germain, cats turned musicians, the performance being announced by the title of the "Mewing Concert." In the centre was an ape, beating time ; and on either side the cats were placed, with music before them on the stalls. At the signal of the ape, they regulated their mewing to sad or lively strains. One of our celebrated naturalists assures us that they *are* capable of gratitude, and may be considered faithful. — *Forrester's Magazine.*

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

IT was a poor room,—a very poor room indeed. The plastering was cracked and broken, and had entirely fallen in some spots: the floor was uneven, and the great cracks round the edges admitted plenty of cold air. The very fireplace seemed, by its ample size, to suggest poverty by the very contrast with the few sticks which were gathered together in the centre. The furniture was poor too,—a narrow cot-bed in one corner, and a straw-bed on the floor in another, an old chest of drawers, a rickety pine table, one or two worn chairs and three-legged stools. The only occupant of the room was a middle-aged woman, who stood ironing at the little table. Her dress was as miserable as the apartment and its furniture, but, like them, was scrupulously clean. Her face, whose expression had come to be habitually that of care and sorrow, brightened a little as she heard footsteps on the stairs; and two children, a boy and a girl, entered the room.

" You've been a long time," said the woman, pleasantly. " Did you go directly to Mrs. Carleton's ? "

" Yes, mother," replied the girl: " we carried her the work, and she said she liked the way it was done; and when we told her that you would like the money, because to-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day, she said she was sorry, but she could not pay you; she had no small bills. And, when I asked her if I might come again to-night, she told me they were going out of town."

" But, mother," said the boy, " she went to her store-room, and she put ever so many things into this basket for you. It was so heavy, Mary and I could scarcely bring it. See here!" And he proceeded to display the stores,—a chicken, nicely roasted; two pies, some tea,

some sugar, quite a large parcel of flour, and at least a peck of apples. "We shall have a real Thanksgiving, mother, just like other people."

Mrs. Peters put her iron on the hearth, that she might better examine the gifts which her little son was regarding with so much pleasure. Mary, meanwhile, with scarcely a glance at the eatables, was busily putting away her hood and shawl."

"And now, Mary dear," said her mother, "just put all these things away in the closet, while I finish my ironing."

Mary did as she was desired; while her brother George went on giving his mother an account of all he had seen in the street. "A whole wagon-full of turkeys, mother; and one butcher was going to buy them all, I do believe. And, oh! mother, that butcher's window was full of oranges; and all sorts of birds, with feathers on, were hanging up; and there were cranberries and great yellow squashes!"

Mary sat down at length by the fire. A deep sigh made her mother look towards her. "What's the matter, Mary? Tired with your walk?"

"No, mother; but I wish Thanksgiving Days and Christmas Days would never come."

"Why, Mary, child, what's amiss now? Why, I declare, I never thought about your new dress, dear. Well, I'm sorry. I almost wish you had told Mrs. Carleton that I was depending upon the money to get you one."

"I couldn't do that, mother; but I've been thinking that I don't believe such days were made for poor folks. I'm sure I don't see any thing to be thankful for. There's Nellie Carleton, now: if any one was like her, it would be easy to be thankful. I saw her in the parlor, when Mrs. Carleton took us into the storeroom. She was

playing on her beautiful piano ; and she wore a bright crimson dress, that looked so warm and pretty ! ”

“ And so my little girl let envy creep into her heart ; and because she cannot have a crimson dress, and play upon the piano in a beautiful parlor, she thinks she has nothing to be thankful for ! ”

“ No, mother : I don’t think I am quite so bad as that. I do not want a crimson dress ; it would be too nice and too pretty for me to wear here, even if I had it : but I really don’t see why I should not have my dark calico. Such a nice time as we were going to have to-morrow cutting it out ! ”

“ I am sorry you are disappointed, Mary : but a few days will not make much difference ; and you must try to enjoy all the pleasures we have. It was quite thoughtful in Mrs. Carleton to send us the chicken already roasted, because it will save our making a large fire.”

“ Yes,” chimed in George : “ she took up a raw one first ; and then she said, ‘ No ; your mother will like this better,’ and put in the cooked one.”

“ There’s another thing too, mother. Think how glad Mrs. Carleton must be to be able to give away so many things ! Why, I can’t tell you how many chickens she had in her closet, or how many bundles of sugar and tea and flour. I didn’t half like her giving them to us, just as if we were beggars ; but then I knew she meant to be kind, and George was so pleased ! He kept saying, ‘ Thank you, ma’am ! ’ to every thing she put into the basket.”

“ Ah ! Mary, I see pride has a great deal to do with the matter. Why should you dislike to receive these dainties from Mrs. Carleton ? She knows, as you well know, just how we are situated. She knows that I find it hard work to get the plainest clothing and coarsest food

for ourselves. Why, then, should you feel ashamed when she offers you luxuries? My dear child, with that spirit, I do not wonder that you see nothing to be thankful for. Ask your Father in heaven for a contented mind, and that will make every day a Thanksgiving Day. But now," she added after a pause, "you may set the table for dinner, while I warm over the beans."

Mrs. Peters knew that no better cure existed for discontent than constant occupation; so she contrived to give Mary plenty of work until about four o'clock, when the short, dark autumn afternoon was almost at a close.

Just as Mary was about to sit down by the fireside to read her Sunday-school book, she heard a tap at the door. She ran to open it; and there stood Nellie Carleton, her cloak and bonnet hastily flung on, and her face wild and terrified. She took no notice of Mary, but sprang towards Mrs. Peters, crying,—

"Mamma sent me for you, Mrs. Peters. Poor little Willie is very sick with the croup. We thought he had only a little cold, and let our nurse go away to see her friends. And now mamma wants you. She says you may have to stay all night; and perhaps you won't like to leave the children, so they can come with you. Only please be quick; for papa is at the store, and there is only Bridget, the cook, with mamma, unless the doctor has come."

Mrs. Peters tried to prevail upon the breathless child to rest a minute; but she insisted that she should be wanted at home, and sped away like an arrow. Mrs. Peters gave Mary a few directions with regard to closing the room, and herself raked up the fire to prevent any accident.

When, an hour afterwards, Mary and George came to the door of Mr. Carleton's house, it was Nellie who opened it for them. They went directly into the kitchen, between

which and the chamber of sickness Bridget was making constant journeys. The children were too timid to question her, and only judged that Willie must be very ill from the hurried, eager manner and frequent ejaculations of the faithful servant. At last Nellie came down into the kitchen, sobbing bitterly. Mary stood in silent sympathy for a while; and, when the violent grief was a little stilled, she asked,—

“Is he any worse?”

“No; yes; I don’t know; only I can’t bear to see him suffer so! Oh, it is dreadful! He can hardly breathe; and he almost throws himself off the bed with every breath. He will not lie in mamma’s arms; and the doctor is trying to relieve him, but he cannot. Oh, dear, dear!” And here she began to sob afresh.

Presently Bridget came down again.

“Willie?” cried Nellie.

“No better, darlint! Poor lamb! he’ll never win through this night, I’m thinking.” And Bridget hurried off again. Presently Nellie heard the latch-key turn, and ran up stairs to meet her father.

The evening was one of dread, not only to the immediate family of the little sufferer, but to the two poor children who sat crouched by the kitchen fire. Nellie did not come down to the kitchen again till George had fallen sound asleep, with his head on the table, and Mary was in a dreamy, half-conscious state. She roused when Nellie came in, and asked if the child was better.

“No, Mary; but papa does not wish me to stay in the room while he is suffering so much. Mamma sent me down to show you where you are to sleep: she said you must be tired.”

Mary roused her sleeping brother, and the children went up stairs.

"How old is Willie?" asked Mary.

"Six years old, and the dearest little fellow! Only last night he was so full of fun and play; and now this terrible croup!"

When Mary woke the next morning, she could not at first understand where she was; but she soon remembered the sad evening, and remembered that the sun of another Thanksgiving Day was shining. She dressed herself quickly, and went down stairs. Bridget was busily engaged in preparing breakfast; but, the moment Mary inquired for Willie, she threw her apron over her head, flung herself into a chair, and burst into a howl of grief and despair.

"Sure, and he's gone to glory, the darlint! Poor craythur! Ah! and it was hard parting the sowl from the body. He just died in a fit like, for want of breath."

Mary's tears began to flow too. "And what does poor Nellie do?" she asked.

"'Dade, and I cannot say rightly what she'll be afther doing. Her father it was sint her to bed at twelve o'clock; and the dare little innocent did not lave the warld till five. Its all unknownst to her."

Just before the bells rang for church, Mrs. Peters had done all that Mrs. Carleton desired, and was ready to return to her own home. But, before she went, she led both her children to the quiet, darkened nursery. On a white couch lay the little still form. The face was pure and peaceful; and, though the struggle had been full of suffering, no trace of agony was visible upon the fair, open brow, or round the mouth, where a smile still seemed to play. Mary and George had never looked upon death before; and George burst into tears; but to Mary the sight seemed too holy for any outward sign. She could have stood and gazed for hours, had not her mother drawn her away.

It was with a tighter pressure of George's hand that she walked to church beside him, and her heart was full of a thankfulness, which could not even express to herself. It seemed almost wrong to her to enjoy the dinner which Mrs. Carleton had provided, while its kind giver was bowed down with grief. That night, after George had gone to bed and was fast asleep, Mary sat lost in thought by her mother's side.

"O mother," she said at length, "how something almost always happens, when we have done wrong, to show us how wicked we have been! Only think of my envying Nellie Carleton yesterday, and supposing I had nothing to be thankful for, because I could not have every thing which she has to enjoy! Mother, do you suppose God meant it for a lesson to me when he took away Willie?"

"I do not suppose, my child, that God's end in taking away that dear little boy was to show you the sin of ingratitude. He doubtless has purposes of his own in sending this affliction, which we can but feel have more immediate reference to Mr. Carleton's family. However, as his providence is so vast, we may suppose that one of the remote ends of Willie's death was to show you, that, though you do not live in ease, you have still much to be thankful for; that Thanksgiving Day can be observed in spirit by the poor as well as the rich."

"And, mother, even if Mrs. Carleton had paid you, and you had bought the dress for me, yesterday afternoon, I do not think, after what has happened, I should have felt much interest in sewing on it to-day."

"No, my dear; I do not think you would; and then, if I had gone with you to buy the dress, I might not have returned till late, and then I should not have been able to help poor Mrs. Carleton take care of Willie."

"I see that too, mother," said Mary, thoughtfully. "I

wonder if I shall ever learn to think and feel what is right, without these teachings?"

"God is always teaching us who are parents, as well as you who are children. Pray, Mary, that you may attend to these gentle lessons, so that he may not have severer ones in store for you."

About a week after, Mrs. Peters went one night to Mrs. Carleton's with some finished work. When she came back, she brought two large bundles, and Mary exclaimed,—

"Why, mother! has Mrs. Carleton given you all that sewing?"

"No, dear. One bundle is sewing, and the other is for you. Mrs. Carleton has sent you Nellie's crimson dress, and a brown one, because they were made for Nellie last year, and she will have outgrown them by another winter. She is going to wear black dresses for a little while."

"She is very kind," Mary said; but she made no further remark, nor even wished to see how the dresses fitted, till her mother desired her to try them on. They were rather long for Mary; a good fault, her mother said, and she put them carefully away in a drawer. Mrs. Peters observed, through all the winter, that Mary never asked if she might wear the crimson dress. She always dressed in the brown one for church, but she seemed to avoid the crimson. Mrs. Peters knew that the latter reminded Mary of her sinful thoughts; and, as she saw that Mary was more careful in guarding against envious wishes, she did not pain her by asking her to put it on. The first time she wore it was on the next Thanksgiving Day, when, at Nellie Carleton's request, she went to see her three-weeks-old brother; and, while she kissed the innocent little face, she did not, even then, envy Nellie her happiness.

EDITOR.

JAMES MILLER.

THE Rev. Johnson Burr, a young clergyman in a certain town of Massachusetts, finding his parish very small, determined to receive a few boys into his family to be boarded and taught. His wife—active, kind-hearted, and religious—liked the plan very much: so she fitted up two large rooms in the gable roof of their great old-fashioned house, with a number of nice little single bedsteads, wash-stands, skeleton wardrobes, and other neat devices. Six boys from the city were soon in possession of the premises; and a new life began for young Mrs. Burr.

She had determined to be a mother to these poor little fellows exiled from home; to do all in her power to make them not only comfortable, but happy. She had undertaken openly to do their mending; and, in her heart, she had undertaken to keep up their spirits by all possible kindnesses. She was so glad she had plenty of poultry for them to feed and take care of for their amusement, and a beautiful pond near the house where they could fish off the bank; and she knew how to make the “nicest” hard gingerbread.

The stage brought all six to the parsonage one fine Monday morning. They tumbled out, they tumbled in, they tumbled up stairs, they rushed hither and thither, with a racket perfectly incomprehensible to the gentle little woman. Tumbling seemed the order of the day. In five minutes, two of the beds were tumbled; their books were tumbled upon the tables and chairs; their clothes were tumbled on the floor. They went to the barn, and tumbled in the hay. They went to the swing: one tumbled out, and she had to bandage a sprained wrist. They went

to the pond : the youngest tumbled in, and she had to dry all his clothes by the fire. At dinner they ate all the chickens except the bones, and left not a scrap of pudding for Bridget in the kitchen. At tea-time they neglected her hard gingerbread, and devoured every bit of the rich pound-cake, which she had unwisely produced as an especial treat on their reception, intimating that they should like pound-cake or plum-cake every evening. With the greatest difficulty they were brought to comprehend that there were to be family-prayers at eight o'clock, and what was required of them on the occasion. The same boy who had balanced his knife on his finger while Mr. Burr was saying grace before dinner, and had poured some water down his brother's neck as soon as they sat down, was seized with a sense of the comical during prayers, which vented itself in a decided snicker, that proved contagious. A torn jacket, and two torn pairs of trousers, were thrown down stairs for Mrs. Burr to mend, that first night ; and the uproar in the dormitories above, indicating a throwing about of pillows, a leaping from one bedstead to another, a shouting at being pinched, with now and then a doleful exclamation, " Do be still, boys ! I want to go to sleep !" nearly drove the poor mistress of the house out of her wits. The next morning, some were rioting before daylight ; while one pale little fellow, who had pleaded for sleep at night, could scarcely be waked for an hour after breakfast ; and, worst of all, a certain Bill Barnes had been putting his new fishing-rod to a most unexpected use, by angling from his chamber-window for a duckling, which he had actually caught, and triumphantly drawn up with fluttering wings, while peals of cruel laughter welcomed the new species of flying-fish.

But Mr. Burr had now taken a survey of the work before him. He had seen enough of the boys to judge

somewhat of their ways, and of the manner in which they had been brought up. The school-hour arrived : their school-life was to begin at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. It opened with a brief address from Mr. Burr, so clear, so resolute, and yet so kind, that the reading of the Scriptures, and the prayer, were listened to in perfect silence.

Mr. Burr was singularly fitted for his task. He was sincere in his piety, highly educated, with an enthusiasm for study which was contagious. He had great decision, with entire calmness ; and he understood boys. In six months, he had a most orderly school and household : his boys were making rapid progress, and his wife actually enjoyed her many cares. He positively declined taking more than eight scholars. The last was James Miller.

James Miller was an orphan. His father had been an officer, his mother an heiress ; he, an only child, exceedingly indulged till the death of his parents, when he was about ten years old. His guardian had done little but take care of his large property, and send him from one school to another as fast as complaints reached his ear ; so that, at thirteen, James was pronounced quite unmanageable.

At the end of two months, Mr. Burr began to fear he must make the same report. The boy was remarkably handsome, intelligent, and animated ; in fact, it was an exuberant flow of spirits, which he never attempted to control, that was continually hurrying him into mischief ; for, as people often said, there was "nothing wilfully bad in him." He was very popular with the boys, of course. He had a good heart, but it was unregenerate. Religion had no power over it : that was a subject to which he had never given the slightest attention. And he lived solely for his own pleasure, and seemed to have a vague feeling

that the object of religion was to lay restraint upon all manner of enjoyment; consequently he shrank from it.

Uneasy as to the influence exerted by such a boy among his companions, Mr. and Mrs. Burr began to hold consultations about the propriety of retaining him in so small a school. But week after week passed on: they felt that his chances would be worse among a larger number of boys, and his power of evil greater; and each thought that some faint symptoms of a change began to appear, showing that even his bold and reckless nature was not wholly proof against the silent but potent atmosphere of a religious home. There was, at times, an expression of serious attention on his fine face for a moment, when Mr. Burr made an unusually earnest appeal from the pulpit, or read with emphasis some touching passage from Scripture in their family services. This was little enough; but it decided Mr. Burr to retain him another term, if he wished to stay. And he did wish it. Another good sign; for the discipline was strict.

In the first week of the new term, however, he was in one of his rampant moods; and, after riding Mr. Burr's horse to water, he galloped off into the woods, catching up one of the smallest boys before him. Wild with spirits, he rode on till he found he had lost his way; and when, at last, he came home late in the evening, it was found that he had strained the animal in leaping a ditch; that the little boy whom he had carried off was sick with fright and fatigue; that Mr. Burr had lost the opportunity of visiting a remote parishioner, who was dying; and that Mrs. Burr, who had had a violent headache all day, was almost ill with anxiety.

Mr. Burr and James did not exchange one word that evening. The next morning, the culprit was summoned to Mr. Burr's desk. He went, but not with his usual careless

air; although his first words were, "I suppose, sir, you intend to dismiss me; and I acknowledge I deserve it." Mr. Burr looked at him steadily and sadly, and replied, "No, James: you have neither father nor mother. God will discipline you. I have done all that I can. If I am not to be his instrument, he will find another. This is all that I have to say."

In silent surprise, James looked at Mr. Burr's countenance. There was no anger there. He went to his seat. It was such a studious and thoughtful day as he had never known.

In the evening, there was a great alarm among the boys. Mr. and Mrs. Burr had gone out to visit a neighbor; and Sam Richardson, a lad who had been seriously injured by the wild example of James, thought fit to climb to the ridgepole of a very steep-roofed barn, where James had once ventured in a braggadocio mood, in spite of Mr. Burr's prohibition. No sooner did Sam reach the ridgepole than his head became dizzy: he grew frightened, and screamed for help. The boys ran for James Miller, who instantly climbed up the lightning-rod, supposing that his presence and aid would dissipate the panic of his schoolmate.

But, by some strange slip, he lost his own footing just as he grasped Sam's arm. Both boys slid and slid, vainly catching at the slippery shingles, uttering short cries, echoed by the boys below; till, to the horror of the spectators, both came over the eaves of that high barn, headlong to the ground.

The head of Sam Richardson struck a stone, and he never spoke again. James had both legs broken, and many severe bruises.

He was confined to his chamber many weeks, devotedly nursed by Mr. and Mrs. Burr. The anguish of his body

was nothing to that of his mind ; but he came forth a changed being, with a changed heart. Mr. Burr's words had been verified. God had disciplined him ; and, under that discipline, he had listened to tender religious instructions, and learned the ways of wisdom and Christian peace.

L. J. H.

DRESDEN AND BERLIN.

DRESDEN is not so large a city as Prague ; but it is handsome, with wide and well-paved streets. I was interested in the Market-place, where every thing — fruits, vegetables, meat, and game — was sold by women. The Theatre is one of the finest buildings : it is in a large square entirely isolated. On one side is a church, and on the other the palace. This church is Catholic ; but, of all the Catholic churches I have seen in Europe, this looked the cleanest, and least frequented. The court here is Catholic ; the people, Protestant.

Dresden boasts the finest gallery of paintings north of Italy, with the exception of Paris. Its great gems are the *Madonna di San Sisto* by Raphael, a beautiful picture ; the "Notte" of Correggio, and five other of his pictures ; a *St. Cecilia* by Carlo Dolce ; the "Christo della Moneta" by Titian ; and the *Burgomaster of Bade*, kneeling with his family before the Virgin, praying for the recovery of his sick child. Nowhere else are such fine Correggios to be seen ; and the head of Titian's Christ * struck me as the very best of all I have seen, except Raphael's. It

* There is a good copy of this celebrated picture in the vestry of School-street Church, Boston.

ought not to be compared to that; for Raphael's is the heavenly Christ, while Titian's is the Christ on earth. The Burgomaster is by Holbein, and considered his *chef-d'œuvre*. Frederick the Great aspired to be a connoisseur of the fine arts as well as a great general; but he rejected this picture, while he accepted some which proved mere trash. There are a great number of fine works in this gallery. Among those by Correggio is the recumbent Magdalen; a most exquisite thing, which has been copied very extensively.

The "Green Vault" is the name of a collection unique in its kind. The Saxon princes used to be richer than they are now, and had besides the rich silver-mines of Freiburg to draw upon, so that they collected an immense amount of valuables; and, what is more, they kept them all. They are deposited here; and it is said to be the richest collection which any European monarch now possesses. It must be worth many millions of dollars. The range of objects is from small and exquisite wood-carvings to diamonds. One room is filled with the gold and silver plate which adorned the banquets of the Saxon rulers; another has vessels formed of Pietra dura (precious stones), agates, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, rock-crystal, &c. The moss agates are most beautiful. The specimens of pearls are fine: some are as large as a hen's egg. The last apartment is the *ne plus ultra* of riches in diamonds and gems,—diamond-hilted swords, chains, collars, all the orders of the golden fleece, &c. Here is the largest sardonyx known. Then there are sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and other gems. Among the diamonds, the most remarkable is a green brilliant, weighing one hundred and sixty grains: green brilliants are very rare. There are some very costly works in small carving: a piece by Dinglingen, called the Court of the Great Mogul, contains

one hundred and thirty-eight figures, all gold enamelled. It cost fifty-eight thousand dollars, and the labor of a dozen artists for eight years. Boxes are kept always in readiness to pack the things, and send them off to Konigstein Castle for safe keeping, in case of war or danger; and more than once they have been thus preserved.

They have an extensive collection of Chinese and Japanese articles; and I had expected to see a large collection of the ware known as Dresden china; but of this there is comparatively little. To one who had never seen Chinese or Japan ware, it would be very interesting; but I did not think it worth the two dollars charged for admission. It cost a good deal of money, however; and it seems to me money very foolishly spent. For instance, a lot of twenty vases cost six thousand dollars; and so on.

The largest Protestant church is called the Frauenkirche (Church of our Lady). It is octagon-shaped, and the interior resembles a theatre with parquette and boxes. It seats six thousand persons. I believe there are as many as six galleries; for it is very high. I ascended to the tower, from which the view was very fine. The Saxon Switzerland was in full view. Those peculiar little figures, which we know by the name of Dresden china, are made here; but I was surprised to find them excessively dear. It costs so much to make them, that very few are done here now. They have some nice paintings on porcelain.

There is a fine terraced walk along the Elbe, where, by the light of the full moon, the bridges, river, and town show charmingly. Here are caf  s, &c. In the evening, a fine band of music plays in some one of their very large rooms: they are filled with people at little tables, the ladies sewing or knitting, gentlemen smoking, and all taking some refreshment, and listening to fine music. We always stood it till we were smoked out, and then decamped.

We went to the opera once. It began at the very seasonable hour of six, and finished at half-past eight! Is not that primitive? It was vastly convenient.

In Dresden I think it was that we began to see dogs used a great deal to drag burthens; and, ever since, we have seen them more and more till we left Frankfort. They are regularly harnessed to carts, sometimes singly, in pairs, and then three together, and sometimes four. Then again we will see a man in the thills, and the dog dragging at the side or underneath; again there will be two dogs and a man; and then again a dog, a man, and a woman. But, any way, there is no rest for poor doggy; he has to earn his beans; and, for my part, I don't see why he should not. He has been a *gentleman* long enough; and, in these days of utilitarianism, he must come in for his share of the *work*.

From Dresden to Berlin, the route is soon described. It is a dead flat all the way. Berlin is a very handsome city, with wide and regular streets; but it is on a sandy plain, and as flat as a pancake. One of the longest streets, the Frederickstrausse, has not the inclination of one foot in its whole length of two miles. There is a sluggish stream, called the *Spree*, which passes through the city. Many of the streets have sidewalks, and all are handsomely paved with square blocks or with pebbles like ours. Some of the latter have broad flat stones running longitudinally for the wheels of carriages to run on; an excellent arrangement. The street called Unter den Linden is one of the finest in Europe. There is a double row of lime-trees through the centre, with a wide promenade beneath them, and a wide carriage-way on either side. On and near this are the principal buildings, houses, and stores. It commences at one of the gates of the city, the Brandenburg, and ends in a large square, at the commencement of

which stands the monument and statue of Frederick the Great by Rauch ; the finest thing of the kind I have ever seen, without any exception. The base is of polished granite, about six feet high ; all above is of bronze. The first pedestal above the granite has about thirty statues and bas-reliefs upon it, of the distinguished men of Frederick's time, civilians as well as generals : at each corner is an equestrian statue of one of his most celebrated generals. What makes the great value of this portion is, that every one is a portrait of the individual ; so that, historically, it is exceedingly interesting. The next portion above has bas-reliefs on each of its four sides, representing, either allegorically or historically, events in Frederick's life. Then the whole is surmounted with a colossal equestrian statue of the great king, true in every respect to the life, cocked hat and all. The other figures are of natural size. The effect of the whole is very fine ; and it is acknowledged to be one of the grandest monuments, in design and in execution, in Europe.

Beyond this statue come many very fine public buildings, with plenty of room to show them off to advantage. There is the Opera House, the Palace of Prince William, the University, the Guard House, and the Arsenal. Then, crossing the river by a fine wide bridge, we come to the larger square, called the Lust Gartn, on one side of which is the Royal Palace, and opposite is the Museum : in the open space between is a garden, with a fine fountain. The Museum is a noble building, having a portico supported by about twenty fine columns. Within the portico, the wall is covered with some good frescoes on a large scale. On one side of the grand flight of steps leading to it is the magnificent group in bronze of an Amazon on horseback, and a tiger : this is by Kiss. On the other will stand a

horseman contending with a lion, by Rauch, the great artist and sculptor of Berlin.

The Museum contains the gallery of paintings and of sculpture. The latter is not much. There is the bronze figure of a boy praying, considered one of the finest antique bronzes in existence. Canova's Hebe is here also. The picture-gallery contains few good pictures, and much trash. Its great attractions are twelve paintings by John and Hubert Van Eyck, which formed the side-wings of the famous altar-piece in the Church of St. Baven in Ghent, called "The Worship of the Spotless Lamb," in which church the central portion still remains. These wings were intended for shutters to the main picture, and were painted on both sides, as was then customary. We saw the six finest: they certainly were very beautiful, though a little stiff; but they were wonderfully in advance of the age, and the colors are marvellously well preserved. These were done in 1432, a century before Raphael flourished. There is a portrait of an old man by Balthazar Dennar, said to have cost seven thousand five hundred dollars. Every individual hair of the beard, and every speck on the face, seems to be copied exactly. There is a good Raphael; but the pictures by Rubens, Guido, Carracci, Carlo Dolce, &c., are very inferior.

The Egyptian Museum, in the same building, interested us the most: it is the most complete we have seen. They have fitted up one room in exact *fac-simile* of an ancient Egyptian temple, and their collection of curiosities is very complete.

There is a splendid staircase leading to the second story, the walls of which are being covered with beautiful frescoes, some of which are finished.

The Royal Palace is a vast building, apparently of brick, plastered. The state apartments are splendid. The

knights' hall is a grand apartment, containing a side-board covered with massive old plate of gold and silver, and other things of great value, precious stones, &c. The rooms inhabited by Frederick the Great were fitted up quite economically. In the attic story is a curious collection or museum of every thing. Here is an effigy of Frederick the Great, with the very uniform he wore on the day of his death, and his gauntlets beside him. His handkerchief, well mended, and a shirt much the worse for wear, are shown, his flute and his walking-stick, without which latter he never went out: even on horseback, he always carried it, hanging by the arm. Two cannon-balls are shown, which were fired by opposing armies at the siege of Magdeburg, and which, meeting plump in the air, became flattened on one side, and stuck together. Here are the stars, decorations, &c., presented to Napoleon by different sovereigns of Europe, and his hat; all of which were taken in his carriage at Waterloo. But I cannot mention any more. It is a good day's work, for any one curious in such matters, to go over this museum. We went out to Charlottenburg one morning. Here is a palace looking rather dilapidated, and grounds which looked desolate, with the trees stripped almost of their leaves. In a building within the grounds is Rauch's statue of the Queen of Prussia (Louisa) as she lay dead. It is considered a very beautiful one.

On our way back, we stopped to see the beautiful grounds of Borsig. This is a mansion, built, and the gardens laid out, by a man who was originally a blacksmith. He quarrelled with his employer; and then some friends, knowing his talent, gave him a small capital, with which he began business himself. Railroads were then talked of in Prussia. He went to England, studied the locomotives, came back, and began to make them himself, and soon

accumulated a very large fortune. The workshops adjoin his grounds ; and every thing there is said to be conducted on the most liberal scale towards the men. His grounds are not large ; but every thing is in exquisite taste. His hot-house is the finest in Prussia. Returning, we drove through the Thiergarten,— an extensive woody place, with drives all around it. Cafés and restaurants are scattered about. There is one most extensive establishment : it contains a theatre, concert-room, &c. I went there on a Sunday evening, and found a play going on, and the hall full of people,— ladies and gentlemen. In the summer, the concerts will take place in the garden, when the little tables are put in requisition.

I went out to Potsdam, the town of palaces. Here is Sans Souci, the favorite residence of Frederick the Great. The palace is not much ; but the grounds are all on a very extensive scale. There is a stiffness about them, however, which I do not like : all the large bushes, even the trees, are trimmed by square and compass. At one corner of the grounds is the windmill. When he laid out his grounds, Frederick wanted to buy this, and extend them in that direction : the miller would not sell, and they had a lawsuit about it. Frederick lost the case : then he pulled down the old mill, and built the present fine large one instead. It was at Sans Souci that Voltaire had apartments ; and here he praised and criticized alternately the great king. Potsdam is a beautiful place, setting aside its palaces ; for there are many of these. All the roads around are lined with trees, and they are kept in excellent order. There is another statue here of the late Queen of Prussia, by Rauch, which I thought more beautiful than that of Charlottenburg.— *Ladies' Repository.*

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A LITTLE BOY.

YOUR mits I forgot, my dear little Willie :
 It is hard, I confess ; for the weather's quite chilly.
 Jack Frost bites severely this winter, we're told :
 Some dear little urchins would cry with the cold ;
 But Willie's a brave boy, and, dragging his sled
 Round the park and the gardens, he holds up his head,
 And laughs at the icicles hung from the trees,
 And runs all the faster, for fear he should freeze.
 Soon Spring shall return, with her birds and her flowers,
 Her bright sunny gleams and her soft April showers ;
 The calves and the lambkins shall frolic and play,
 And Willie be happy and merry as they.

Long life to thee, Willie, my dear little boy !
 May no cloud ever darken thy sunshine of joy !
 But, good, wise, and happy, may Providence shower
 Fresh gifts and new blessings upon thee each hour !

* * *

"IT IS BETTER TO TRUST IN THE LORD THAN TO
 PUT CONFIDENCE IN PRINCES." — Ps. cxviii. 9.

CHILDREN often read the many passages in the Bible which refer to *trust* in the Lord, without obtaining any idea of what such a feeling is in the heart of a child, and without knowing how they may trust in him. Those of you who have read the "Wide, Wide World," have no need of a better example of childish trust than little Ellen Montgomery. But very few of you are situated in cir-

cumstances like hers. You live with kind parents, who do all they can for you; and, if death has broken into your happy family circle, there are yet friends spared to you; and death is seldom a gloomy thing to childhood. How, then, shall you show your trust in God?

There are many of our little girl-friends who are easily discouraged. They take their arithmetic or geography, and they say, "These sums are so hard, I never can do them;" or, "These map-questions are so long, I'm sure I can't learn them." They forget that "God helps those who help themselves." Does any child feel inclined to smile at the thought of God's help in so small a thing as learning a lesson? Then it is because that child does not trust in him. There is nothing too small to be noticed by him; and if children would try to learn, and feel this, there would be fewer tears shed over hard lessons.

Again: suppose the hard lesson to have been studied faithfully. The child goes to her class, and fails in her lesson. Failure, as all teachers and scholars know, is not *always* the result of negligence. Many a little girl, in this case, makes herself and her teacher unhappy by weeping for half an hour. This is not trusting in God. If the child has faithfully studied her lesson, that is all she could do. God rules small events, such as recitations, as well as large ones. Be very sure that your lesson is faithfully studied; that your thoughts have not wandered to other things while you were learning it; and then, if you fail, don't cry about it.

A boy is sometimes anxious to obtain a situation. It is necessary that he should begin to labor for his own support. He goes up and down the streets, diligently making inquiries; but no one seems to want his services. What shall he do? Shall he sit down, ready to give up in despair? No: he must trust in God. The best place

for him is not yet ready for him, or his heavenly Father sees that it will be better for his character to wait a while.

In disappointments, too, children are apt to forget that they should trust in God. You may not see why Mr. G. should fall ill, and thus disarrange your plans for a day in the country; or why, when you expected your Cousin Lizzie to pass the day with you, she did not come. These little disappointments now are your training for those which you must meet hereafter. Perhaps you go to Mr. G.'s, after he recovers, and enjoy yourself much better because the weather is finer; or your Cousin Lizzie comes to see you on a holiday, when you can better enjoy her society. But, when you are older, years may pass before you can see that a disappointment was for your good. What shall you do then? This lesson of trust is hard to learn in mature life. It is easy to be acquired now.

We beg you then, children, to take it home to your hearts,—this lesson of trust in a Father's will. Without it, to live is bare existence: with it, the life dreariest and dullest to outward seeming, is yet, to its possessor, full of heavenly life. Without it, the soul drifts like a vessel without any anchor, driven by every wind, and endangered by every storm: with it, the soul is fixed and in safety; and, no matter what storm may rise or winds blow, it can say, "We are in port, if we have Thee."

EDITOR.

LITTLE MARY.

"God bless the darling child!" said my Uncle Leonard, when Mary had given him the customary good-night kiss, and had quietly left the room. "God bless her! She

brought sunlight into the old house when she came into it ; and our home has been a brighter, happier home since the day she came."

I was a little boy then, not more than five years old ; and as I sat on the carpet at my mother's feet, trying to blindfold my little white kitten, I heard my uncle's words, but I could not rightly understand how little Mary could carry sunlight with her. But I understand it now, dear sister.

There were seven of us in our home,— Uncle Leonard, who had been an invalid many years ; our father and mother ; and four children,— little Mary, Harry, Arthur, and I. They always called me Charley.

Our house was a low, white cottage, in a quiet, pleasant village, in the interior of Maine. In front of the house, the large yard swept in gentle undulations down to the banks of the little stream which ran through our village. In the winter, deep snow-drifts filled the yard, sometimes covering the white fences, and the large rock in the corner, which we always called Mount Harry. We had fine frolics in those deep drifts and on the frozen stream ; while the trees and shrubs around us glistened in the sunlight with the strange, cold beauty of their frost-covering. Yet we always gladly watched the ice melting and the snow-drifts disappearing in the spring, and the coming-forth of the leaves of the graceful elms, the tall oaks, the slender maple-trees, and the high lilac-bushes.

Through the summer, the fragrant lilacs and honeysuckles, the violets, roses and carnations, and, later, the bright autumnal flowers, surrounded us with beauty and with fragrance. Beyond the stream were many large, well-cultivated farms ; and, far away in the distance, the dark-green woods.

At the back of the house was our little flower-garden :

for our mother loved flowers ; and often, when her household cares were ended, she passed many hours of the pleasant days there. And there our little sister, when she first could walk about, used to talk to the violets and roses, and the bright dandelions, and listen for their answers to her questions.

Far away from the little garden, with its treasures, rose a semicircle of hills, which seemed to infold our little village away from the rest of the world. Far to the north, above the hills, rose the snow-capped heights of Katahdin. Arthur once told me that the little hills were the children of the mountain ; and so' we always called the mountain Father Katahdin.

The fairest flower of all that bloomed around us was our little sister. Arthur, Harry, and I, were not much like flowers. We were three noisy boys, always in somebody's way, always getting into trouble, and doing some mischief ; dragging our little carts over mother's flower-beds or the gardener's choice vegetables ; spilling ink on our father's books and papers ; playing horse with the chairs, and accidentally striking each other instead of the horses ; making reeds of pumpkin-stalks, and whistles of alder-wood, and giving concerts in every room in the house, till even our patient mother thought there was a limit to human endurance ; and Uncle Leonard put his hands to his head, to assure himself that his head was safely there in its accustomed place. It was not strange that he thought the quiet, gentle little girl, who loved everybody, and thought of everybody's comfort, was a blessing.

A blessing she truly was. Our father called her "little dove" and "little peace-maker ;" our mother called her "darling :" but Uncle Leonard called her only "little

Mary ;" and that name, given to her in her cradle, she never outgrew.

Strangers would have thought of her — if, indeed, they had noticed her at all — as a quiet, pleasant little girl, with nothing remarkable about her : but to us she was more than any of us could tell, — the light and warmth of our home ; the quiet, beautiful influence softening the asperities of our rougher natures, and making us more like herself. It was the light and warmth of love she brought into our home. She never seemed to have any selfish wishes. A nature like hers, so unselfish and loving, finds its own happiness in serving others.

Little Mary, without any pretensions, without any apparent effort, always did the right thing in the right time ; soothing passionate, warm-hearted Harry, in his moments of vexation, that he might not say bitter words, and do unkind acts, only to repent them with great sorrow the next hour ; helping Arthur to solve the mysteries of fractions, and learn perplexing moods and tenses ; playing ball with Charley, and drawing pictures for him ; stepping here and there ; always busy, always happy, doing some service for the comfort of all. Happy the home which is made beautiful by such a ministry of love ! happy the brothers to whom such a sister has been given ! Had she no faults ? If the dead have faults, we forget them. Looking back, through many years, to my boyhood's home, and to the little sister who went so early to the heavenly home, I see only the serene face and the kindly acts ; I hear only the loving words. Her faults, if she had any, I have forgotten.

One morning, Mary complained of a headache ; and, when we went to school, we left her lying on a low couch in mother's room ; and the windows were so darkened,

that Uncle Leonard could scarcely read the morning paper, as he sat in the large arm-chair by her side.

When night came, she was in her own room, her crimson cheek resting on the snowy pillow, and her brown curls put back out of sight. For many days we were very quiet. We had no heart for noisy playings when Mary was suffering. At last the fever left her; but she gained no strength. Day by day she grew weaker; and, when the snow was melting from the hill-tops,—the first token of the coming of spring,—we knew that Mary would not be with us when the violets and the May-flowers came.

I was alone with her one day, sitting by the low couch, where she often lay during the early morning hours. She had been very quiet a long time, her little thin, white hand holding mine, so plump and brown: then, drawing my head down to her pillow, she said,—as if she had been thinking how she should leave all her little duties, so that no one need miss her,—“Charley, when the spring comes, will you help mamma plant the flower-seeds as I have always? And the little bed of violets in the corner of the garden,—will you take good care of that? Mamma calls them ‘Mary’s violets;’ and, if they should not blossom well, she will think they miss me. And, Charley, when Uncle Leonard is ill, will you read the newspaper to him? He will miss it so much, if you do not! Harry will take care of my birds, and Arthur will always dust papa’s books.” Then her voice was very low, scarcely more than a whisper. “Charley will always be very good; will try to do just right, till I see him again.” Many times after that she told us of little things she wished us to do for her and for others after she had gone; and, in her sleep, she often murmured our names with endearing epithets. Thus, even unto the last, she thought of us.

It was a sad, sad time for all. Our mother was with

Mary always, night and day. Our father would often go to the bedside, and, seeing the wasted form, and listening to the troubled breathing, would turn hastily away. Often he would walk for a long time across the long dining-room, or sit with his head bowed upon his hands; and sometimes we heard him say, "O my little dove, my darling!" and then we knew how bitter the trial was for him to bear.

One morning, when we awoke, little Mary had gone. We stood by her bed, and saw the lifeless body, the closed eyes, the folded hands, the sweet smile, the expression of perfect peace. Then Uncle Leonard led us away. He told us of the heavenly home, happier than any earthly home, to which our sister had gone; and of Christ, the friend of children; of the Father, whose name is love, and of his watchful care over all.

So we never thought of Mary as in the grave, where we saw her coffin placed; but, though we planted there the flowers she loved,—violets, roses, and the climbing honeysuckle,—we thought of her, our little Mary, in her new home with the angels.

Many years have passed since the first coffin was carried from our door. I have long been a wanderer from the dear home; I have travelled in many lands. The cares and duties and sorrows of life have crowded upon me. New and dear ties have been formed to bless me, and another little Mary is by my side; but she does not call me "Charley." I sometimes almost think she will; but she always calls me "papa." Amid all changes and cares, and in all lands, I have carried the memory of my angel-sister.

When I grow weary of noise and discord, and of the hurrying, toiling, and fretting of life; when the way seems dark before me,—then I feel the pressure of the little

thin hand that years ago held mine in the little chamber, whose walls have long since fallen ; and I hear again the sweet voice, saying, " Charley will always be very good; will try to do just right, till I see him again."

Many feeble resolves hast thou strengthened, many dark hours hast thou filled with light, many thoughts hast thou drawn upward from earth, my sister, my dear little Mary in heaven !

S. E. S.

DETROIT, Mich.

THE BULL-FROG.

THE appearance and habits of the frog and the toad are so familiar as to require but little description. A short account, however, is necessary of the peculiarities common to both frogs and toads.

In the early stage of their existence, these animals are termed tadpoles. They at first appear to be nothing but head and tail ; but, after several days have passed, four legs are observed to become developed. These rapidly increase, and the little creature closely resembles a small eft. In due time, however, the tail is lost, and the creature becomes a perfect frog. Another important change also takes place. In its tadpole state, the creature was essentially a water animal ; but, after its change has taken place, it is not able to exist under water for any great length of time, and is forced to come to the surface to breathe.

The tongue of the frog is curiously fixed almost at the entrance of the mouth, and, when at rest, points backwards down the throat. When, however, the frog comes within reach of a slug or insect, the tongue is darted out

with exceeding rapidity, the slug secured, carried to the back of the throat, and swallowed.

Both frogs and toads hibernate,—the former congregating in multitudes in the mud at the bottoms of ponds and marshes; while the latter choose a hole in the ground, frequently at the roots of a tree, and pass the winter in solitary dignity.

The skin of these animals has the property of imbibing water; so that, if an apparently emaciated frog is placed in a damp place, it will soon look quite plump.

The common frog is a well-known frequenter of marshy places and the banks of rivers. It is an admirable swimmer, and, from the peculiar construction of its lungs, can remain for some time under water, but is forced periodically to come to the surface for the purpose of breathing.

The bull-frog is an inhabitant of North America. It is very voracious, feeding upon fishes, mollusks, and even young fowl. Its powers of leaping are so great, that an Indian was not able to overtake an irritated bull-frog after it had sprung three hops in advance. It is very large, measuring about seven inches in length.

The tree-frogs are very peculiar animals. The construction of their feet, something resembling that of the geckos, enables them to traverse the branches, and even to hang on the under-surface of a pendent leaf, which it so resembles in color, that the unwary insect passes by, and is instantly seized by the watchful frog. The green tree-frog is the most common, and is plentifully found in Southern Europe and Northern Africa. There are several specimens in the Zoölogical Gardens, which present a most absurd appearance as they stick against the pane of glass forming the front of their cage.—*Selected.*

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"WHAT are you going to give for Christmas presents?" asked Charlotte Staunton of her schoolmate, Mary Clifford.

"Oh! I don't know yet: I have not thought much about them. What are you?"

"I am going to give papa a pair of slippers that I have embroidered for him; and mamma is to have ear-rings of my hair. I have determined upon a coral bracelet for Aggie. And boys always want knives, you know; so I am going to give Willie and Fred each a knife."

"Those will be beautiful presents; but then they will cost a great deal of money."

That is no matter. I shall tell papa I want some money to buy Christmas presents, and he will give it to me. The slippers are all worked; so I shall only have to pay for making them up. Oh, come down my way home,—do, Mary!"—"I can't, indeed, Charlotte; for I have an errand for mother, in S—— Street."

The girls separated,—Charlotte pleased with the idea that she had dazzled her companion with her generosity; and Mary thinking in her own mind how small the watch-chain she had intended to make for her father, and the pincushion which she had begun for her mother, seemed besides Charlotte's costlier gifts. Her errand accomplished, she went home quite discontented; and, although she knew how very wrong such thoughts were, she could not help murmuring because her parents were not wealthy, and could not indulge her as much as her schoolmate Charlotte was indulged.

The cheerful chat around the dinner-table, and the

noisy joy of her baby-brother at seeing her, did not dispel her discontented mood; and she loitered around the parlor after dinner in a manner quite unusual for her, and spoke to her little sister in so cross a tone, that her mother found it necessary to reprove her.

Mrs. Clifford saw that something was amiss; but she preferred that Mary should choose her own time for telling her troubles: so she bade her go up stairs, and bring her needlework, and sit down by her. Mary complied, and was soon busily *stitching* her discontent into the wristbands of her father's shirt.

"I wish we were rich, mother," she cried at last. "There is Charlotte Staunton, going to make such beautiful Christmas presents; while I, if I make any at all, can only give such as are scarcely worth mentioning."

"Indeed!" said her mother, quietly. "Who has given Charlotte so much money?"

"Why, her father, of course, mother. She says he gives her as much as she wants to make presents with."

"And does she give him a present?"

"Certainly, mother."

"Why does he not go out and buy himself one, instead of giving Charlotte the trouble? He would be sure of getting something he liked in that case."

"Buy himself a present! What do you mean, mother?"

"Only, my child, that, if he gives Charlotte the money, I cannot see that it makes any difference whether he or she buys the gift."

Mary laughed. "I did not think of that, mamma. Then, of course, her father makes the presents to her mother and brothers?"

"Yes, unless she takes her spending-money for the purpose. But to ask her father for money to buy presents seems to me a strange mode of proceeding."

"Then, mother, no children can make presents; so I still wish we were rich."

"Yes, Mary: you or any other child can use your time and your ingenuity in making gifts. If you have the wish to give your father and your brothers and sisters pleasure, you can do it without money. Why do you wish to give them any thing at all?"

"Because—I can hardly tell, mother; because they like to receive my gifts, I suppose."

"Exactly so. Now, suppose that your father was able to give you as much money as you desired, or even that you were not obliged to ask him for it, but possessed it in your own right, and that you should buy him a gold watch-chain: do you think he would like it any better than that of simple purse-twist, which you intend to make under Cousin Lucy's direction?"

"No, mother," answered Mary, blushing, and bending more closely over her work.

"And what is Charlotte going to give to her mother and brothers and sisters?" Mary enumerated the various articles; and her mother resumed: "I think our little Carrie will be as much pleased with your great doll, which you have outgrown, and which you are going to dress anew for her, as Aggie Clifford with her coral bracelet; and I am sure that George and James will like a pair of mittens, or a warm knit scarf, as well as a knife. You have money enough to buy all the materials necessary for your presents; and you are sure that they will be as highly appreciated as Charlotte's. Now, why should you be discontented, and desire what you cannot have?"

"It looks so mean, mother, to say you are only going to give a watch-chain or a pair of mittens."

"I thought you said, just now, Mary, that you gave presents to please your friends. It seems, however, that

this is not your motive. You give them in order to boast of them ; and, if they are not costly enough to boast of, you prefer not to give any."

Mary was quite overwhelmed with the real view of the case, presented in its true colors before her eyes ; and her shame and confusion made her cry bitterly for a few moments. At last she wiped her eyes, and said, "I know I have been a very naughty girl to feel discontented. I will try not to do so again. I see that it is just as you say. If I could have outdone Charlotte, I should have been very glad to have boasted to her of what I meant to do. I wish, mamma, you could tell me some way in which I might punish myself."

"I think you will not need punishment to make you remember ; but, if *you* think so, why not tell Charlotte, the next time the subject is mentioned, what *you* are going to give, and prepare yourself to meet with indifference any contempt she may express for the smallness of the gifts ? "

This opportunity offered soon after ; for Mary, having commenced some mittens for her brothers, needed some worsted to finish them, and asked Charlotte one day to accompany her to a store to procure it. Charlotte admired the mittens. "I mean to make some," she said. "I know the boys will like them a great deal better than knives."

Mary was astonished to find that Charlotte did not despise any of her gifts. In fact, she wished she was as industrious as Mary, and knew as well how to make appropriate presents.

And Mary was still more convinced that her mother was right, when, a few days after Christmas, Charlotte told her that Aggie had broken her bracelet, and lost a number of the coral beads. But, more than this, Mary had been taught to feel, that, in foolishly wishing, and

making herself unhappy, she was sinning against her heavenly Father, and rebelling against his will. She never again found herself wishing for the indulgences and the luxuries of her schoolmates, without the remembrance of the lesson which her Christmas gifts had taught her.

Are there any among our little readers who feel that such presents as they can make are not worth giving? Let such learn a lesson from Mary Clifford, and remember that not the costliness of the gift, but the good-will of the giver, makes its real value.

EDITOR.

KEEPING A QUIET MIND.

(Concluded from p. 230.)

"Ah, Phenie!" said Mrs. Roberts, starting up to welcome her young visitor as she entered. "I am glad to see you. I heard the doctor speaking to some one, but supposed it only a passer-by. How goes on all at home?"

"Oh! well enough,—the same as usual. I wanted to come here this afternoon, but Aunt Delia could not spare me." There was a touch of weariness and disappointment in her tone, which Mrs. Roberts instantly detected, though she seemed not to observe it.

"For once, I am much obliged to Aunt Delia," she said; "for I was out this afternoon. I want to tell you about it." And, in simple words, she went on to speak of a poor patient of her husband, whom he had wished her to visit,—of her poverty and illness, her patience and submission,—until the young girl forgot her own little trials in interest for another. But Mrs. Roberts had not forgotten; and after an hour's pleasant conversation, during

which all trace of discontent had vanished from Josephine's countenance and mind, she said, kindly, —

" Phenie love, what has troubled you to-day ? "

" Troubled me ? Oh ! nothing to speak of. I forget all my little vexations when I am with you. I wish I could always stay here."

" I'm sure I should like it, Phenie ; but, as it cannot be, let us see if I can help you to bear the vexations. What were they ? "

" Nothing more than usual. But you know Aunt Delia has a way of numbering up beforehand how many things there are to be done, till it seems a great deal, whether it is or not ; and she keeps us in a continual bustle, until I do not know which to do first, and I grow hot and excited. I do believe I'm terribly cross sometimes, though I don't wish to be. I'm not unwilling to do the work, if I could take things as calmly as you do," she added, looking up with fond affection.

Perhaps there is nothing more beautiful than the attachment of a young girl to an older female friend ; the blending of confiding trust with reverence and love ; the innocent admiration which sees only truth and goodness, and finds its own greatest pleasure in pleasing its object. And how great an influence may be exerted by those who have the gift of thus attracting young hearts ! an influence which may be, which often is, the means of drawing the youthful heart upward from earthly friends to the great Exemplar and Friend, whose love can never fail. And, alas ! sometimes this influence is used for evil. Mrs. Roberts was one who looked upon every good gift as coming from God, and to be used for his service ; and her interest in Josephine was the greater, that she herself had been left motherless at the same age.

She answered the young girl's earnest look with an

making herself unhappy, she was sinning against her heavenly Father, and rebelling against his will. She never again found herself wishing for the indulgences and the luxuries of her schoolmates, without the remembrance of the lesson which her Christmas gifts had taught her.

Are there any among our little readers who feel that such presents as they can make are not worth giving? Let such learn a lesson from Mary Clifford, and remember that not the costliness of the gift, but the good-will of the giver, makes its real value.

EDITOR.

KEEPING A QUIET MIND.

(Concluded from p. 230.)

"Ah, Phenie!" said Mrs. Roberts, starting up to welcome her young visitor as she entered. "I am glad to see you. I heard the doctor speaking to some one, but supposed it only a passer-by. How goes on all at home?"

"Oh! well enough,—the same as usual. I wanted to come here this afternoon, but Aunt Delia could not spare me." There was a touch of weariness and disappointment in her tone, which Mrs. Roberts instantly detected, though she seemed not to observe it.

"For once, I am much obliged to Aunt Delia," she said; "for I was out this afternoon. I want to tell you about it." And, in simple words, she went on to speak of a poor patient of her husband, whom he had wished her to visit,—of her poverty and illness, her patience and submission,—until the young girl forgot her own little trials in interest for another. But Mrs. Roberts had not forgotten; and after an hour's pleasant conversation, during

which all trace of discontent had vanished from Josephine's countenance and mind, she said, kindly, —

"Phenie love, what has troubled you to-day?"

"Troubled me? Oh! nothing to speak of. I forget all my little vexations when I am with you. I wish I could always stay here."

"I'm sure I should like it, Phenie; but, as it cannot be, let us see if I can help you to bear the vexations. What were they?"

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She answered the young girl's earnest look with an

affectionate smile, and said, "Phenie, were you at church last Sunday afternoon?"

"No: Mabel was not well, and I staid at home to take care of her."

"I am sorry: I think you would have been interested in the sermon. This was the text: 'In returning and rest ye shall be saved: in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' Perhaps that is what you want, Josephine,—a quiet mind, and a confiding trust in Heaven, to help you to endure the little annoyances of every day."

"But how can I keep a quiet mind, dear Mrs. Roberts? I do not think I am naturally very tranquil."

"So much the more need of effort on your part, dear. In the morning, when you pray, let that be an especial petition; and then — you can form some idea, I suppose, of what your duties will be — arrange them in your mind as far as possible, and go quietly to the performance of them. Do not worry yourself with fears of not having all done: if there are any for which you really have not the time, they are not your duty, and your conscience need not be troubled. Perhaps you may be obliged to leave something half done, to assist your aunt in something else: this something else is then the present duty, and is to be done without any interfering thoughts of the one left undone, which can be completed by and by."

"And if things keep coming, so that the half-done duty remains half done all day?"

"Then let it remain so. If other things are more important, that is no neglect of yours. But, Phenie, you've no idea how much more one can accomplish by keeping a quiet mind, and thinking of one thing at a time. I remember, when first I kept house for my father, I was very much worried and perplexed, and could not make things go right, as the saying is; and I grew excited and irritable.

My father noticed this, and one day he inquired into it. So I told him all my perplexities. He smiled kindly, and told me not to be troubled, but to do as well as I could, without fretting, and let every thing else go ; promising not to complain, even if he went ragged and hungry, so long as I did my best and kept tranquil. ‘For after all, my dear Sophy,’ he said, ‘these little things that we call comforts and luxuries are not to be weighed against the wear to the soul that they cause.’ I took his advice, thought over my duties, and decided which were the most important and must be done, and did them faithfully ; and it was not long before my troubles vanished, and I found I could easily accomplish all that was necessary. It very often happened that I did not accomplish all that I wished ; but I would not allow myself to feel troubled. My father was a clergyman, and we had many calls and frequent visitors ; and I was inclined to be anxious lest our daily fare should seem mean and poor to them. But my father never would permit me to be worried. ‘We’ll make our friends welcome to whatever we have, Sophy,’ he would say ; ‘and a welcome from a cheerful, tranquil heart is better than a feast with a worried mind.’ So that was my experience, Josephine ; and, as I have learned the value of a quiet mind, perhaps you may.”

“And you are never troubled now ?” asked Josephine. “You always look as if nothing could disturb your peace.”

Mrs. Roberts drew to her the Bible which lay open on the table, and read from it, “‘Commit thy way to the Lord : trust in him, and he shall bring it to pass.’ There is my secret, dear Phenie. I can but do my duty : God will take care of the rest.”

Josephine lingered till Dr. Roberts returned ; then, with

a softly whispered "Thank you! you have done me good," she departed.

"She is a pretty creature," said Mrs. Roberts to her husband, as their visitor closed the gate; "and she tries so hard to do right, that one cannot help loving her."

"She has fallen into good hands," answered the doctor. "I don't know any one who can help her better than you can, Sophy."

Josephine had no opportunity to test her friend's advice for some days; for either her duties were easier, or her resolve made them seem so. But one morning Aunt Delia told her that she was obliged to go away for two or three days, and should leave the house in her charge. "I shall be back Saturday night at farthest, Josey," she said; "and I'll trust to you to get along till then."

So Aunt Delia departed; and her niece, with some misgivings, assumed the responsibilities of the household. She succeeded very well, with such assistance as Mabel and Philip could give, until Saturday morning came, when a fear seized her that her aunt would find things neglected. She began to grow a little nervous as she thought of the many things to be done; and, by the time the children were sent to school, her mind was in a tumult. She was almost ready to cry outright when little Mabel re-entered.

"Josey, Mrs. Roberts wants you to go to ride with her this afternoon. She called me in to tell me; and, see! she sent you this little rose off of her pretty bush. At half-past three, she said."

"Tell her I will go if I can," answered Josephine, taking the rose from her sister's hand, and, greatly to the child's surprise, kissing it. "I will have you to remind me, dear little rose," she said, as she put it in a glass, and set it where her eyes would often rest upon it. "Perhaps I

cannot do all, and go; but I can, at least, keep a tranquil mind. Now for the first duty."

And, the first duty done, she turned to the next, not allowing herself to be excited or hurried. Dinner was not quite ready when Mr. Carroll came home. "Are you in a hurry, father?" she asked. "I am sorry; but I have not been able to get along quite as fast as I should have liked."

"There's not the least haste, my child," he answered. "I am glad you are not fretting about it. I would rather lose my dinner than see you so flurried and nervous as you were this morning."

"Ah! I forgot then," she said, smiling; "but it is all right now."

All right it certainly was; and when her work was entirely completed, and all things in order, she found, to her surprise, that she had sufficient time to rest, and yet be ready to accompany her friend in the ride.

"How has the day gone, Phenie?" asked Mrs. Roberts, as they drove from the door.

"Well, thanks to your white rose. It recalled me to myself; for I was growing very much excited."

"I wanted to come and help you, darling," said her friend; "but I thought it best not. I fancied the day's lesson would do you good; and yet I wished to send you some intimation that I did not forget you in your trials."

Josephine's brightest smile thanked her; but she said only, "I think the lesson *has* done me good. I shall remember, in future, that 'in quietness and confidence' must be my strength."

A. A.

CHRISTMAS.

WHY do our hearts always bound at the mention of Christmas? and why do we look forward to it with delight through all the year? Not surely for the gifts we hope to receive, or for the merry gatherings which will delight our social nature. No; not for these alone; although each is pleasant in its way. Neither do we value it because of the hearts which we shall gladden by our charities; although we all know how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

If the almost world-wide customs of showing our love to our friends by appropriate gifts, and of relieving the poor by especial alms-giving, were done away with, and even if no family meetings were held, still Christmas would be of itself the brightest, the best day of the year.

The song of the angels rings in our ears, the moment our eyes are opened to its light. We hear their sweet "Peace on earth;" and our hearts are bursting to join their solemn and joyful ascription, "Glory to God in the highest!" How the words of prophecy and of holy writ come crowding upon our minds!— "He shall be called Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace." "Fear not; for unto you is born a *Saviour*."

In these words — a *Saviour* — are hidden all the wealth of meaning, all the joy which we cannot express. Christ came to *save* us. Darker than the midnight which precedes the brightest dawn was the world before his coming. Sin had separated mankind from God; and they feared him as a Judge, and knew not how to love him as a Father. But he had prepared a way for his people to return to him; and that way was his blessed Son. He

brought us the glad tidings of salvation. He has opened our spiritual eyes, so that we cry, "Whereas I was blind, now I see!" He has shown us that it is we who are unwilling to ask God's pardon, not he who is unwilling to pardon us. He has taught us that to follow in his path is the only way of peace and happiness. He has brought us so many and such beautiful promises, that the tears of gratitude swell to our eyes as we repeat them; and we know that what he has promised he will perform.

Oh! should we not, then, hail this day with a joy too deep for words? Should we not fill our hearts with the exceeding love of him who left the bosom of the Father, and brought us these "glad tidings"? Should not we strive to let that love shine out in all our dealings with our fellow-men? Should we not feel that the soul which such a Redeemer came to save is an inestimable trust, and one which our whole endeavor should be to present pure to our Maker?

But on this day let us not dwell on our own sins, but on Christ's perfections. Let us turn our eyes, weary with beholding "the sin, impiety, and scorn upon the earth," to the Son of God, who, eighteen centuries and a half ago, "took upon himself the form of a servant," and came, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Let not one voice be dumb, from the little child who can just lisp the holy name of Jesus, to the aged man whose soul leans upon the words of Christ, even more than his feeble earthly body leans upon his staff. Let us talk of him together; let us learn to love him more, by hearing how precious he has been to our friends in joy and in peace, no less than in temptation and sorrow; and let us unite with all the saints above and below in the new song, — "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever!"

EDITOR.

**"BLESSED ARE THEY WHO ARE PERSECUTED FOR
RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE; FOR THEIRS IS THE
KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."**

LET us place ourselves, in imagination, in a far-distant country and time. This is Rome, the imperial city. It is in the height of its power, its pride, and its sin. The multitudes are thronging the streets; but pleasure, rather than business, seems to be in their thoughts. They are dressed in holiday garb; their faces wear an expression of interest and excitement; their steps all tend in one direction. It is toward the amphitheatre, where are exhibited all the shows and spectacles, combats of men and fights of beasts, which constitute the highest delight of this highly-cultivated but savage-minded people. To-day a remarkably attractive exhibition has been announced: thirty Christians are to be required to sacrifice to Jupiter; and, if they refuse, are to be put to death in sight of all the people.

The hour has come, and the prisoners are led forth. One after the other, with calm and fearless mien, passes by the altar of Jupiter, and, refusing with a look, a word, or a gesture, to obey the exhortation of the priest, and cast incense into the flame there burning, goes on to await his death. And to each death comes; for there is no eye to pity, and no hand to save: in various but terrible ways — by the sword, the scourge, the fire — did all yield up their lives in support of their faith. But you can see among them no terror nor shrinking; you hear no shrieks nor lamentations; you hear the hymn of praise and the shout of victory. They rejoice in the midst of their tortures that they are accounted worthy to suffer; and bless God that the word of his promise is sure, and "great is their reward in heaven."

It is fearful to think that such scenes of cruelty were ever enacted; but the world had not then learned to know Christ. Their gods were gods who delighted in blood, who treated mortals with contempt and cruelty, and exacted the severest penalties from all who refused to worship them.

But years roll away. The gospel of Christ has spread far and wide; whole nations are called by his name; they emblazon the cross, the sign of his suffering love, upon their banners; they profess to be governed by his precepts. But how many have joined the ranks, and taken the name of his followers, to whom he will say in the last day, “I never knew you: depart from me, ye who work iniquity!” They are busy doing a work which they call God’s; but what is this work?

Do you see this dark, gloomy building, the very appearance of which is enough to fill one with terror? It is the prison of the Inquisition. If we could enter it, we should see rows of horrid cells, dungeons where the light of heaven never penetrated, chains and fetters, and fearful things which we cannot name. We should see these cells filled with captives, suffering imprisonment, torture, and death—for what? For righteousness’ sake.

Yes, here, in a Christian country, men are practising upon one another horrible cruelty in the name of Christ; doing in his name deeds the most abhorrent to his spirit. These men and women are here because they read the Bible; because they believed in a God of love; because they would not pray to the Virgin or the saints, but to their Father in heaven. Yet they are not forsaken in their hour of need: they “know in whom they have believed.” The God whom they have obeyed supports them; the Saviour whom they have confessed is waiting to receive them. They are “not afraid of them who kill the body, and after that

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have no more that they can do ;” but they believe in the promise, that “ theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

But you will perhaps say, “ These things took place in Catholic countries, where the priests have assumed the right of judging for others what is the will of Christ and the law of God, and claim the right also to punish all who think differently. Protestants have protested against this assumption : they assert the right of every one to read the Bible for himself, and believe and practise what he finds there. Surely, then, Protestants will not persecute one another for righteousness’ sake.” Will they not ? Let us see.

We will take our stand on the wild, cold, wintry coast of New England, and watch the landing of a band of men and women upon this inhospitable spot. What do they seek here ? There is nothing before them but forest, rocks, and snow ; none to receive them with words of welcome ; no green fields or fertile valleys to entice them.

“ The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the dark sea-foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared :
This was their welcome home.”

They came from homes of comfort and of wealth, from families and friends, from a cultivated and civilized country, to meet cold, storm, poverty, labor, and suffering, wild beasts, and wilder men. And why ? *Persecution* drove them to it. Yes : Protestant England refused to allow them to worship God after the dictates of their consciences. They were fined, imprisoned, banished ; so they have come to this desolate country, hoping here to be allowed to rest. But persecution could not daunt their spirits : they feared God rather than man, trusting that the blessing should be theirs.

And the blessing was theirs ; not only a spiritual, but a temporal blessing. They prospered and increased ; they helped to found a nation which is now the mightiest in the world,— a nation which professes itself Christian, Protestant, and *free* in every sense of the word. It is the American's proudest boast, that he belongs to a “*free country*.” Here, then, there can be no persecution for righteousness' sake ; here every one may worship God, obey his conscience, and profess his belief, with “none to molest nor make him afraid.” Is it so ?

Is it true that every one can live and speak as his conscience bids him, even when it leads him to do and say things which are opposed to the opinions or prejudices of those around him ? How long is it since a brave Christian man was imprisoned for weeks and months because he kept the golden rule ; because he did as he would have been done by, and informed a fellow-creature that she was *her own*, and not another's, and had a right to go where she pleased with her children ? He did not break any human law ; he only kept one of the plainest of Christ's commandments : yet he suffered for this. How long is it since one of our noblest and best men was nearly murdered, was injured perhaps for life, for raising his voice in behalf of the oppressed and down-trodden, for speaking words of truth and right ? And, among those who have suffered and are still suffering robbery, imprisonment, outrage, and death, upon our Western borders, how many are there whose sole crime is love to God and man ?

No, my young friends : even in America, now in the nineteenth century, the spirit of persecution is still alive. It will never die so long as pride, selfishness, and all evil passions, remain in the world. It develops itself even in the young. How often are boys and girls ridiculed, reproached, made to suffer many petty forms of persecution,

because they will not disobey their consciences, nor do what they consider wrong! While there is persecution, there must be martyrs; and, if we should be called, let none of us shrink from enrolling ourselves in that glorious band. If we would be Christ's disciples, we must be willing to *take up the cross*, and follow him: we must have the martyr spirit, the spirit which would rather die than deny him, else we are not worthy to be called by his name. Then, if the trial come, in whatever form it comes it will bring the blessing with it; and let us not fear nor murmur, but rejoice, if we are enabled to apply to ourselves Christ's triumphant assurance,—“Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.”

M. M.

THE BARNACLE FAMILY.

I SUPPOSE that those of my readers who live near the sea-shore are more or less acquainted with a genus of shell-fish known as the barnacle. It would not be strange, however, if those who reside at some distance inland had never seen any thing of the kind. At all events, reader, whether you have or have not seen these barnacles, I hope that, the very next time you have an opportunity, you will examine them. If you will look carefully at almost any portion of the wharves that have been for a considerable time exposed to the sea-water, you will find the surface incrusted with a little shell of a conical form. This is a barnacle. Those you will be likely to see are quite small, though they are found sometimes very large.

The barnacle is a curious species of animal creation. You would not suppose, if you did not examine one with care, that it was worth your attention. But I could satisfy you that it has a mouth, a stomach, a liver, and other organs of digestion.

There is a remarkable kind of barnacle, not so often seen on the wharves, but more frequently on logs of wood which have drifted ashore, or on the bottoms of vessels which have been a long time at sea. It sometimes does great damage to a ship. This member of the family is called the stalked or duck barnacle. Its shell is divided into five pieces, and the stalk on which it grows is of a reddish color. The shell itself is very pretty and clear, with a bluish tint. Take it altogether, I regard it as one of the most curious of all the shell-fish family. Barnacles of this species are often seen in clusters, not only on floating wood, but also on the keels of ships. In China, a delicious dish is made of these shell-fish, which, in boiling, turn from red to white. They are described as resembling the lobster in flavor. The animals which make these shells are very beautifully formed, and have arms like little feathers, which they put out between the valves of their shells, when they catch their food. No one, to look at any of these barnacles, could imagine that they were once active creatures, swimming vigorously and freely about in the water, instead of being fixed to wood or stone. But, in their first period of existence, they were covered, only with a thin crust, and had limbs and tails which adapted them for making their way in the watery world, in which they were, for a period, to find their residence.—

Youth's Cabinet.

RAILWAYS ON THE CONTINENT.

As the railway system on the Continent is different from ours, I will describe it to you. The first thing is to buy your passenger-tickets; then your baggage is put upon the scales, and your passage-tickets demanded. There is a clerk in a little box, who makes the record. The weigher cries out in a stentorian voice, "Two passengers for Paris, first class, five packages, one hundred and forty kilograms." The clerk says to you, "Here are your tickets, sir: four francs and a half to pay." So, paying this sum for extra baggage, I take my receipt, and have no more trouble with it. *Nota bene.* — You cannot be too careful to be sure that you are right in this respect. A friend of mine was on his way to London from Paris. He went to the station, and, ordering his baggage inside, told the porters it was for London. Arrived at Folkstone, he found to his dismay that his baggage had not come. He had neglected to get his tickets, because he did not know; and there he and his wife had to stay at Folkstone till they could send to Paris for their baggage.

All the baggage is numbered: the several packages of each one bear the same number. On arriving at Paris, we are driven into a room and shut up; in another room the baggage is all assorted; after which the doors are thrown open, and a grand rush takes place. Each one finds his own trunks and valises all together. I was ordering a porter to take mine out to a coach, when an officer put his "huge paw" upon it. "Restez, restez! Où sont vos clefs?" (Stop, stop! Where are your keys?) "Mes clefs? Que veut on de mes clefs?" (My keys? What do you want of my keys?) "Nous allons examiner pour

l'Octroi." (We are going to examine for the Octroi.) So a custom-house officer opened my large trunk, and asked me very civilly if I had any thing to declare. On my answering in the negative, he closed it; and the rest were passed without trouble. To understand this, you must know that every thing, to an egg, that enters Paris and all other cities, for consumption, is charged with an Octroi, or town-duty; so all passengers entering by railroad or otherwise are examined. Every time we rode outside the walls of Paris, when we returned an officer came to the carriage and asked if we had any thing to declare; that is, any thing liable to duty. With us they were always very civil; and, merely glancing inside the carriage, ordered it to pass on. There are officers at all the entrances into Paris; or barriers, as they are called here. At Lyons, they said nothing to me; at Marseilles, they only asked the question, without opening any thing. And now we had got as far as the station, and had purchased our tickets. We are next admitted into a room, each class by itself, where all remain till within five minutes of the time of starting; when the doors are opened, and a rush takes place for the cars,—no, carriages: you never hear of cars in Europe. There is room enough; and we are soon snugly fixed in a first-class carriage. Now again I must digress to say a word about carriages. There are three classes,—first, second, and third. In England, we always rode in the first class; but, when we were at Reigate, I went up to London and back every day; then I took the second class. As there is no lining or cushions, the noise is tremendous; and this is the great objection to riding in them. Here the second class are cushioned,—which is, so far, an improvement on the English: but there are no divisions; and, in case of necessity, the passengers sit as close as possible; which *may* be agreeable, and may *not*, particu-

larly if you have for next neighbor some one fond of garlic,—no uncommon thing among Frenchmen. So few, comparatively, ride in the first class, that we have plenty of room.

Well, we have started from Boulogne. For some distance the road is diversified by sand-hills and sand-plains. Twenty miles from B., we come in sight of the sea again; afterwards we had it more interesting. There are some noted places on the route, particularly Amiens; but we did not stop. We arrived at Paris, a hundred and seventy miles, in about six hours.—*Selected.*

CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

LIKE mists on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee.
In the grave of our fathers
How soon we shall lie!
Dear children, to-day
To the Saviour, then, fly.

How sweet are the flowerets
In April and May!
But often the frosts
Make them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade:
Are you ready to die?
While yet there is room,
To a Saviour, oh, fly!

When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord :
He slept in his smile,
And rejoiced in his word.
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh :
Oh ! seek him in youth ;
To a Saviour now fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure ?
Then lean on his breast ;
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
"If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die ! "

THE SHARK AND THE TURTLE.

THE author of "The Voyage to India," a late English work, thus describes a combat, which he once witnessed in the Straits of Malacca, between a shark and a turtle: "One day, while lying at anchor and whistling for a breeze, the steward rushed in with the strange announcement, that a shark and a turtle were engaged in a fight alongside. Doubtful and amazed at the account of so unusual and unequal a combat, we all rushed on deck ; and there, sure enough, we saw an immense shark, and a turtle of venerable antiquity, if one might judge by his size, and the profusion of barnacles and other parasites with which he was deco-

rated. Without respect for his age and Quaker-like habits, the shark made furious charges at poor turtle, who opposed the dangerous jaws of the enemy with the full front of his back, on which no impression could be made. On one occasion, the turtle did not turn sharply enough, which cost him the greater part of one unlucky flipper. Indignant at the perversion of such aldermanic banquet to the voracious and indiscriminating appetite of a shark, our skipper intervened with a harpoon, but with such ill-judged aim that it fell but-end foremost, instead of on the point: whereupon, in our disappointment, we would gladly have pitched him after it. It, however, answered the purpose of scaring away the shark for a few moments; which the turtle made the most of to scuttle off to the bottom, where he was safe from the attacks of his ravenous admirer."—

Selected.

TRUE ANECDOTE OF A CANARY.—A lady, a few weeks since, carried her canary-bird into an adjoining apartment to place his cage in the sun, and returned to her own room. She was presently surprised to hear him make a low, chirping sound, as he was accustomed to do when children were near; and, as the room was vacant, she went to ascertain the cause. A *large doll* was on the window-sill near his cage; and, when she removed it, he followed it with his eyes, and ceased his song when he could no longer see it!

EDITOR.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

WINTER is now fairly here, with his ice and snow and piercing cold; but with his long, pleasant evenings, his splendid sunsets, his brilliant starry nights, and his frolics of every description. We all hail the winter with joy, even though it is the time of our hard work, and though we must devote many of its hours to study, or to providing for the welfare of ourselves and others.

We have loved to think that the pages of our magazine have relieved the tedious hours of a stormy day, beguiled the long evening, or amused the little invalid debarred from the sports of his companions; and, from knowing that they were welcome in some homes, have hoped that they might be in others.

Six years, children, we have come in this way to your homes. We have tried to interest you, not so much for your amusement as for your improvement. We have earnestly desired that you might all become *Christian* children; and this has been our single aim in these pages. Other magazines contain, perhaps, more amusing stories; but we have endeavored in ours to show what a Christian child should be, and to help the "little travellers Zion-ward."

If we have not done this, the responsibility and the opportunity have now gone from us for ever; for we shall no more enter, through this book, into the homes and hearts of our readers. We have found it exceedingly pleasant to hold communion with you in this way, and to let our experience with children be woven into stories and sermons for your benefit; but our communication with childhood must be henceforth more limited. The kindly personal

interest which we have learned to feel towards all our readers can never be abated, because our heart has spoken to the hearts of you, little ones. Whether in the warm South, the fertile West, or among the bleak hills of our own New England, the readers of the "Child's Friend" will always have a claim to our love. May the experienced hands into which the magazine will fall, and the child-loving heart of the new Editor, help you with as much affection, and more skill than we have done!

As you look back, children, over the year which is so nearly at its close, our heart goes with you. If we have sustained any feeble resolution, if we have aided you in overcoming any fault, we are truly thankful for it; and we look forward with you to the bright new year which is coming, with more than usual interest, because we shall no more be beside you. Could we sum up all the pleasant memories of the past, and all the glad anticipations of the future, into one wish, it would be that you might all be gathered into the fold of the good Shepherd. He is waiting, children, to receive you; he is watching with the deepest love to lead every one of you, that will seek his guidance, to the bosom of the Father; he has bidden you to come to him in some of the sublimest and most touching words he ever uttered. Children, will you not obey his call? Will you not give yourselves up to him now, in the morning of life, to be led in the only sure way of peace and happiness? Let not the new year dawn upon any of our readers who have not resolved that they will live as becomes the children of the good and holy Father. And that he may look down and smile upon every effort to do right, and may fit you for his heavenly kingdom, is the sincere prayer, as it is the parting wish, of your friend

THE EDITOR.

